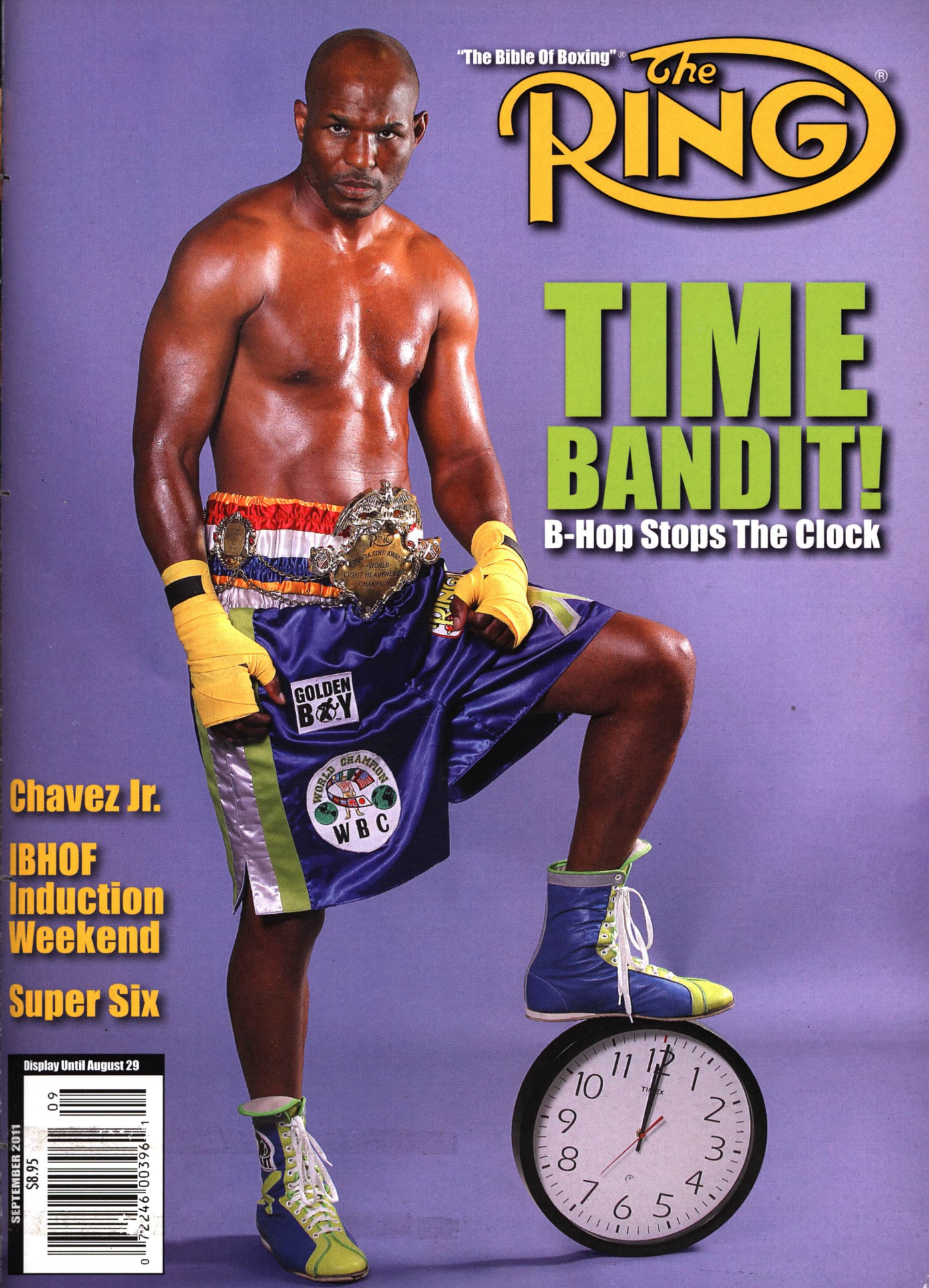
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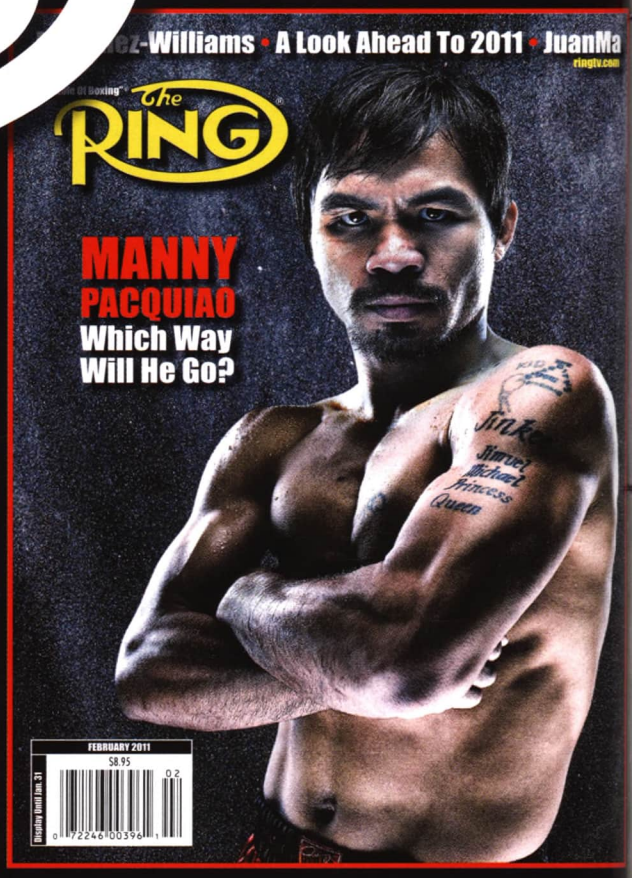

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Don't Believe The Tweet!

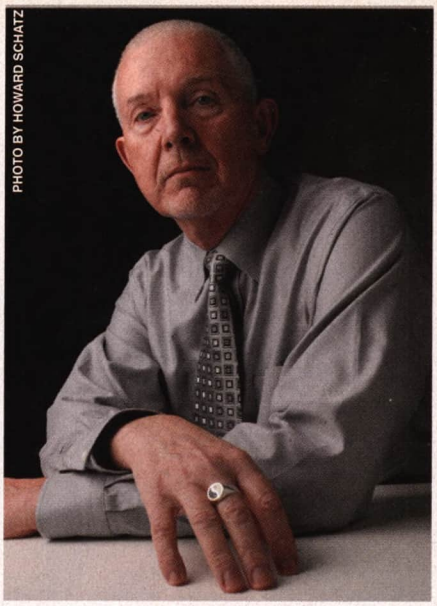
PHOTO BY HOWARD SCHATZ

Being a great boxer, especially a great defensive boxer, is all about anticipation and deception. Floyd Mayweather is good at that sort of thing, real good, both in and out of the ring.

Mayweather's fighting artistry is only part of the package—the rubber band that holds the "Money" roll together. The rest is a volatile mix that veers wildly between genius and insanity. It is an unpredictable state of affairs, one that has brought him great riches, much of which has ended up in the hands of the gaming industry, lawyers, and the IRS.

Still, despite Mayweather's many legal and personal entanglements past and present, he's managed to harness enough of his manic power to carry him to great heights. A portion of that success has come from employing some of the same tactics he uses between the ropes outside the ring.

Floyd knows how to walk away and leave us begging for more, and he knows how to make a comeback at the most opportune time. Like his jab, his timing is impeccable in these matters.

Even so, don't buy into the thinly veiled insinuation that he's coming back as a favor to his adoring public. The Tweet that announced that he was returning to fight Victor Ortiz quoted Floyd as saying: "My fans have been waiting long enough … I am ready to return to the ring and give my fans a fantastic night of boxing." In truth, that's probably the least of his concerns.

With numerous criminal and civic court cases looming in his immediate future, Mayweather's latest comeback is, first and foremost, about the money. Moreover, it could be the final payday before his judicial day of reckoning, and, if he loses any of the felony cases, the Ortiz match could conceivably be the last time we see Mayweather in a boxing ring.

Losing one of the sport's finest (and famous) practitioners would be a bitter blow for boxing. Even during his most recent hiatus, Mayweather remained an object of intense interest due to the still-tantalizing prospect of a showdown with pound-for-pound king Manny Pacquiao. That focal point would surely dissipate with Floyd behind bars for a lengthy spell.

For a boxer who would rather bawl than brawl, Mayweather has been particularly pugnacious in his private life, a celebrity who, according to several lawsuits, allegedly enjoys watching his bodyguards pummel civilians who rub the boss the wrong way.

It's probably too late for a charm offensive, but, at the very least, Floyd needs to be as conservative on the streets as he is in the ring. If he isn't, his financial needs are going to overtake his ability to generate the vast sums needed to keep creditors and law enforcement at bay.

Yes, Mayweather's fans have "waited long enough." The big question could very well be how long they will have to wait for the next one.

◆◆◆

While readers are encouraged to continue sending their comments and questions to "Come Out Writing," RingTV.com has launched a new monthly column called "Ask The Editor," in which I reply to questions concerning THE RING magazine and boxing in general. While there isn't enough time and space to answer everybody's questions, the more interesting the question, the better its chance of receiving an answer. All you have to do is submit your query to AskTheEditor@ringtv.com. I look forward to hearing from you.

Nigel Collins
Editor-in-Chief

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TAKING A BITE OUT OF FATHER TIME
Find out the secret of Hopkins' longevity on Page 46
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PROFESSIONAL
PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

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Vacant RING Championship At Stake In "Super Six" Finale

"What Froch desired and what Showtime executives had been craving for will come to fruition before the end of the year, possibly in Las Vegas: A super middleweight showdown between Froch and Ward for not only the Super Six championship but also for the vacant RING super middleweight world championship."

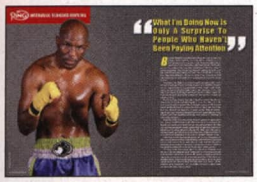
By Joseph Santoliquito

40 JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ JR.

A Flawed But Riveting Attraction

"And with any luck there will be additional excellent nights ahead as the impossible-to-dislike Chavez Junior defends his new belt, taking his unpolished, predictable but entertaining style into still more spirited contests against opponents whose defects will give them world-title opportunities."

By Ivan Goldman



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"What I'm Doing Now Is Only A Surprise To People Who Haven't Been Paying Attention"

"Regaining the light heavyweight world championship at the record-setting age of 46 is the latest feather in a crowded war bonnet, an unprecedented accomplishment that could easily be the cherry on top of a Hall of Fame career."

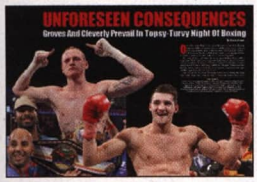
By Nigel Collins

56 SHOT BUT BULLETPROOF

Formerly Great Fighters Risk Their Health, Not Their Legacies, By Laboring On

"Fans and journalists alike urged both Jones and Mosley to retire. They expressed their sadness over seeing these former pound-for-pound kings in this sorry state. They worried for their health, and they warned the fighters that they were sullying their reputations."

By Eric Raskin



64 UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCES

Groves And Cleverly Prevail In Topsy-Turvy Night Of Boxing

"Five days before fight-time it was all percolating nicely, with a respectable WBO light heavyweight title fight between Jurgen Braehmer and his mandatory challenger, Welshman Nathan Cleverly, plus a genuine grudge match between highflying British and Olympic champion James DeGale and the man who beat him as an amateur."

By Gavin Evans

73 HALL OF A WEEKEND

The Next Best Thing To Being There

"For 19 consecutive years, the International Boxing Hall of Fame's Induction Weekend has been the centerpiece of my year. When I worked at my old newspaper job, I snapped up the second week of June for vacation, and my co-workers knew better than to challenge me."

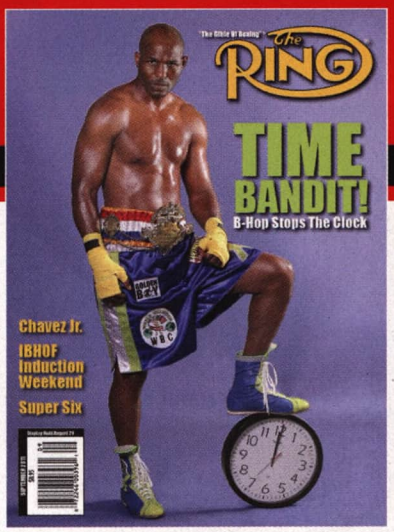
By Lee Groves

80 "MOORE" THAN JUST A BOXER

Archie Goes To Hollywood

"He had several more fights after his acting debut, including a disastrous loss to a young Cassius Marcellus Clay, but, if ever there was a fighter who could have left the Byzantine world of boxing for movies, it was Archie Moore. He had the goods."

By Don Stradley



Cover Photo of Bernard Hopkins by **Ed Mulholland**

Cover Design by **David Romanosky**

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OPENING SHOT

STONED AGAIN!
Christy Martin's search for her 50th professional victory was thwarted yet again when former victim Dakota Stone stopped her in the sixth round. It was not, however, shots to the head like the one pictured here that led to Martin's downfall. It was, instead, Dakota's stone-hard head, upon which "The Coalminer's Daughter" broke her right hand, ending the fight.

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

COME OUT WRITING

STILL A BADASS?
Has success and middle age mellowed Bernard Hopkins? Reader Bernard Freydberg is worried that boxing's most cantankerous character might be going soft.

PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Has "The Executioner" Lost His Edge?

Like many others, I marveled at Bernard Hopkins' victorious performance over Jean Pascal. However, his behavior since has made me concerned.

Instead of his usual angry "I told you so" posture in the postfight interview, Bernard was positively mellow and gracious. In his subsequent studio stint on ESPN2's *Friday Night Fights* shortly after beating Pascal, viewers saw a man at ease, not only with himself but also with the world. If I did not know better, I would have thought that they found an actor with identical features to stand in for him—but we know that there is only one Bernard Hopkins.

B-Hop without a chip on his shoulder? Sooner a planet would leave its orbit! I'm concerned that he will abandon his spontaneous offering of controversial opinions and soon join the movement toward making our discourse more civil.

BERNARD FREYDBERG
Slippery Rock, PA

Editor's note: Reading this issue's interview with Hopkins (Page 46) should ease your concerns. B-Hop proved as feisty and outspoken as ever.

Garcia Better Than Gamboa

I believe that Mikey Garcia will rule the featherweight division. His TKO defeat of Matt Remillard was systematic, and his recent kayo of Rafael Guzman was an excellent display of solid fighting skill and punching power. I really feel in my heart that he would defeat Yuriorkis Gamboa. I know some will wonder how I can say this when Gamboa is destroying opponents. Well, that's the problem: It's easy to look like King Kong when you are fighting stiffs. Garcia is no stiff.

R. WILLIAMS
r.williams6@ymail.com

Skewed Comparison

Teddy Atlas says Manny Pacquiao wouldn't make his top 25 all-time list. He contends that Henry Armstrong's resume of more than 100 fights is more impressive than Manny's accomplishments. He says fighters like Ricky Hatton were "tailor-made" for Pacquiao even though Ricky was the defending lineal champion of the world. I bet the majority of Armstrong's resume would have been "tailor-made" for Pac-Man too! How many slow, come-forward white guys did Armstrong fight? When comparing fighters, you must ask the *same* questions about both.

VICTOR RIVERO
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TO WRITE THE RING

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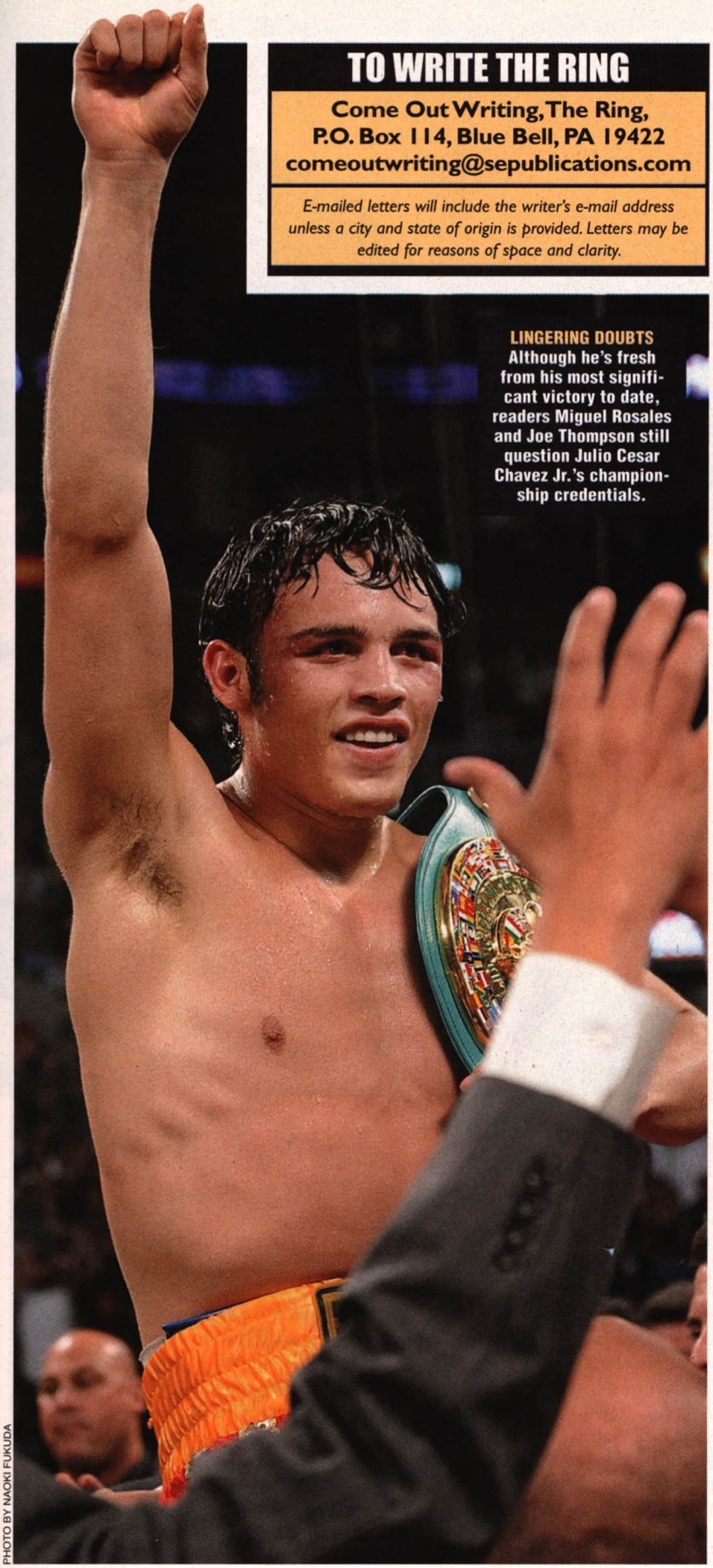


LINGERING DOUBTS Although he's fresh from his most significant victory to date, readers Miguel Rosales and Joe Thompson still question Julio Cesar Chavez Jr.'s championship credentials.

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

What's the Difference?

I want to comment on an item titled "Merchant Breaks It Down" in Ivan Goldman's "Digging Deep" column in the July 2011 issue. Ivan discussed the use of performance-enhancing drugs (PED) and whether users should not be inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame. Ivan states that he would vote for James Toney and Shane Mosley as they've earned it (despite taking PED) but not for Antonio Margarito. I agree that Margarito should not enter the IBHOF, but does it not come down to intent? If you take PED, you are intending to increase you energy levels to give you advantages over your opponent. In boxing, this means more energy to punch harder, longer, faster and do more damage. How does this differ from wearing loaded hand wraps?

DAVE WINCH
Kent, England

Judging Junior

After watching Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. win the WBC title by defeating little-known German Sebastian Zbik, I believe it could affect his credibility if he starts defending the title against additional weak opposition. Marco Antonio Rubio is supposed to be Chavez' mandatory challenger, so let's see if he will duck him or really starts to prove that he deserves the belt. I wouldn't mind if he ducked Rubio to fight Miguel Cotto, but I just don't want to watch Chavez blow up his record by fighting unknowns.

MANUEL ROSALES
San Antonio, TX

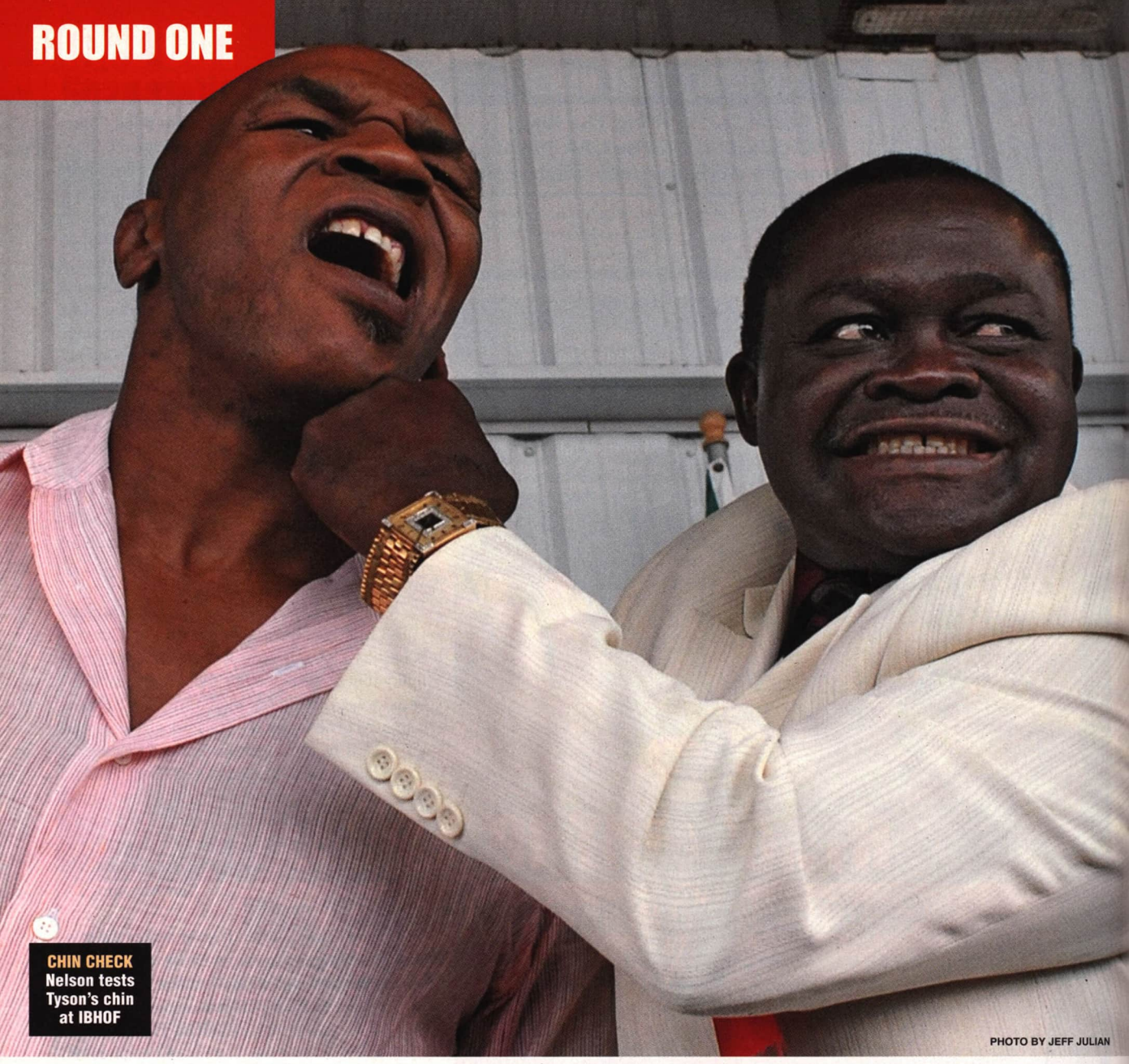
If Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. ever makes the mistake of getting in the ring with the real middleweight champion, Sergio Martinez, he will end up the same as Paul Williams.

JOE THOMPSON
Charlotte, NC

Tough Call

Should referee Steve Smoger have stopped Roy Jones' fight with Denis Lebedev sooner? After seeing Roy out cold for two full minutes, I would say yes. But it is a tough call, especially with only two seconds left in the fight. Being a boxing referee is one of the most thankless jobs in sports. The only time they are noticed is when they miss something, make a bad call, or let a fight go too long or not long enough. If the ref stops a fight early, we do not have trilogies like Arturo Gatti-Micky Ward. If a ref stops it too late, there could be tragic consequences. I believe that the corner should take a large share of the responsibility in making these critical decisions. After all, who knows the fighter better than his corner?

BRIAN LATERRA
laterra76@hotmail.com ■



CHIN CHECK
Nelson tests Tyson's chin at IBHOF

PHOTO BY JEFF JULIAN

The Return Of "The Professor"

In early June, Former WBC featherweight and super featherweight titleholder Azumah Nelson returned to the United States, where he fought 23 of his 47 pro bouts. Nelson revisited the International Boxing Hall of Fame, where he was inducted in 2004, but first stopped off at Gleason's Gym in Brooklyn for a charity auction.

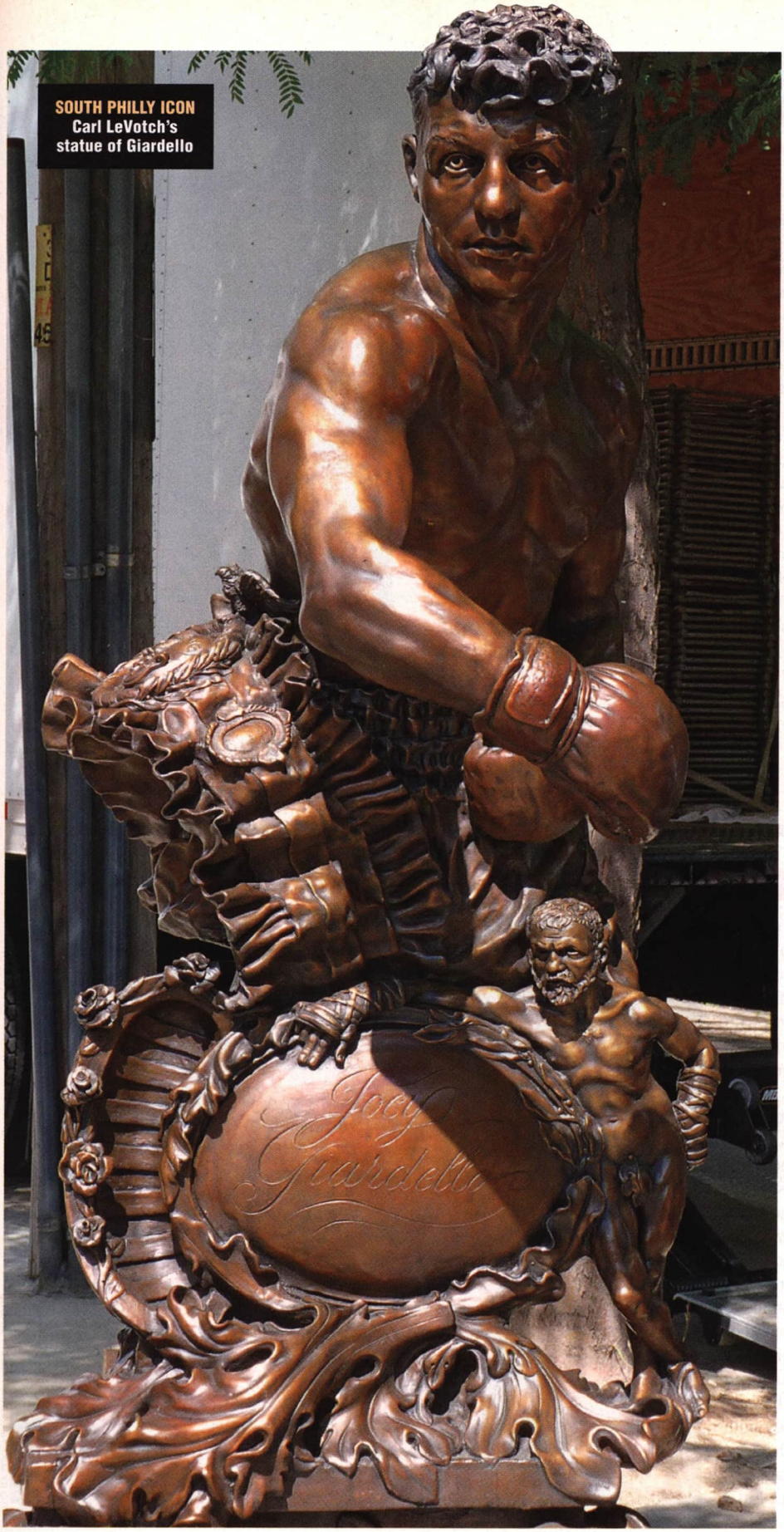
Nelson is raising funds for the Azumah Nelson Foundation's "Mentoring For A Brighter Future" building project in Akuse, Ghana, where the Azumah Nelson Academy is being built on 50 acres of land acquired by Nelson. The former fighter wants to give back to the young people and future of Ghana in what is being described as a "marriage of sports and education."

Nelson has also dedicated all the proceeds from his new documentary, *Zoom Zoom*, to the foundation, along with profits from his book, *The Professor: 12 Rounds of Boxing and Life*.

"The United Nations has declared 2011 the International Year of African Descendants, and this year's theme of Africa Day is Africa And The Diaspora," said Nelson. "So I want to reach out more to my brothers and sisters in the Diaspora in unity and working together to give all of our children all over the world a brighter future."

The Foundation has the full support of the Ghanaian government, and together they have initiated steps to construct sports complexes for sporting disciplines, such as boxing, volleyball, table tennis, and badminton in various parts of the country as part of efforts to identify and groom talents in those sporting fields.

Nelson's subsequent trip to Canastota, New York, resulted in the accompanying image of the Professor planting a playful punch on Mike Tyson's chin.



SOUTH PHILLY ICON
Carl LeVotch's statue of Giardello

Giardello Honored With Statue

Ring great Joey Giardello was recently honored with a larger-than-life-sized statue in his boxing hometown of South Philadelphia. The New York-born Hall of Famer came to the City of Brotherly Love as a young man and began his ring career at the legendary Passyunk Gym. More than 60 years later, his statue now rests one block from the spot where that gym once stood.

The monument, which was unveiled on May 21, also names 70 other boxers as well as landmark gyms and fight venues of South Philly, making it more than just a tribute to Giardello.

Hundreds of fans, including much of Giardello's family, crowded the street during the public dedication ceremony. Giardello, born Carmine Tilelli, died September 2008.

PhillyBoxingHistory.com, the VBA: Ring One, and the Harrowgate Boxing Club—the organizations that worked for three years to make the statue a reality—commissioned the realistic bronze and granite work. Artist Carl LeVotch sculpted the piece.

Giardello is still a hero in South Philly, and now, fittingly, an icon of the former middleweight champion has become a permanent part of the neighborhood he loved. With a legacy that also includes induction into the International Boxing Hall of Fame, and a 101-25-7 (33) and 1 no-contest professional record, it is unlikely that Giardello will ever be forgotten. But just in case, this statue will serve as a reminder for generations to come.

A few miles north, the Rocky statue stands at the base of the Philadelphia Art Museum. That statue has become one of the city's biggest tourist attractions. It remains to be seen if the Giardello sculpture can make such an impact. For boxing fans, however, Philly's latest public artwork is a true indication of the important place the sport holds in Philadelphia's history.

—John DiSanto

BOXING BOOKSHELF

Few in the history of prizefighting have stood up to as much in the ring and in life as George Chuvalo. In 93 professional fights, the sturdy 1960s Canadian heavyweight contender was never knocked off his feet, though the poundings he absorbed from Ali, Frazier, Foreman, and some others were frightful. After his retirement from boxing, Chuvalo lost two sons to drug overdoses, and another drug-addicted son and his bereaved wife to suicide.

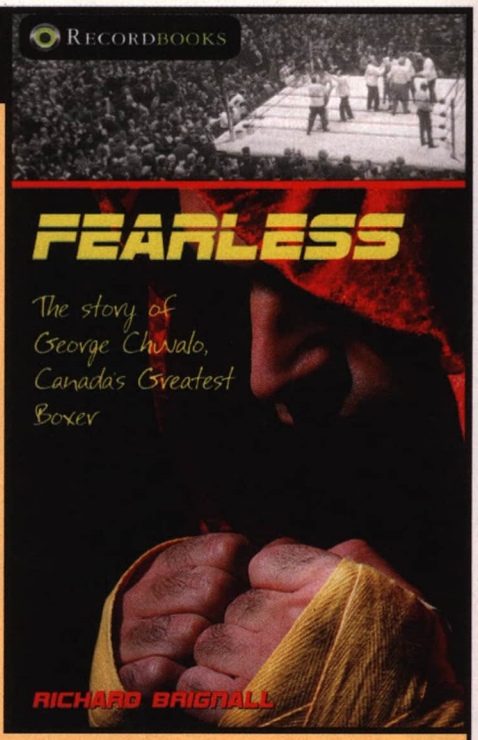
None of this is sugarcoated in *Fearless: The Story of George Chuvalo, Canada's Greatest Boxer*, a bare-bones primer for young readers that offers a basic introduction to Chuvalo and boxing itself but includes little about the life and career of the Great White North's perpetually perpendicular iron man that couldn't be gleaned online or in old boxing magazines (including that Chuvalo became interested in boxing at age seven when he saw THE RING at a Toronto newsstand).

Though there is plenty of basic sidebar material throughout his book ("Memorable Muhammad Ali Quotes," "Becoming a Contender," "Who Sets Up a Boxing Match?"), and a four-page glossary of rudimentary boxing terms, author Richard Brignall makes some glaring rookie mistakes. Jerry Quarry's last name is misspelled "Quary"; Trevor Berbick's is "Berbrick." Brignall writes, incorrectly, that Doug Jones floored Ali in their fight and that Manuel Ramos decked Joe Frazier. He doesn't even mention that Ali, whose 1966 title fight against Chuvalo in Toronto "made George a Canadian legend," famously nicknamed Chuvalo "The Washerwoman."

He does state, correctly, that Canadian-born Sam Langford is "considered the best boxer to have never won a world title," which of course undermines the subtitle of his book proclaiming Chuvalo as "Canada's Greatest Boxer." "Canada's Toughest Boxer" would be more accurate.

"Canada's Most Heroic Boxer" would be another alternative, and Brignall's course in Chuvalo 101 ought to be mandatory for all young Canucks who spend too much time watching hockey, anyway.

—Pete Ehrmann



FEARLESS: THE STORY OF GEORGE CHUVALO, CANADA'S GREATEST BOXER
By Richard Brignall
James Lorimer & Co., soft cover
160 pages, $9.95

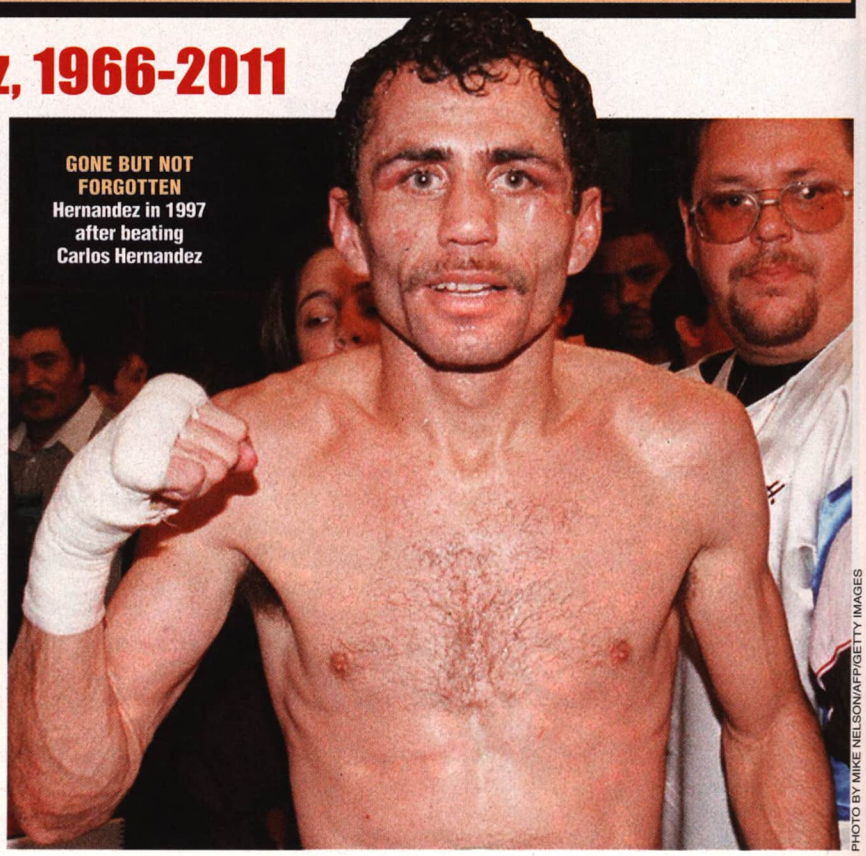
Genaro Hernandez, 1966-2011

Less educated fight fans might someday recall Genaro Hernandez, who died from cancer in June at age 45, only as the guy who submitted against his era's two biggest stars—Oscar De La Hoya, who stopped him in six rounds in 1995, and Floyd Mayweather, who did it in eight three years later—and think ill of him.

More astute observers will remember that against a faded but still dangerous Azumah Nelson in 1997, Hernandez was hit in the throat and floored after the bell ending the seventh round and showed more heart in the moments that followed than most of us will over a lifetime of hidden capitulations and surrenders.

"Chicanito" was ahead on all cards and needed merely to say he could not continue to be declared the victor without taking another blow. He continued regardless and, in his surprisingly nimble and gangly way, he outboxed a thoroughly befuddled Nelson over the next five rounds to win a split decision along with the WBC junior lightweight title. That the decision wasn't unanimous was an abomination.

"They told me I could have won, but I wanted to finish," Hernandez said afterward.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
Hernandez in 1997 after beating Carlos Hernandez

PHOTO BY MIKE NELSON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

TOP 10 *SHOBOX* SUCCESS STORIES

After 157 telecasts and 321 fights, Showtime's prospect-centric *ShoBox* turned 10 in July. We celebrate with a list of the 10 best fighters who appeared on the show and then went on to noteworthy achievement (thus disqualifying those that didn't fit the show's mission statement at all, established stars who fought on *ShoBox* late in their careers like Wayne McCullough and Antonio Tarver):

1 **Nonito Donaire:** Who would have guessed, after a 2006 split decision on *ShoBox* over Kahren Harutyunyan, that "The Filipino Flash" would one day be a top-five pound-for-pounder? He's come a long way, as Fernando Montiel can attest.

2 **Ricky Hatton:** A trio of *ShoBox* wins between '01 and '02 (all ending in the second round, interestingly) paved the way for a four-year run as junior welterweight world champ and massive international stardom for "The Hitman."

3 **Diego Corrales:** He wasn't a prospect anymore, but "Chico" was a rebuilding project when he kayoed Felix St. Kitts on *ShoBox* in '03 and then went on to wins over Joel Casamayor, Acelino Freitas, and, of course, Jose Luis Castillo.

4 **Andre Ward:** After no less than five wins on *ShoBox* (most notable: W 12 Edison Miranda), the '04 Olympic gold medalist graduated to the "Super Six," where he has advanced to the finals and a shot at THE RING world championship.

5 **Timothy Bradley:** None of us had ever heard of "Desert Storm" before he scored four decision wins on *ShoBox*, culminating in his upset of Junior Witter. He's since emerged as possibly the world's best 140-pounder (reluctance to prove so definitively notwithstanding).

6 **Carl Froch:** Hardly a *ShoBox* staple, with just one win (over Albert Rybacki in the Bradley-Witter co-feature), but "The Cobra" has gone on to become a *Showtime Championship Boxing* fave thanks to his run to the Super Six finals.

7 **Lucian Bute:** One of the most famous bouts in 10 years of *ShoBox* ended with Bute barely able to stand, controversially declared the victor over Librado Andrade. There have been no similar scares since, just five-straight knockouts (including one on *ShoBox*).

8 **Juan Manuel Lopez:** A single *ShoBox* appearance in '07 resulted in a dominant sixth-round stoppage of Cuauhtemoc Vargas. Major wins over Daniel Ponce De Leon and Rafael Marquez followed, establishing "JuanMa" as a fan favorite.

9 **Chad Dawson:** *ShoBox* wins in '05 over Ian Gardner and '06 against Eric Harding turned "Bad Chad" from a prospect to a contender. He's since defeated Tomasz Adamek, Glen Johnson, and Tarver, with 175-pound champ Bernard Hopkins in his sights next.

10 **Kelly Pavlik:** "The Ghost" was scary-good in his one *ShoBox* appearance, overpowering Dorian Beaupierre in two rounds. A brief run to the legit middleweight title and ostensible "savior" status followed, and a possible crack at fellow *ShoBox* standout Bute now looms.

"He is a great champion, and I have too much respect for the sport."

Hernandez, who moved up to lightweight to face De La Hoya and was never defeated at 130 pounds until the Mayweather fight, won the vacant WBA junior lightweight title with a ninth-round knockout of Daniel Londas in France in 1991. Eight defenses followed, one against the ill-fated Jimmy Garcia, who, in his first fight following the loss to Hernandez, was killed by Gabe Ruelas.

Following the loss to De La Hoya, Hernandez returned to 130 pounds, made three defenses of the title he won against Nelson, and then lost to Mayweather (who reportedly paid Hernandez' funeral and burial costs). He retired following the loss, worked for CompuBox and then did some broadcasting, which showcased his down-to-earth personality and likeability. He also trained some kids in a local gym.

Like all fighters, Hernandez struggled in retirement. He lost thousands in the stock market, and his home was ravaged by mudslides, which caused damage he couldn't possibly afford to repair. He required the assistance of many deep-pocketed friends in boxing to pay for medical treatment after being diagnosed with advanced head and neck cancer in 2009.

You can remember Hernandez as a quitter in the biggest fights of his life if you're so inclined, but there are worse things than that. You and everyone you know quit every day over things less traumatic than a shattered nose or concussion. But that's not the point. By all accounts, Hernandez, who is survived by a wife and two children, was a decent and honorable man.

—William Dettloff

YOU BE THE JUDGE

Former Las Vegas boxing judge Chuck Giampa provides analysis of officials and scorecards of fights in which he is not directly involved.

Two interesting fights were held on June 4, 2011: the Julio Chavez Jr.-Sebastian Zbik bout in Los Angeles and the Carl Froch-Glen Johnson match in Atlantic City. Both ended in majority decisions, a situation that gives us an opportunity to examine some of the reasons close fights are often tricky to score and open to debate.

The Chavez-Zbik scores were 116-112 (John Keane) and 115-113 (Raul Caiz Jr.), both for Chavez, and 114-114 (Steve Morrow), making Chavez the winner by majority decision. Caiz' 115-113 tally was only one round away from scoring it either a draw or 116-112.

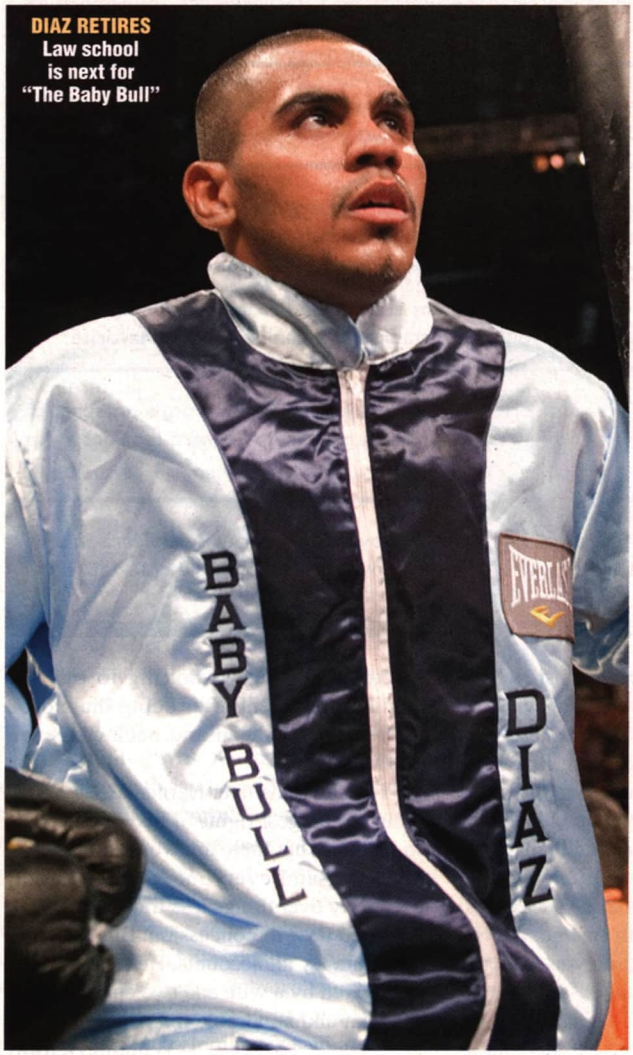
My analysis is that Zbik won the first four rounds. Chavez eventually found his rhythm and timing in the fifth round. Since referee Jack Reiss allowed Zbik to continue to hold throughout much of the fight, Chavez scored effectively with excellent body punches on the inside. I had the fight scored even after 10 rounds.

The last round was the most important as far as the scoring was concerned. If Zbik won that round, I would have had a draw. But I gave the round to Chavez, which made him the winner on my card by a 115-113 margin.

Official scores in the Carl Froch-Glen Johnson fight were 117-111 (John Stewart) and 116-112 (Mark Green) for Froch, while Nobuaki Uratani had it even at 114-114.

This was another close fight and, once again, I had it even after 10 rounds, giving Froch a 115-113 tally after he won the two final rounds. Johnson's problem was that he chased Froch, while Froch punched, scored, and moved away. Johnson should have cut off the ring and came at Froch at angles instead of following the Englishman around the ring.

Outside The Ropes



DIAZ RETIRES
Law school is next for "The Baby Bull"

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Former WBA lightweight titleholder **Juan Diaz**, 27, has retired from the ring in order to attend the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth Law School. Diaz, a graduate of the University of Houston, turned pro in June 2002 and had his last bout in July 2010, tallying a career record of 35-4 (17), including seven successful defenses of the WBA strap. His most significant victory was an eighth-round TKO of **Acelino Freitas** in April '06. Diaz' losing bid to win the world lightweight championship from **Juan Manuel Marquez** was selected as THE RING's 2009 Fight of the Year … According to Bob Arum, **Manny Pacquiao**'s bout with **Shane Mosley** was Pacquiao's best selling pay-per-view fight to date. "It will be something over 1.3 million [buys], as high as 1.4," said Arum … Pacquiao has settled his defamation lawsuit against Golden Boy Promotions CEO **Richard Schaefer** and President **Oscar De La Hoya**. The financial terms of the settlement were not disclosed, but they made the following statement: "Richard Schaefer and Oscar De la Hoya, on behalf of themselves and Golden Boy Promotions, wish to make it crystal clear that we never intended to claim that Manny Pacquiao has used or is using any performance-enhancing drugs and further state that we do not have any evidence whatsoever of such use. Manny Pacquiao is one of the greatest fighters of all-time, and we apologize if anyone construed our prior remarks as in any way claiming or even suggesting that Manny uses or has used performance-enhancing drugs." Pacquiao's defamation lawsuit against **Floyd Mayweather Jr.**, **Floyd Mayweather Sr.**, **Roger Mayweather**, and **Mayweather Promotions** is going forward. Mayweather Jr. defied a court order to appear for a deposition on June 17. "[Mayweather] is just dodging his deposition because he is afraid to testify, but he has no right to defy the court," said **Daniel Petrocelli**, Pacquiao's attorney … More bad news for Mayweather: According to **Marv Dumon** of examiner.com, Floyd Jr. is attempting to recover $5-million from a troubled Alabama casino. Mayweather allegedly invested $4-million with **Ronnie Gillery Entertainment and Resorts Development Group 11**, a company associated with County Crossing Casino. Mayweather was due to be paid $5-million ($1-million of which was interest) on June 21, 2010, but was not paid as of the due date. Gillery proposed paying the boxer with part of $23-million bond revenue, but there may not be enough revenue to repay investors. Meanwhile, Gillery has pleaded guilty to 10 counts of

Moreover, when Johnson scored with a punch or two in the later rounds, Froch countered with strong combinations, thus negating the effectiveness of Johnson's blows.

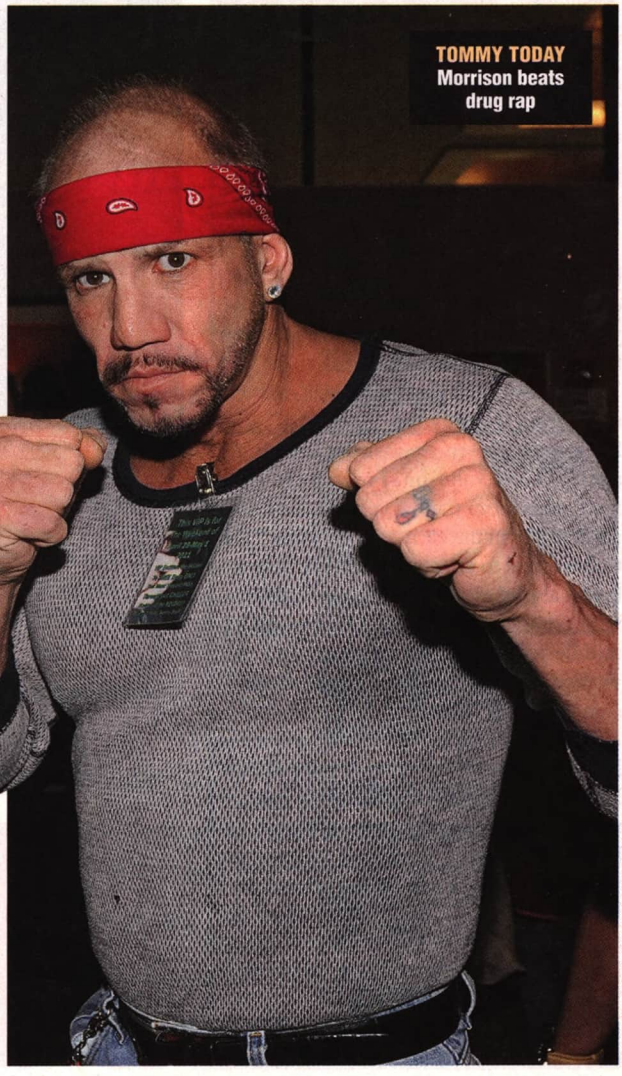
I think that the 117-111 score for Froch was too wide, but I had no problem with the judges who scored 114-114 in each fight. Both 12-rounders were closely contested and the last round determined the ultimate decision in each instance.

–Chuck Giampa

CLOSE CALL
Chavez-Zbik was decided in the final round

PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

corruption and is now the lead witness in a bribery case involving nine individuals, including several politicians … The Pretoria (South Africa) High Court has ordered former heavyweight contender **Corrie Sanders** to pay his former trainer, **Harold Volbrecht**, $156,000 in fees, plus 15.5 percent interest backdated to 2004. The dispute stems from Sander's bout with **Vitali Klitschko** in April '04 in which Volbrecht did not receive his agreed upon fee, which was 10 percent of the purse … Drug charges against former heavyweight contender **Tommy Morrison** have been dropped because the Kansas state trooper who arrested him died in a motorcycle accident … Former Nevada boxing judge **Paul G. Smith**, 66, was sentenced to an 18-month prison sentence for fraudulently collecting $400,000 in Social Security disability benefits while working as a chiropractor and boxing judge. Smith worked as a judge from 1987 to 2005, receiving $133,025 in income … Identical twins **Rock** and **Tiger Allen** were seriously injured in a one-vehicle crash in early June. Both had to be extricated from their 1996 Ford Explorer and were taken by helicopters to major trauma centers. Although both of the Allen brothers turned pro, they had been inactive in recent years … Three-time Pakistani Olympic boxer **Abrar Hussain**, 50, was shot and killed in Quetta on June 14. Hussain was deputy director of the Pakistan Sports Board in Balochistan province and was on his way home from his office at Ayub Stadium when two gunmen riding two motorcycles fired a volley of bullets at his car. Hussain, who fought in the 1984, '88, and '92 Olympics, was taken to the Combined Military Hospital, where he died. The banned Lashkar-i-Jhangvi has claimed responsibility for the killing, but, as of press time, no arrests had been made … In another senseless murder, undefeated Puerto Rican prospect **Juan "El Puma" Gonzalez**, 21, was shot to death in the Levittown section of his hometown of Toa Baja on June 8. Gonzalez, 11-1 (10), was gunned down while riding his motorcycle through the neighborhood. "We are very sad and shocked by the unfortunate passing of 'El Puma,'" said **Miguel Cotto**, who promoted Gonzalez. "He always demonstrated courage and bravery in each of his fights. He will live eternally in the hearts of those who knew him and shared time with him." It is believed that Gonzalez was shot by gunmen who were looking for another person.



TOMMY TODAY
Morrison beats drug rap

PHOTO BY BOBBY BANKS/FIGHTWIREIMAGES

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

CARL FROCH

Carl Froch was only supposed to bring a title belt, toughness, and a hot girlfriend to Showtime's "Super Six World Boxing Classic" when the field was first announced. He wasn't expected to still be hanging around two years later, but, as it turns out, Froch is a lot better than many of us thought.

The confident Englishman is one win away from winning the "Super Six" after his semifinal win against the seemingly ageless Glen Johnson. Froch took some hard shots from the 42-year-old Johnson, particularly in the early rounds when "The Cobra" tried to slug it out with the veteran, but he always shook them off and answered with combinations. After adjusting in the middle rounds, Froch outboxed and outworked Johnson to capture a majority decision that really wasn't that close.

While he'll never draw comparisons to Pernell Whitaker in terms of pure ability, Froch has showed throughout the tournament that he's more than a one-dimensional brawler. His last six fights have come against Jean Pascal, Jermain Taylor, Andre Dirrell, Mikkel Kessler, Arthur Abraham, and Johnson, with a narrow points loss to Kessler the only setback. Next up is Andre Ward for the tournament title.

As we've learned, Ward would be wise not to underestimate him.

RATINGS ANALYSIS

For Period Ended June 26, 2011

Heavyweights: No changes.

Cruiserweights: No changes.

Light Heavyweights: Zsolt Erdei returns to the ratings at seven, which shoves down Karo Murat (seventh last issue), Beibut Shumenov (eighth last issue), and Gabriel Campillo (ninth last issue) one position each. Isaac Chilemba (10th last issue) exits due to Erdei's inclusion.

Super Middleweights: Carl Froch (third last issue) and Lucian Bute (second last issue) trade places following Froch's close decision win over Glen Johnson, who maintains his status at seven. Froch will now meet number-one rated Andre Ward for the vacant RING super middleweight world championship in the "Super Six" finale.

Middleweights: Major changes: Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. makes the biggest splash, entering at six, taking the place of the man he decisioned, Sebastian Zbik (sixth last issue), who drops to seven and pushes down Dmitry Pirog (seventh last issue) to eight. Also, Matthew Macklin (fifth last issue) and Sebastian Sylvester (fourth last issue) change places, thanks to Macklin's split decision loss to top-rated Felix Sturm in a bout many observers thought Macklin won. David Lopez (eighth last issue) departs after losing to junior middleweight Austin Trout.

Junior Middleweights: Saul Alvarez (ninth last issue) jets to four, powered by his impressive TKO of Ryan Rhodes (fourth last issue), who departs. Rhodes' exit makes room for Austin Trout to enter at 10. Sechew Powell (fifth last issue) sinks to nine after being decisioned by Cornelius Bundrage (10th last issue), who rises to six.

Welterweights: Kell Brook (10th last issue) switches with Selcuk Aydin (ninth last issue), based on better opposition and greater activity.

Junior Welterweights: Lucas Matthysse (ninth last issue) moves up to seven following his controversial split decision loss to fourth-rated Devon Alexander. Matthysse's advancement forces down Lamont Peterson (seventh last issue) and Erik Morales (eighth last issue) one spot each, respectively.

Lightweights: No changes.

Junior Lightweights: Jorge Linares (seventh last issue) exits to fight at lightweight. Linares' departure pushes up Takahiro Ao (eighth last issue) and Argenis Medez (ninth last issue) one rung each. Adrien Broner enters the ratings at nine, following his first-round devastation of Jason Litzau (10th last issue), who departs. Litzau's exit makes room for Diego Magdaleno to debut at 10.

Featherweights: No changes.

Junior Featherweights: No changes.

Bantamweights: Fernando Montiel (fifth last issue) departs to campaign at junior featherweight, allowing everyone from six through 10 to move up one place each. Christian Esquivel fills the void, debuting at 10.

Junior Bantamweights: No changes.

Flyweights: No changes.

Junior Flyweights: Juan Carlos Reveco (seventh last issue) exits because he is now fighting at flyweight. This enables Roman Gonzalez (eighth last issue), Luis Alberto Lazarte (ninth last issue), and Ramon Hirales (10th last issue) to all move up one place each and allows Masayuki Kuroda to debut at 10.

Strawweights: Wanheng Menayothin's upset victory over Florante Condes (sixth last issue) forces some juggling. Menayothin debuts at seven, pushing up Juan Palacios (seventh last issue) to six, while Condes drops from six to 10. Muhammad Rahman (10th last issue) exits after losing four of his last six fights.

Pound-for-Pound: No changes.

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

Fighters recognized as champions by THE RING are rated at the top of their division, with the top 10 contenders listed below.

Championship vacancies can be filled by winning a box-off between THE RING's number-one and number-two contenders, or, in certain instances, a box-off between our number-one and number-three contenders.

The only three occasions when a fighter will lose his championship status are when he retires, moves to another weight division, or is defeated in a championship bout.

THE RING Ratings are compiled by the magazine's editorial board, with the participation of THE RING Ratings Panel of boxing journalists from around the world. To see the complete list of our panelists, click on "Ratings" at ringtv.com.

Records provided by boxrec.com.

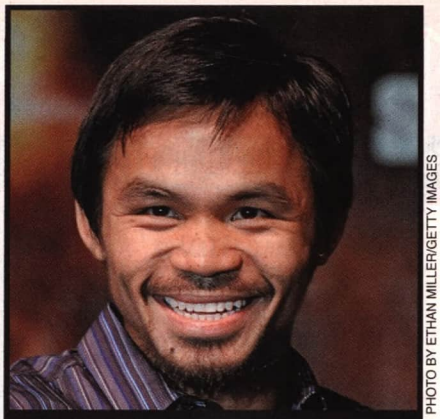


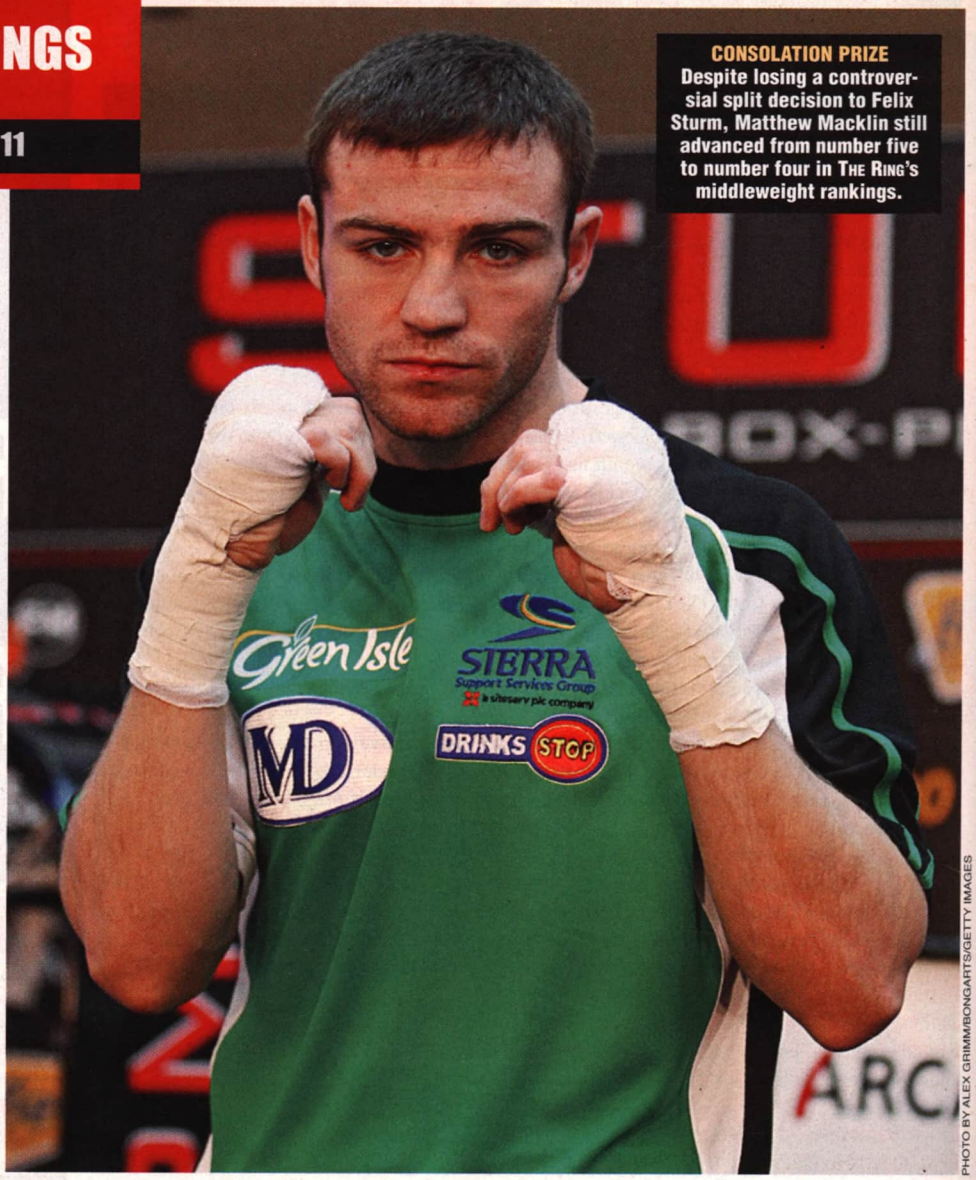
PHOTO BY ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

POUND FOR POUND

1.	MANNY PACQUIAO	*Welterweight*
2.	SERGIO MARTINEZ	*Middleweight*
3.	NONITO DONAIRE	*Bantamweight*
4.	JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ	*Lightweight*
5.	WLADIMIR KLITSCHKO	*Heavyweight*
6.	TIM BRADLEY	*Junior Welterweight*
7	PONGSAKLEK WONJONGKAM	*Flyweight*
8.	GIOVANI SEGURA	*Junior Flyweight*
9.	ANDRE WARD	*Super Middleweight*
10.	BERNARD HOPKINS	*Light Heavyweight*

The RING RATINGS

For Period Ended June 26, 2011



CONSOLATION PRIZE
Despite losing a controversial split decision to Felix Sturm, Matthew Macklin still advanced from number five to number four in The Ring's middleweight rankings.

PHOTO BY ALEX GRIMM/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

For weekly updated Ring ratings, go to ringtv.com

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

Champ: WLADIMIR KLITSCHKO
Ukraine 55-3 (49)

1. VITALI KLITSCHKO
Ukraine 42-2 (39)
2. DAVID HAYE
England 25-1 (23)
3. TOMASZ ADAMEK
Poland 44-1 (28)
4. ALEXANDER POVETKIN
Russia 21-0 (15)
5. RUSLAN CHAGAEV
Uzbekistan 26-1-1 (17)
6. EDDIE CHAMBERS
Philadelphia, PA 36-2 (18)
7. ALEXANDER DIMITRENKO
Ukraine 31-1 (21)
8. DENIS BOYTSOV
Russia 27-0 (22)
9. ROBERT HELENIUS
Germany15-0 (10)
10. CHRIS ARREOLA
Riverside, CA 32-2 (28)

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 200 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. STEVE CUNNINGHAM
Philadelphia, PA 24-2 (12)
2. MARCO HUCK
Yugoslavia 32-1 (23)
3. KRZYSZTOF WLODARCZYK
Poland 45-2-1 (32)
4. DENIS LEBEDEV
Russia 22-1 (17)
5. TROY ROSS
Canada 24-2 (16)
6. DANNY GREEN
Australia 31-3 (27)
7. GIACOBBE FRAGOMENI
Italy 28-3-1 (12)
8. OLA AFOLABI
England 16-2-3 (7)
9. GUILLERMO JONES
Panama 37-3-2 (29)
10. YOAN PABLO HERNANDEZ
Cuba 24-1 (13)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 175 pounds

Champ: BERNARD HOPKINS
Philadelphia, PA 52-5-2 (32)

1. JEAN PASCAL
Haiti 26-2-1 (16)
2. TAVORIS CLOUD
Tallahassee, FL 23-0 (19)
3. CHAD DAWSON
New Haven, CT 30-1 (17)
4. GLEN JOHNSON
Jamaica 51-14-2 (35)
5. NATHAN CLEVERLY
Wales 22-0 (11)
6. ADRIAN DIACONU
Romania 27-3 (15)
7. ZSOLT ERDEI
Hungary 33-0 (18)
8. KARO MURAT
Iraq 23-1 (14)
9. BEIBUT SHUMENOV
Kazakhstan 11-1 (7)
10. GABRIEL CAMPILLO
Spain 20-3 (7)

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. ANDRE WARD
Oakland, CA 24-0 (13)
2. CARL FROCH
England 28-1 (21)
3. LUCIAN BUTE
Romania 28-0 (23)
4. MIKKEL KESSLER
Denmark 44-2 (33)
5. ROBERT STIEGLITZ
Germany 40-2 (23)
6. SAKIO BIKA
Cameroon 28-5-2 (19)
7. GLEN JOHNSON
Jamaica 51-15-2 (35)
8. ARTHUR ABRAHAM
Armenia 32-3 (26)
9. DIMITRI SARTISON
Germany 27-1 (17)
10. THOMAS OOSTHUIZEN
South Africa 15-0-1 (11)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

Champ: SERGIO MARTINEZ
Argentina 47-2-2 (26)

1. FELIX STURM
Germany 36-2-1 (15)
2. DANIEL GEALE
Australia 25-1 (15)
3. PAUL WILLIAMS
Augusta, GA 39-2 (27)
4. MATTHEW MACKLIN
England 28-3 (19)
5. SEBASTIAN SYLVESTER
Germany 34-4-1 (16)
6. JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ JR.
Mexico 43-0-1 (30)
7. SEBASTIAN ZBIK
Germany 30-1 (10)
8. DMITRY PIROG
Russia 18-0 (14)
9. HASSAN N'DAM N'JIKAM
France 26-0 (17)
10. MARCO ANTONIO RUBIO
Mexico 51-5-1 (44)

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **MIGUEL COTTO**
   Puerto Rico 36-2 (29)
2. **KERMIT CINTRON**
   Reading, PA 32-3-1 (28)
3. **ALFREDO ANGULO**
   Mexico 19-1 (16)
4. **SAUL ALVAREZ**
   Mexico 37-0-1 (27)
5. **VANES MARTIROSYAN**
   Armenia 30-0 (19)
6. **CORNELIUS BUNDRAGE**
   Detroit, MI 31-4 (18)
7. **PAWEL WOLAK**
   Poland 29-1 (19)
8. **SERGIY DZINZIRUK**
   Ukraine 37-1 (23)
9. **SECHEW POWELL**
   Brooklyn, NY 26-3 (15)
10. **AUSTIN TROUT**
    Las Cruces, NM 23-0 (13)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **MANNY PACQUIAO**
   Philippines 53-3-2 (38)
2. **VICTOR ORTIZ**
   Garden City, KN 29-2-2 (22)
3. **ANDRE BERTO**
   Winter Haven, FL 27-1 (21)
4. **JAN ZAVECK**
   Slovenia 31-1 (18)
5. **VYACHESLAV SENCHENKO**
   Ukraine 31-0 (20)
6. **RAFAL JACKIEWICZ**
   Poland 37-9-1 (19)
7. **MIKE JONES**
   Philadelphia, PA 25-0 (19)
8. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA 46-7-1 (39)
9. **KELL BROOK**
   England 24-0 (16)
10. **SELCUK AYDIN**
    Turkey 21-0 (16)

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **TIMOTHY BRADLEY**
   Palm Springs, CA 27-0 (11)
2. **AMIR KHAN**
   England 25-1 (17)
3. **MARCOS MAIDANA**
   Argentina 30-2 (27)
4. **DEVON ALEXANDER**
   St. Louis, MO 22-1 (13)
5. **ANDREAS KOTELNIK**
   Ukraine 31-4-1 (13)
6. **ZAB JUDAH**
   Brooklyn, NY 41-6 (28)
7. **LUCAS MATTHYSSE**
   Argentina 28-2 (26)
8. **LAMONT PETERSON**
   Washington, D.C. 28-1-1 (14)
9. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico 51-7 (35)
10. **DANNY GARCIA**
    Philadelphia, PA 21-0 (14)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

Champ: JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ
Mexico 52-5-1 (38)

1. **BRANDON RIOS**
   Lubbock, TX 27-0-1 (20)
2. **HUMBERTO SOTO**
   Mexico 56-7-2 (32)
3. **ROBERT GUERRERO**
   Gilroy, CA 29-1-1 (18)
4. **JOHN MURRAY**
   England 31-0 (18)
5. **MICHAEL KATSIDIS**
   Australia 27-4 (22)
6. **MIGUEL ACOSTA**
   Venezuela 28-4-2 (22)
7. **PAULUS MOSES**
   Namibia 27-1 (19)
8. **URBANO ANTILLON**
   Mexico 28-2 (20)
9. **MIGUEL VAZQUEZ**
   Mexico 29-3 (13)
10. **ANTONIO DEMARCO**
    Mexico 25-2-1 (18)

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **MZONKE FANA**
   South Africa 30-4 (12)
2. **RICKY BURNS**
   Scotland 31-2 (8)
3. **TAKASHI UCHIYAMA**
   Japan 17-0 (14)
4. **ROMAN MARTINEZ**
   Puerto Rico 24-1-1 (15)
5. **JORGE SOLIS**
   Mexico 40-2-2 (29)
6. **JUAN CARLOS SALGADO**
   Mexico 22-1-1 (16)
7. **TAKAHIRO AO**
   Japan 21-2-1 (10)
8. **ARGENIS MENDEZ**
   Dominican Republic 18-1 (9)
9. **ADRIEN BRONER**
   Cincinnati, OH 21-0 (17)
10. **DIEGO MAGDALENO**
    Las Vegas, NV 19-0 (7)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **YURIORKIS GAMBOA**
   Cuba 20-0 (16)
2. **CHRIS JOHN**
   Indonesia 45-0-2 (22)
3. **ORLANDO SALIDO**
   Mexico 35-11-2 (23)
4. **JUAN MANUEL LOPEZ**
   Puerto Rico 30-1 (27)
5. **DANIEL PONCE DE LEON**
   Mexico 41-3 (34)
6. **CRISTOBAL CRUZ**
   Mexico 39-12-2 (23)
7. **ELIO ROJAS**
   Dominican Republic 22-1 (13)
8. **RAFAEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico 39-6 (35)
9. **JHONNY GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 48-7 (42)
10. **MIKEY GARCIA**
    Oxnard, CA 26-0 (22)

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **TOSHIAKI NISHIOKA**
   Japan 38-4-3 (24)
2. **AKIFUMI SHIMODA**
   Japan 23-2-1 (10)
3. **RYOL LI LEE**
   Japan 17-2-1 (8)
4. **POONSAWAT KRATINGDAENGGYM**
   Thailand 44-2 (30)
5. **TAKALANI NDLOVU**
   South Africa 32-6 (18)
6. **GUILLERMO RIGONDEAUX**
   Cuba 8-0 (6)
7. **RICARDO CORDOBA**
   Panama 37-3-2 (23)
8. **STEVE MOLITOR**
   Canada 33-2 (12)
9. **JORGE ARCE**
   Mexico 57-6-2 (44)
10. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ JR.**
    Puerto Rico 20-1-1 (17)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **NONITO DONAIRE**
   Philippines 26-1 (18)
2. **ANSELMO MORENO**
   Panama 31-1-1 (11)
3. **JOSEPH AGBEKO**
   Ghana 28-2 (22)
4. **ABNER MARES**
   Mexico 21-0-1 (13)
5. **VIC DARCHINYAN**
   Armenia 36-3-1 (27)
6. **ERIC MOREL**
   Madison, WI 44-2 (22)
7. **YONNHY PEREZ**
   Colombia 20-2-1 (14)
8. **KOKI KAMEDA**
   Japan 25-1 (16)
9. **MALCOLM TUNACAO**
   Philippines 28-2-3 (17)
10. **CHRISTIAN ESQUIVEL**
    Mexico 22-2 (16)

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **HUGO CAZARES**
   Mexico 34-6-2 (24)
2. **TOMAS ROJAS**
   Mexico 36-12-1 (24)
3. **OMAR NARVAEZ**
   Argentina 35-0-2 (19)
4. **NOBUO NASHIRO**
   Japan 14-3-1 (9)
5. **YOTA SATO**
   Japan 21-2-1 (11)
6. **TEPPARITH SINGWANCHA**
   Thailand 16-2 (10)
7. **CRISTIAN MIJARES**
   Mexico 41-6-2 (18)
8. **JUAN ALBERTO ROSAS**
   Mexico 32-6 (26)
9. **CESAR SEDA**
   Puerto Rico 20-1 (15)
10. **DRIAN FRANCISCO**
    Philippines 20-1-1 (16)

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

Champ: PONGSAKLEK WONJONGKAM
Thailand 80-3-1 (44)

1. **DAISUKE NAITO**
   Japan 36-3-3 (23)
2. **TAKEFUMI SAKATA**
   Japan 36-6-2 (17)
3. **HERNAN MARQUEZ**
   Mexico 30-2 (23)
4. **LUIS CONCEPCION**
   Panama 22-2 (17)
5. **DENKAOSAN KAOVICHIT**
   Thailand 52-3-1 (22)
6. **MORUTI MTHALANE**
   South Africa 27-2 (18)
7. **JULIO CESAR MIRANDA**
   Mexico 35-5-1 (28)
8. **ROCKY FUENTES**
   Philippines 28-6-2 (18)
8. **MILAN MELINDO**
   Philippines 24-0 (8)
10. **EDGAR SOSA**
    Mexico 42-6 (25)

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

Champ: GIOVANI SEGURA
Mexico 28-1-1 (24)

1. **ADRIAN HERNANDEZ**
   Mexico 21-1 (13)
2. **GILBERTO KEB BAAS**
   Mexico 35-21-4 (22)
3. **OMAR NINO**
   Mexico 30-4-2 (12)
4. **IVAN CALDERON**
   Puerto Rico 34-2-1 (6)
5. **BRIAN VILORIA**
   Waipahu, HI 28-3 (16)
6. **ULISES SOLIS**
   Mexico 33-2-3 (21)
7. **ROMAN GONZALEZ**
   Nicaragua 28-0 (23)
8. **LUIS ALBERTO LAZARTE**
   Argentina 48-10-2 (18)
9. **RAMON HIRALES**
   Mexico 16-2-1 (9)
10. **MASAYUKI KURODA**
    Japan 19-3 (13)

STRAWWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 105 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **NKOSINATHI JOYI**
   South Africa 21-0 (15)
2. **KAZUTO IOKA**
   Japan 7-0 (5)
3. **OLEYDONG SITHSAMERCHAI**
   Thailand 35-1-1 (13)
4. **RAUL GARCIA**
   Mexico 30-1-1 (18)
5. **DONNIE NIETES**
   Philippines 28-1-3 (15)
6. **JUAN PALACIOS**
   Nicaragua 28-3 (21)
7. **WANHENG MENAYOTHIN**
   Thailand 17-0 (4)
8. **DENVER CUELLO**
   Philippines 26-4-6 (16)
9. **KATSUNARI TAKAYAMA**
   Japan 24-4 (10)
10. **FLORANTE CONDES**
    Philippines 25-6-1 (21)

by Jeff Ryan

AGE VS. YOUTH
Ryan has probing questions about both B-Hop and Pascal

PHOTO BY HERBY WHYNE/SPORTZFRAME

Head Scratchers

Like Mick Jagger, I can't get no satisfaction. ('Cause I try and I try and I try and I try.) At least when it comes to satisfying my curiosity, that is. The fight game seems to have raised more questions than it has answered recently. And while that's certainly nothing out of the ordinary for a sport in which the oddity is always a commodity, it's nonetheless unsettling for a perfectionist Virgo like me, a guy who likes his loose ends not just tied up but triple-knotted.

Answer me this:

1) Why does the International Boxing Hall of Fame believe that all greats are created equal?

Yes, I know all halls of fame have this problem. Bill Mazeroski and Babe Ruth are both in Cooperstown, and their plaques are the same size. But the IBHOF really ought to create a special designation for the true immortals, legends, and game-changers, something that sets them apart from the rest, something more specific than its current categories of Modern, Old-Timer, and Pioneer.

What do you say IBHOF? Can you come up with something? As they say in tennis, which, by the way, has both Pete Sampras (14 Grand Slam tournaments won) and Yannick Noah (one Grand Slam) in its hall of fame, the ball's in your court.

2) Are we going to end up sorry that Bernard Hopkins is sticking around?

Since it's not worth the waste of valuable column inches attempting to talk the 46-year-old into retiring while once again on top, let me instead ask him what he thinks he can do to hold our interest if he fails to either: a) meet the eventual winner of the "Super Six" super middle-

weight tourney or b) turn Montreal into an insane asylum by squaring off there with adopted son Lucian Bute.

Pops Hopkins fired up the masses by rediscovering his long-lost aggression against Jean Pascal and unifying the AARP and WBC titles in the process. But if he doesn't drop down to super middle, his options are less-than scintillating. Is there really any clamor for bouts with the likes of Chad Dawson, Tavoris Cloud, or Nathan Cleverly at 175 pounds? Certainly not in my sports bar. Maybe because it's too easy to envision "B-Hop" dropping a dull split decision to one of the kids then coming back for another rematch that's destined for the scorecards. Haven't we seen enough of that plotline?

While a move to cruiserweight would be an interesting new challenge for Hopkins, he's not going to face fellow Philadelphian Steve Cunningham because "USS Cunningham," like Hopkins, is trained by Naazim Richardson. And B-Hop vs. any other cruiserweight would be a waste of the electricity required to turn on the ring lights.

Will this feel-good story still feel as good a year from now?

3) Why was Jean Pascal so tentative against B-Hop?

The guy is 28-years-old, built like a middle linebacker, and packing potent power, and he even managed to floor Hopkins, an iron man with one of the game's strongest chins. So why in the world did Pascal turn timid at crunch time in two straight battles?

What was he thinking? That he could get by with his looks instead of his hooks? As well as Hopkins fought, both contests were there for Pascal to take if he stepped up the pressure and fired more bombs. (Note how he stunned the old man a few times in the rematch, even in Round 12. Where was that spirit all night long?)

Pascal reminds me of another body beautiful, Ken Norton, who never gets any sympathy from me when he groans about the decision in his rubber match with Muhammad Ali. Norton entered the 15th round that night having traded punches with Ali for 38 previous rounds, having never come close to being seriously hurt or dropped. Yet, he chose to *play it safe* for much of the 15th, acting as though Ali hit like George Foreman. Likewise, Pascal mistook Hopkins for Bob Foster. Dumb.

4) Why isn't Sugar Ray Leonard boxing's elder statesman?

Upon learning that His Sweetness had recently released his autobiography, my first reaction was to question if Leonard, who, despite his appearances on *Punk'd*, *The Contender*, and *Dancing With The Stars*, is relevant enough these days to have anyone buy his tome. Then I remembered that the two books I'm currently reading are a biography of singer Paul Simon, who hasn't had a hit single since 1985, and the autobiography of football great Don Maynard, who last played in 1973.

My second reaction was to wonder why Leonard, who came out of the Olympics as the All-American Boy in 1976, had a storied pro career, never trashed-talked opponents, kept out of jail, and worked as a TV analyst, isn't the dignified spokesman for the sport that Ali was supposed to have been. Does it have something to do with his previous admission of cocaine use during his retirement? Probably not. My guess is that it's a conscious decision by Leonard, who, despite his familiarity with a microphone dating back to his first interview with Howard Cosell in Montreal's Olympic Village, has never been truly comfortable talking to the masses.

Interviewing Leonard numerous times through the years has taught me he is forever preoccupied with sounding intelligent, never mind if that's at the expense of a more candid, descriptive, or entertaining answer. Perhaps he doesn't trust himself being the go-to guy whenever boxing needs to be represented, sold, or defended to the world, or maybe he has simply concluded that being the spokesman for a sport this dysfunctional and inconsistent is such a dirty job that *nobody* has to do it.

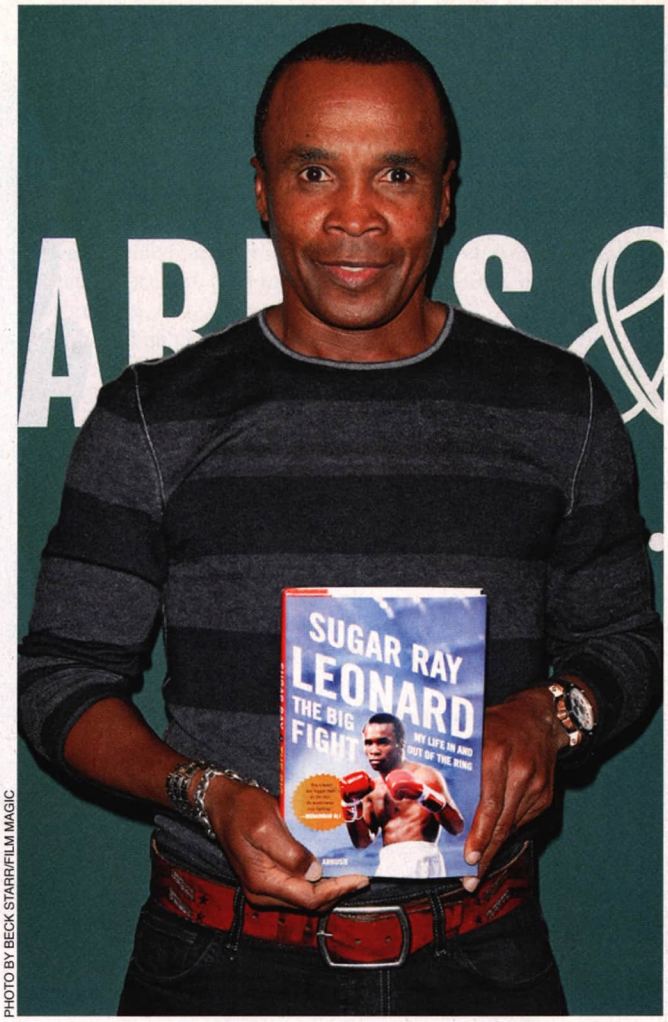


PHOTO BY BECK STARR/FILM MAGIC

HIS SWEETNESS
Leonard displays bio at LA book signing

5) Can't boxing get rid of those slippery logos in ring-center?

Nightmare Scenario One: The eagerly awaited Manny Pacquiao-Floyd Mayweather superfight is *finally* underway, and just one minute into the first round, "Money" attempts to backpedal away from a Pacquiao rush. Oops! Mayweather's foot slips on the beer logo painted on the canvas, he falls awkwardly, cracks his ankle, and can't continue. Pacquiao by TKO.

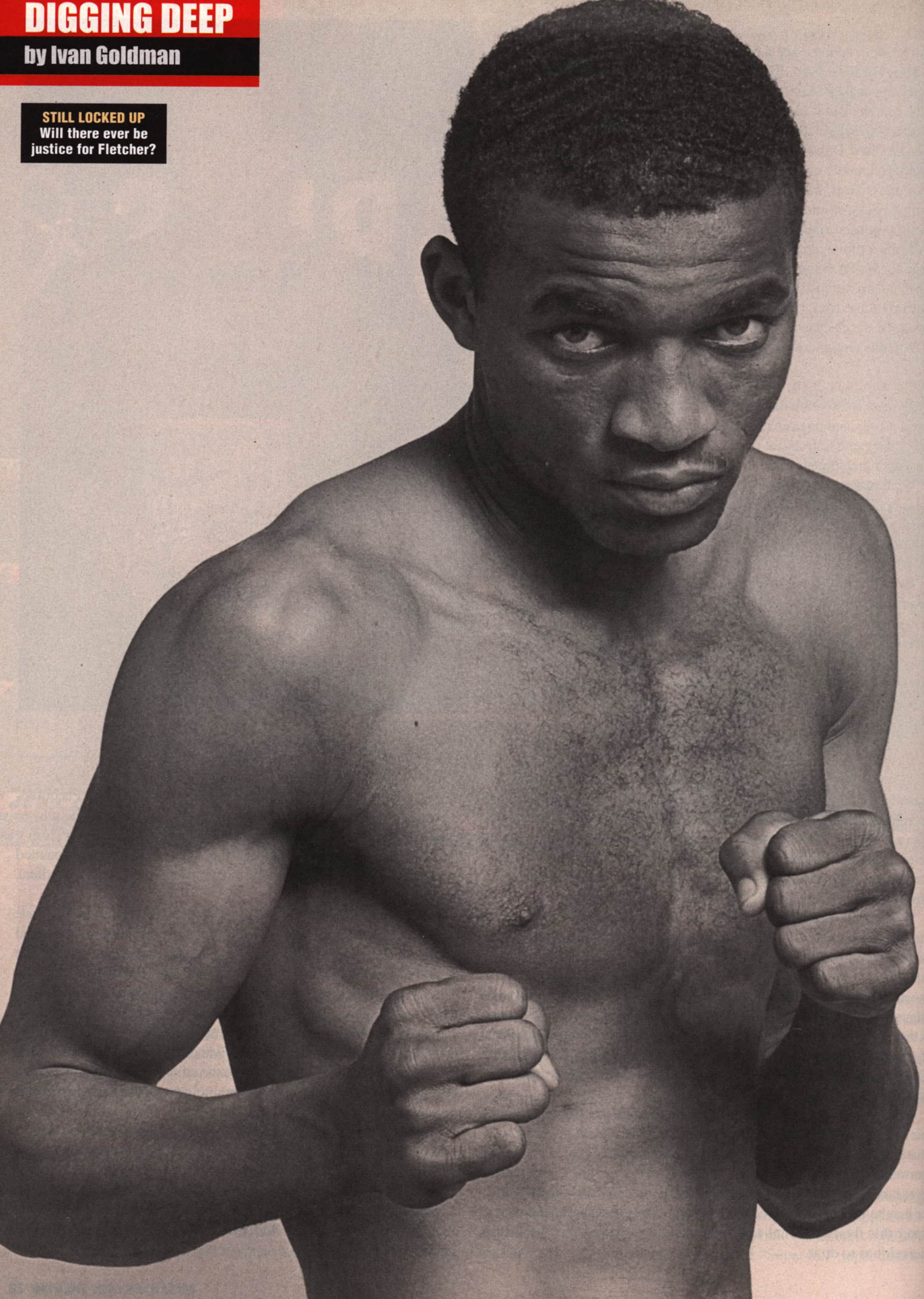
Nightmare Scenario Two: Pacquiao-Mayweather is even on the cards entering the 12th round. For the first two minutes of the final stanza, the warriors unload everything in their arsenals in a desperate attempt to sway the judges. Suddenly, "Pac-Man" is down and out! But wait, it's not from a punch, but from slipping on a logo and hitting the back of his head on the floor. Mayweather by kayo at the 2:15 mark.

Far-fetched? Maybe not. Did we ever imagine we'd see anything like "Fan Man," Tyson chomping on Evander Holyfield's ear, or Kermit Cintron sailing out of the ring and into the crowd? Believe me, someday those perpetually slick logos are going to get someone hurt or change the course of ring history.

But, of course, promoters can't do without the advertising dollars those glorified banana peels bring. After all, there aren't enough ads in the fight program, or on the posters, scoreboard, turnbuckle pads, round cards, fighters' trunks and robes, banners hanging from the light stanchions, and television graphics. Those greedy bastards see a blank canvas and salivate like they're Monet with a brush in his hand. Ad? No, darn it. Subtract! ■

DIGGING DEEP

by Ivan Goldman



STILL LOCKED UP
Will there ever be justice for Fletcher?

"Two Gun" Fletcher: The Moniker That Misfired

Death row convict Anthony Fletcher, once a world-class lightweight, was undefeated in his first 22 fights after a remarkable amateur career that started in the Army. In his time, he defeated Livingston Bramble and Freddy Pendleton. He lost to Oba Carr and Donald Stokes, but that was in 1990, after he'd suffered a detached retina, been partially paralyzed by Bell's Palsy, and suffered four gunshot wounds while watching a playground basketball game in southwest Philadelphia. Locked up 19 years now, he grows older one slow day at a time in a tiny cell at SCI Greene Prison in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Fletcher, 55, always admitted shooting small-time crook Vaughn Christopher on a mean Philly street but says he acted in self-defense and that Christopher's gun fired as they both wrestled for it. Christopher, Fletcher said, had earlier stuck up a crap game, taking $50 from him. Fletcher says when he saw Christopher again he punched him, and Christopher pulled the gun.

The prosecutor offered Fletcher the chance to plead guilty to third degree murder and serve 15 to 30 years. A standard deal. But he threw the dice and went to trial. Found guilty in the first degree, he was sentenced to death by injection. All this was documented by Robert Cassidy, a former RING associate editor, who wrote about it in the August 2000 issue, when the case was already eight years old.

Had Fletcher copped a plea, he'd very possibly be a free man today. If you think about it, he's no longer doing time for the shooting but for refusing to accept the deal offered in 1992.

Key facts weren't presented to jurors. For example, the prosecutor preposterously claimed Fletcher was called "Two Gun" because he carried two guns on the street, but any Philly fan could have informed jurors it was a boxing alias referring to his ability to land shots with both hands. Fletcher's attorney never corrected the mistake.

Jurors didn't know that Christopher, shot in his leg and right side, bled to death in the hospital after his mother, a Jehovah's Witness, denied him a crucial transfusion on religious grounds. Other disturbing issues include the disappearance of key physical evidence after it was sent to the medical examiner's office.

It's difficult to argue that keeping Fletcher locked up makes sense and even harder to make a case for executing him. Even no-nonsense, tough-on-crime detectives say the circumstances never merited a charge of first-degree murder.

I looked into Fletcher's case after a reader in Sweden, Ake Sintring, brought it to my attention. He read Cassidy's article 11 years ago and established a group to work in Fletcher's behalf. Sintring can be reached online at: akesintring@hotmail.com

ON MARKETING (YAWN) STRATEGIES

Bob Arum says Victor Ortiz needs more experience before fighting someone with Floyd Mayweather's skills. The meat of his message? Only Arum knows how to move fighters along, and other promoters, particularly Golden Boy, which promotes Ortiz, doesn't.

Maybe. But I fearlessly predict Arum will prove wrong, and Ortiz will kayo Mayweather in round one—providing Floyd has to wear leg irons into the ring. Those things can really mess up a guy's game plan, not to mention his footwork.

Yes, I kid "Money" Mayweather, who faces a slew of charges in Las Vegas and only walks the streets courtesy of the court. But assuming he goes in there unencumbered by handcuffs, leg irons, or related devices, yes, the odds certainly favor soothsayer Arum's vision of the fight, particularly if uncle/trainer Roger also manages somehow to stay out of the can through the night of September 17, which is maybe a 70-30 proposition at best.

But Ortiz, willing to make a long-shot bet on himself, deserves credit for shunning the kind of career-grooming logic that puts everyone to sleep. Fighters are risk takers. So let fighters be fighters, not accountants, actuaries, or calculating promoters. This is an excellent matchup and one that might actually be worth the usually overpriced pay-per-view fee.

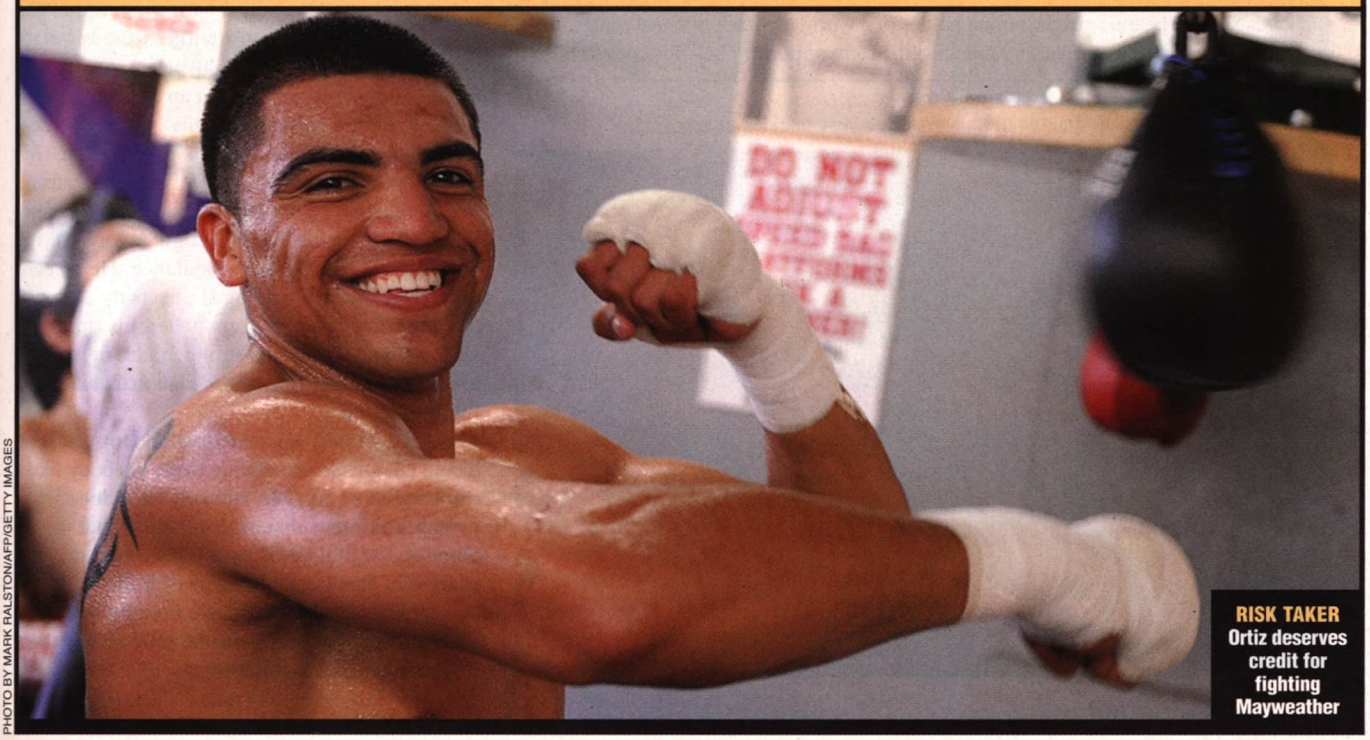


PHOTO BY MARK RALSTON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

RISK TAKER Ortiz deserves credit for fighting Mayweather

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

BEAUTIFUL DISTRACTION
Rachael celebrates with Froch after Johnson victory

STEAMY RACHAEL

Congratulations to Showtime for breaking its own speed record at the Carl Froch-Glen Johnson "Super Six" semifinal. This time we waited only milliseconds to see the first close-up of Froch's girlfriend Rachael Cordingley. But all that attention to the fight, a good one, kept interrupting shots of the girlfriend.

Observations from Ringside at Chavez-Zbik

- The promoter skipped the US, German, and Mexican national anthems. I heard no complaints. Could this be the start of something big?
- Hungry-looking champion Sergio Martinez kept his eyes on Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. and Sebastian Zbik like a cat saving both delicious mice for later.
- Chavez seemed to consider his head some kind of valuable crystal that must not be moved—except when Zbik's punches made it swivel like a speedbag. Maybe the kid thinks it's unmanly to slip a punch. Someone should talk to him about that, although I strongly suspect Freddie Roach has already tried.
- Chavez Jr. may be the least deserving holder of a world alphabet title in a world teeming with them, but, on the right night against the right opponent, he's fun to watch.

MOVE YOUR HEAD!
Somebody should tell Chavez Jr. it's okay to avoid punches

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

Mortified Mosley

At first, it looked like they were giving us a three-week-old sandwich. Showtime executives announced they'd air an extra 15 minutes of prefight reality programming after the crummy Shane Mosley-Manny Pacquiao contest. But soon it all became clear. The network had discovered embarrassing footage of a broken, deflated Mosley begging cornerman Naazim Richardson to stop the fight, and Richardson, after trying to pump him up, sending him back out anyway. Question: Was it ethical of Showtime to go out of its way to embarrass Sugar Shane like this? Answer: Yes. If you want that big pay-per-view money, you have to show us something. And if you don't, we have a right to know why.

As for the foot blister that Mosley tried to use as an out, I've personally seen soldiers (this was back around the War of 1812) slog on with heavy packs and worse injuries and do it for a lot less money. Ask yourself if 42-year-old Glen Johnson would try to quit over a foot blister.

Getting Silly Over Steward

As Chad Dawson spent what seemed like three or four hours decisioning Adrian Diaconu in the lead-up fight to Bernard Hopkins-Jean Pascal II, the HBO team spoke of Dawson's trainer (and HBO analyst) Emanuel Steward with the reverence of Red Guards for Chairman Mao and his little red book. It's embarrassing to watch. Steward's a nice guy but not a deity. Dawson, by the way, fights like Wladimir Klitschko only without the big right hand, meaning there's no suspense. One round looks like the next and it's not an exciting round.

In the main event, Hopkins knocked Pascal down twice, but it was close enough so referee Ian John-Lewis earns no Magoos for not calling them. Yes, Pascal was off-balance, but that's his problem. In fact, it's amazing this fighter got as far as he did with such shocking lack of balance. He careens around the ring like a drunk at a tea party and practically ties himself in knots when his opponent slips a punch. Pascal's a strong, quick fighter, but his talents sit atop a shaky foundation that Hopkins fully exploited.

As for Pascal's insinuations that Hopkins is on illegal chemicals, the champ treats his body like a cathedral. It's very, very unlikely he'd de-sanctify it with noxious substances. Is this what we've come to? A plague of sore losers making wild charges of chemical interference? Yup.

Hopkins' fine performance brought to mind a Dylan lyric: "Ah, but I was so much older then. I'm younger than that now."

MAGOOS

To referee Lou Moret. As he broke undefeated super bantams Chris Avalos and Khabir Suleymanov in round one, Avalos decked his opponent with a cheap shot. It was definitely flagrant enough to merit a point deduction. Instead, Moret called the knockdown, a two-point error. If a referee doesn't respect his own commands, why should the fighters?

On the same card, cruiserweight Matt "Too Smooth" Godfrey climbed to the very top of this month's ladder of repulsiveness when in round eight, frustrated all night by Lateef Kayode, he spit in Kayode's face. *Ugh!* If you missed it, I envy you. The camera crew didn't. Kudos to Kayode, who kept his cool and won by lopsided scores.

TOTAL PACKAGE
Goldman says Donaire has it all

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

You're Asking Me?

Reader Charles Neustaedter wonders who "best demonstrates the entire portfolio of skills." Good question. Lots of fighters exhibit exceptional talents, but who's got the whole package?

Right now I'd say Sergio Martinez and Nonito Donaire come closest to showing a perfect blend of offense and defense, quickness, elusiveness, split-second reflexes, conditioning, toughness, risk-taking, and punching power, including one-shot kayo power. I haven't seen enough of junior fly champion Giovani Segura, but he's a candidate. Pacquiao can get reckless and take punches he doesn't have to, another reason he's so great to watch. And we know about Mayweather. Got what it takes but uses it sparingly. ■

Ivan Goldman can be reached at ivangoldman@yahoo.com.

CAMERA CLICKS

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

1. MAKING A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF

No, this is not what Jason Litzau looks like before he steps into the phone booth and becomes Superman. This is Eric Henson, whose pro debut in June didn't go so well, as he was shut out on two cards and lost a four-round unanimous decision to Emilio Garcia in Chandler, Arizona. After the fight, we got a pretty good explanation for Henson's performance: The kid can't see without his glasses, and vision tends to be kind of important when you're trying to avoid another man's punches.

2. AIR ERDEI

You think Zsolt Erdei was excited about this June win in Atlantic City over Byron Mitchell? The undefeated two-division former titlist leapt so high you'd think he'd just scored a career-defining win ... which, when you look at the second-rate opposition he feasted on year after year in his prime, isn't so far from the truth. Erdei stopped Mitchell in the sixth round, and now the world eagerly awaits word on whether his next opponent will be a washed-up old fighter or someone we've never heard of.

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

3. ALI: THE NEXT GENERATION
Ex-fighter Laila Ali shows off her new baby girl, Sydney J. Conway, at the Elizabeth Glaser Pediatric AIDS Foundation's "A Time For Heroes" event on June 12 in Los Angeles. Doting Grandpa Muhammad wasn't at the event, but he does spend a lot of time with Sydney, predicting in rhyme what time she'll fall asleep for her nap ("She'll snore at four!"), telling her how pretty she is, and, of course, instilling in her a deep hatred for Joe Frazier at a young age.

4. JUST CALL HIM SANDY KO-FAX
Firing a different kind of overhand right, Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. throws out the ceremonial first pitch at a Los Angeles Dodgers game in May as part of the promotion for his fight with Sebastian Zbik at Staples Center a few days later. The Dodgers have not been having the greatest of seasons—from fatal fan beatings to a deadbeat owner—but they went on to crush the Florida Marlins 8-0 that day, a decidedly more comfortable margin of victory than Chavez enjoyed against Zbik.

5. CRUNCH TIME FOR VANES
Junior middleweight contender Vanes Martirosyan tightens his abs during camp for his June fight against Saul Roman, which Martirosyan gutted out via exciting seventh-round stoppage. Our favorite thing about this photo: The way Martirosyan's facial expression perfectly matches his tattoo.

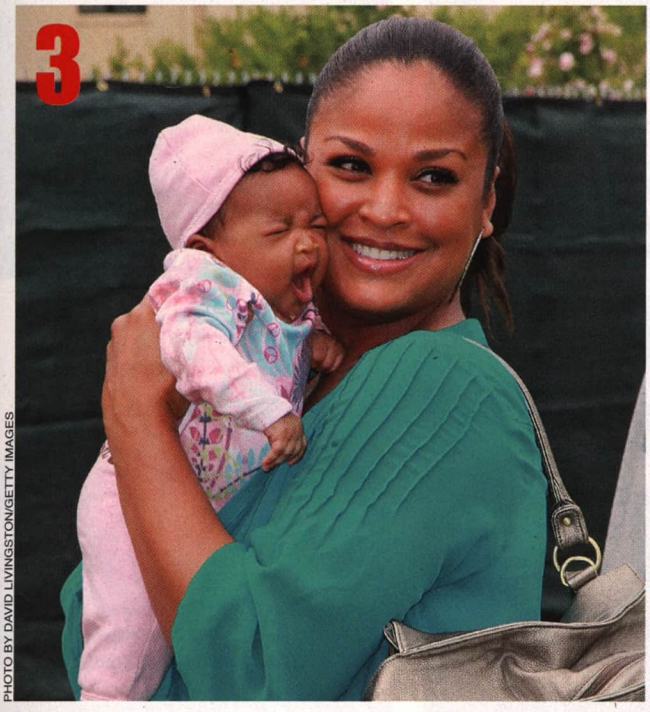


PHOTO BY DAVID LIVINGSTON/GETTY IMAGES

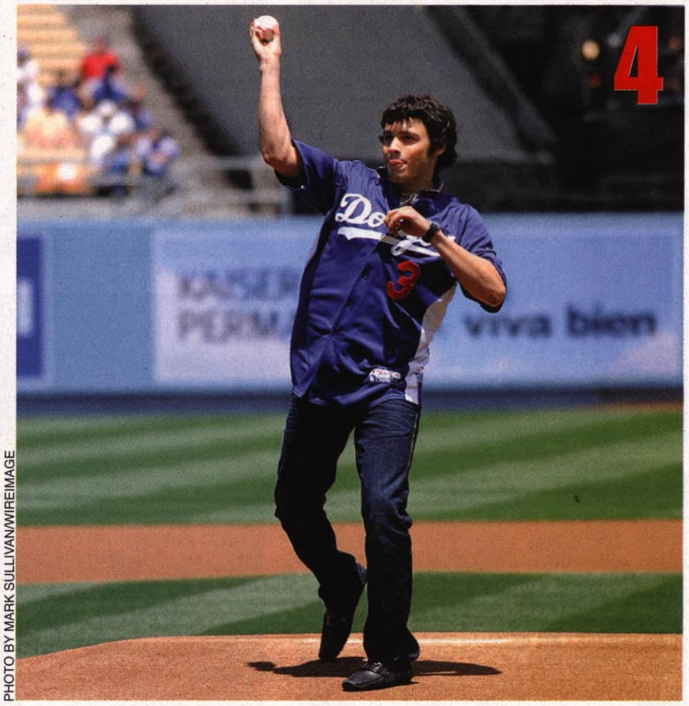


PHOTO BY MARK SULLIVAN/WIREIMAGE

PHOTO BY CHRIS FARINA/TOP RANK

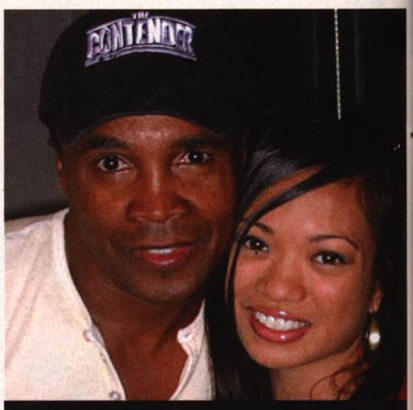
AT THE FIGHTS

WANT TO SEE YOURSELF IN THE RING MAGAZINE?

Send us your photos from a fight with you posing next to a celebrity, athlete, or other famous person and we will consider it for publication in the magazine. Send photos to celebrityphotos@sepublications.com. Make sure to include your name(s), the celebrity name(s), the fight attended, and your contact information. See you at the fights!

Paul Malignaggi, with Sergio Salinas, after Malignaggi-Cotto

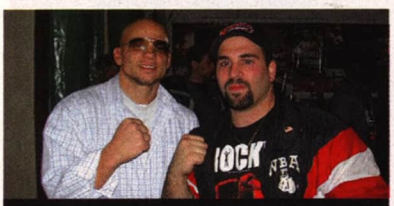
Antonio Tarver, with Greg Masten II, at Showtime's Bantamweight Tournament Semifinals



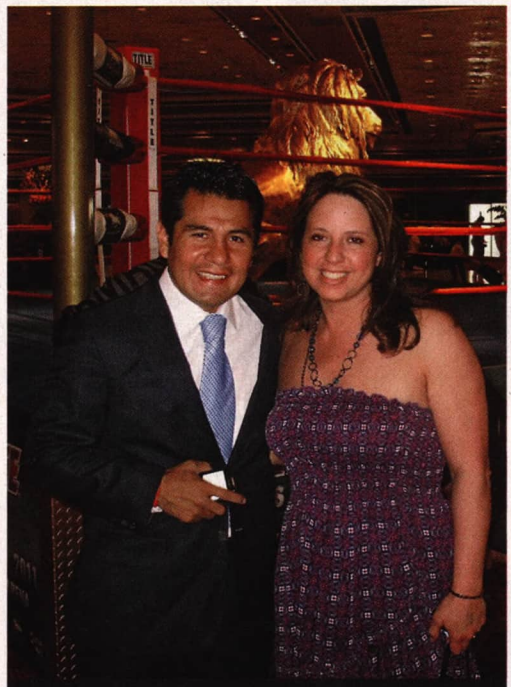
Sugar Ray Leonard, with Jennifer Delacruz, in Washington, D.C.

Buboy Fernandez, with Lindsay Heath, at *Friday Night Fights*

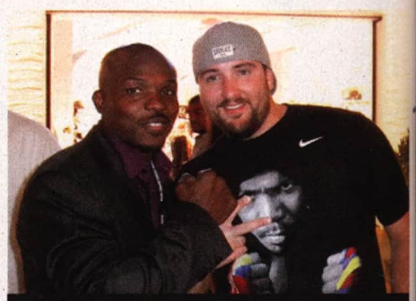
Manny Pacquiao, with Victor Sy, at a wedding reception in Manila



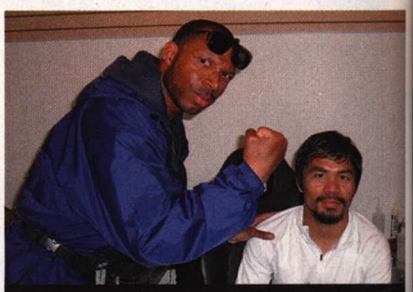
Harry Yorgey, with Tony "The Tornado" Penecale, at The Arena in Philadelphia



Marco Antonio Barrera, with Suzannah Stodden, at Pacquiao-Mosley

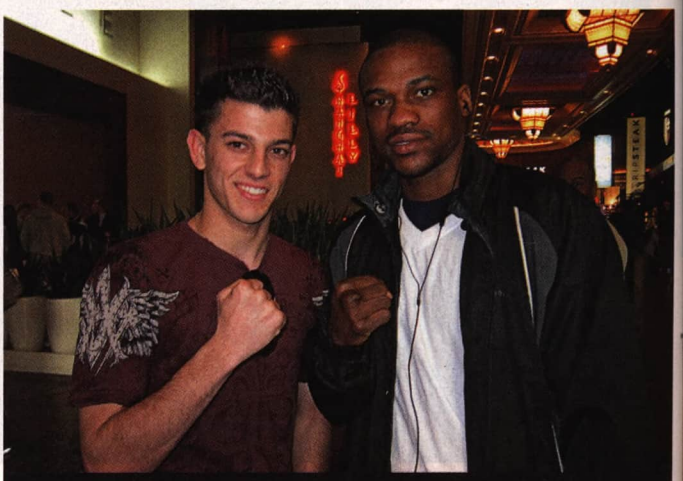


Tim Bradley, with Andy Lokemoen, after Pacquiao-Mosley



Manny Pacquiao, with Jamal Wynn, at Pacquiao's tattoo shop in Los Angeles

Sergio Martinez, with Sylvia Rammouni, at Pacquiao-Mosley



Mike Jones, with Franki Abbott, at Donaire-Montiel

The RING CARD GIRL OF THE MONTH

Heather Shanholtz

Tale of the Tape

Height: 5'6"
Weight: 120 lbs
Measurements: 34DD-25-35
Stance: Orthodox
Reach: 23 inches
Hometown: Jarrettsville, MD
Current City: Miami, FL
Favorite Boxer: Manny Pacquiao
Where you've seen her: *Maxim*, *American Curves*, *Musclemag*, *Planet Muscle*

PHOTO BY AARON RIVEROLL

To Book Heather: Send an email to: booking@heathershanholtz.com. Fans can write Heather at: P.O. Box 371459, Miami, FL 33137

Do you know someone who could be the next Ring Card Girl of the Month?

Submit photos and bio to ringcardgirl@sepublications.com.

PHOTO BY KENNY ROLAND

PATH TO GLORY
Carl Froch hammered out a hard-earned decision over Glen Johnson (left) and won the right to face Andre Ward in the finals of Showtime's "Super Six" super middleweight tournament. After beating Johnson, Froch posed with Ward, Showtime boxing boss Ken Hershman, and the Super Six cup (below).

PHOTOS BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

NEXT UP: FROCH vs. WARD

Vacant RING Championship At Stake In "Super Six" Finale

By Joseph Santoliquito

Carl Froch has a rare ability not too many fighters possess: He can talk with his eyes. A beaming glare or a simple smirk is enough to annoy opponents, even those he has yet to face.

This knack to aggravate can even show up in the middle of a hard fight. Froch thinks it is a subtle, subconscious impulse, nothing overtly intentional. Nonetheless, during the waning seconds of the 10th round in his fight against Glen Johnson, Froch wasn't paying too much attention to "The Road Warrior" or referee Earl Brown during a clinch. He was looking directly at Andre Ward seated ringside. As Brown broke the fighters, Froch backed away, raised his eyebrows, and looked at Ward, as if to say, *this is coming your way!*

Then Froch reeled off a round-stealing, five-punch combination that bounced off Johnson's head and jaw.

For Froch, the "Super Six" has always been about him and Ward. It all crystallized for Froch in 2009 before the round-robin tournament started. As proof, the super middleweight from Nottingham, England, can always point to the autographed glove hanging from a wall in his memorabilia room. On it are four signatures of the original fighters in Showtime's super middleweight tournament. Missing are two prominent names, his and Ward's, the two fighters Froch had the prescience to exclude when the Super Six was formally announced in Europe.

There's a reason for that. "The Cobra" envisioned that it would be Ward and he in the Super Six finale. There would be time enough to get Ward's signature on a glove. But first, Froch, the WBC titlist, had to get by tenacious, leather-tough veteran Johnson, which he did by winning a majority decision at Atlantic City's Boardwalk Hall Ballroom in early June to make it happen.

Now what Froch desired and what Showtime executives had been craving for will come to fruition before the end of the year, possibly in Las Vegas: A super middleweight showdown between Froch and Ward for not only the Super Six championship but also for the vacant RING super middleweight world championship.

The 168-pound world title has been vacant since Joe Calzaghe left the division in 2008 to fight at light heavyweight. The irony is that Froch always yearned to fight Calzaghe, the two becoming companion pieces in the British tabloids, trading barbs through

the press. The truth was that Froch lacked the name value at the time to fight Calzaghe. In recent years, that perception has been altered to the point where Froch isn't only getting a chance to be an outright world champion, he's getting that opportunity against someone he's wanted to fight—making up for what Calzaghe denied him.

"I want that RING belt," Froch said from England a few days after beating Johnson. "The good thing is that Ward and I were in the original Super Six lineup and we're going to be in the final, which validates the whole tournament. I had a premonition that it would be me and Ward in the final. I've been waiting for this."

So has Ward.

The WBA titlist and THE RING's number-one ranked super middleweight contender finds Froch irritating. He equates Froch to the rowdy, loud kid in the back of the classroom during study hall. Ward absorbed everything in the Froch-Johnson fight as a guest analyst on the Showtime telecast. He examined Froch's footwork, how he let Johnson come to him, and picked his spots to attack.

Ward also realizes that neither Johnson nor Abraham, both of whom Froch defeated to reach the finals, can do what he does in the ring. Both Johnson and Abraham are walk-to-you fighters that hold their hands up tight. They each suffered disadvantages in height, reach, and speed against Froch.

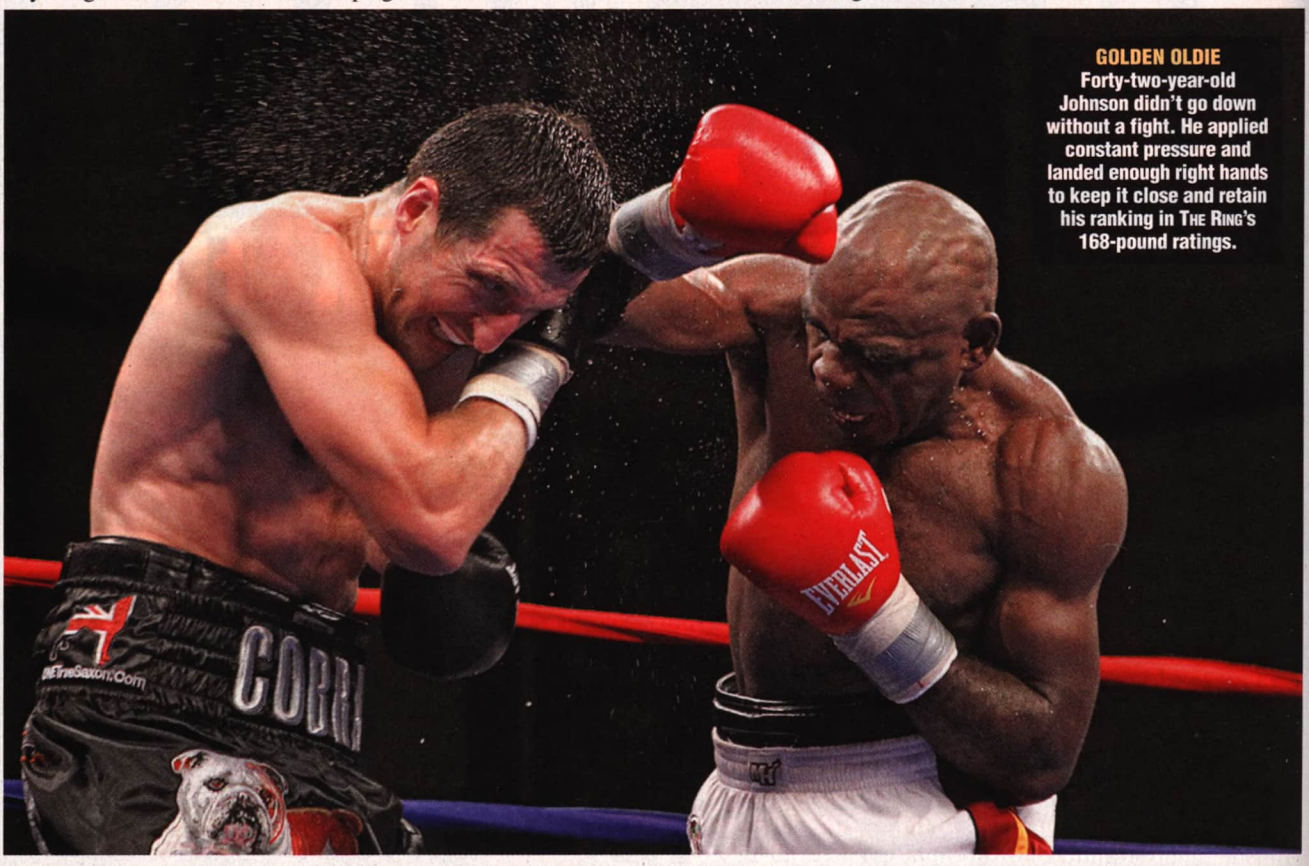
"I'm a different fighter than those two," said Ward, who's benefited the most from the Super Six exposure, which has elevated him to the brink of stardom. "Whichever Carl Froch shows up, I will need to be ready. I know he's not going to do one thing, and you may see things from me that no one has seen me do in the ring before against Froch. Every fight is different. Froch's style will bring out the best in me. Our personalities and styles will clash, and that makes it a great fight. I know I can beat him. I'm in the wrong business if I don't believe that at this stage. I just don't have to yell it every time there is an opportunity to speak up. I've dreamed of being in this position.

"Now with THE RING belt on the line, it makes it a huge deal. The fact that I am number one and you look above that and see 'champ vacant,' that bothers me. I understand it's been vacant for some time. I see other champs with that belt, and I want that belt extremely bad. I think no one would argue Froch and me are the two best super middleweights in the world right now. It should come down to us."

MATCH STATS

Division: Super Middleweight
Location: Atlantic City, New Jersey • **Date:** June 4, 2011
Television: USA: Showtime Championship Boxing, UK: Sky
Promoter: DiBella Entertainment, Warriors Boxing, Matchroom
Referee: Earl Brown (USA)
Officials Scores: 116-112 (Mark Green), 117-111 (John Stewart), 114-114 (Nobuaki Uratani)

Carl Froch	Glen Johnson
Age: 33 • **Weight:** 167½	**Age:** 42 • **Weight:** 166½
Residence: Nottingham, England	**Residence:** Miami, Florida
Birthplace: Nottingham, England	**Birthplace:** Clarendon, Jamaica
Record: 28-1 (20)	**Record:** 51-15-2 (35)
RING Ranking: 2	**RING Ranking:** 7



GOLDEN OLDIE
Forty-two-year-old Johnson didn't go down without a fight. He applied constant pressure and landed enough right hands to keep it close and retain his ranking in THE RING's 168-pound ratings.

PHOTO BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

YOUTH IS SERVED

In his dressing room after the fight, Carl Froch kept picking at the scab under his right eye, turning his head right and then left in disbelief. He took some shots from Glen Johnson in defending the WBC super middleweight belt for the first time—a few too many for his taste.

"Look at this," Froch said to a visitor in his dressing room after the fight. "Look at my face, not too much damage done. I still look good, right? But I think I took way too many shots against Johnson, more than I should have taken. But you notice each time I got hit, I came back even harder."

What was a slow start for Froch turned into a good night, staving off the constant pressure and booming right hands of Johnson with superb footwork and a steady, consistent jab. As the fight wore on, there were two obvious things in play: 1.) Johnson's age was creeping up on him, as was evident by the fact his punch totals dropped as the fight progressed; 2.) Froch can be effective working off his back foot and letting an opponent come to him.

"What makes Carl so fantastic is that he can fight a variety of ways and still beat a world-class fighter like Glen Johnson," said Robert McCracken, Froch's trainer. "Johnson is a tough, veteran competitor that we had to prepare for. We were willing to let Glen come to us."

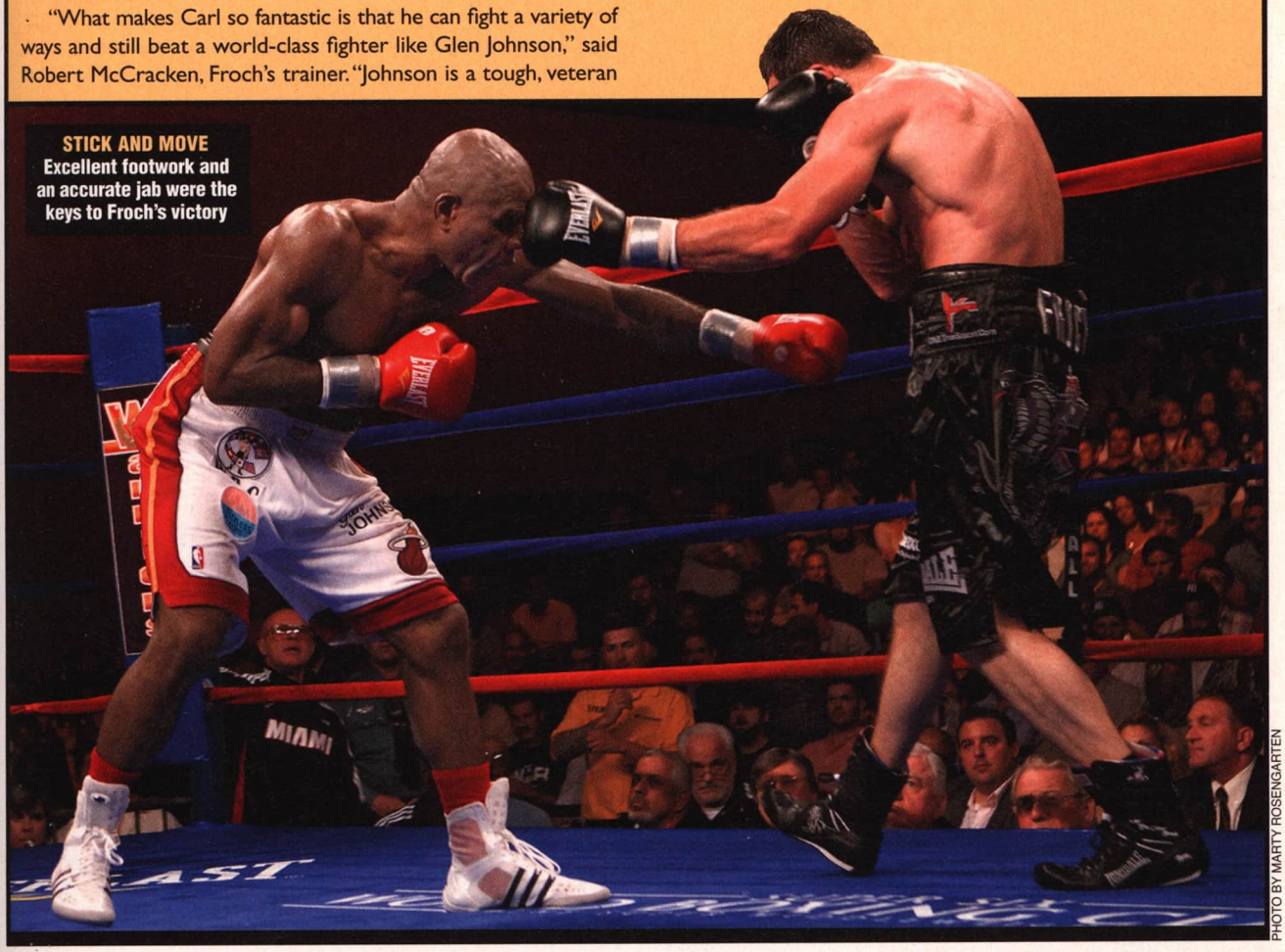
Froch took some jolts the first three rounds, but he began asserting himself in the fourth with clean bodywork and a few combinations that landed. "The Cobra" then banked four of the next five rounds, opening the sixth, seventh, and eighth by jumping on Johnson early. But Johnson kept coming and occasionally jerked Froch's head back with a thumping right that kept things close and interesting.

Andre Ward was ringside watching as a color analyst for Showtime, and Froch hinted that his next foe's presence might have affected his fight plan.

"I had one eye on Ward. I knew he was watching, so I didn't want to show too much," Froch said. "I put on a pretty good show without taking too many silly risks. I never really had to find that extra gear, no disrespect to Glen, unless I had to."

THE RING scored it for Froch by a 115-113 margin.

—J. S.



STICK AND MOVE
Excellent footwork and an accurate jab were the keys to Froch's victory

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

Froch, however, better rethink his approach if he feels confident what he did against Johnson will work against Ward. Froch fought off his back foot, choosing to be cautious at times and box. His superior footwork, hand speed, and jab spelled the difference. Froch has deployed varied styles in his five Super Six fights. He attacked Kessler but lost a close decision in a fan-friendly slugfest. Froch knew he needed a change, so he moved and boxed against both Abraham and Johnson.

Virgil Hunter, Ward's trainer, looks at Froch "the chameleon" humorously. Hunter admits that Froch is a formidable foe and that he's gotten away from the brawling style he used to beat Jean Pascal, Jermain Taylor, and Andre Dirrell.

Froch really didn't press the issue against Johnson until the eighth and ninth rounds. Still, Hunter believes that Ward could draw out and force Froch into reverting back to a volume-punching, brawling attacker again.

"That's what I think is the most interesting thing about Froch, when he fought the mauling, brawling style early on, all the way back to Pascal, Jermain, and Kessler, he prided himself on being that type of fighter," said Hunter. "The Kessler fight forced him to do some soul searching and forced him to think another way. Abraham and Johnson had to reach for Froch, leaving them open to be countered. He'll have a different anatomy in front of him in Andre. I don't think he'll be able to fight Andre like that. He's been contradicting himself ever since the Kessler fight, the way he wanted the public to take him as this Arturo Gatti-like warrior."

The twist is that Froch questions Ward's toughness.

"I haven't really seen Ward under too much pressure, other than against an aging Sakio Bika," Froch said. "Mikkel Kessler didn't turn up the night they fought, I don't care what anyone says. Kessler got headbutted early, so it's difficult to assess how tough Ward is. He is tough, but nowhere near as tough as me. I'm a granite-chinned warrior.

"Ward's major weakness is he's not a big puncher, but he makes up for that with speed and boxing ability. It's why he has a gold medal, but, in the professional game, speed and boxing ability can only get you so far. My tactics will be bullying and pushing him around. I can mix and fight or I can box him. I can do whatever I need to do to beat Ward. I'm confident I'll win the fight. I know I'll win the fight."

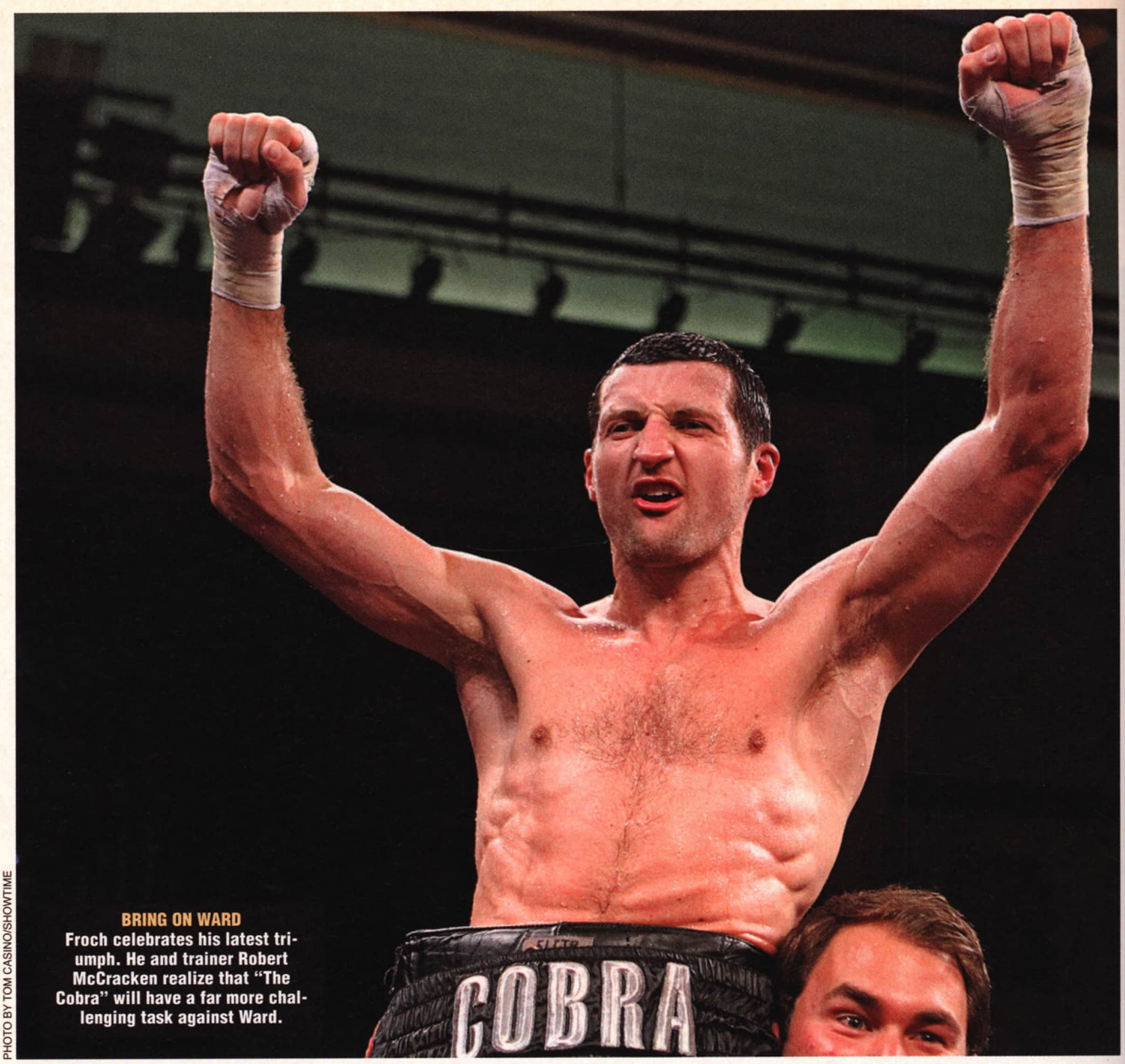
Regardless of which fighter wins, Showtime couldn't be more pleased. The risky move they made in 2009 has certainly paid dividends in the finale. Showtime not only gets two of the original six fighters, it gets the kind of marquee match it aimed for, providing Ward and Froch each a platform to build their brands.

The tournament underwent a series of changes due to fighters falling out from injuries. There were disputes over venues. Some reshuffling of the lineup had to take place, with the quick departure of Taylor and then losing Kessler and Dirrell to injuries. But Ken Hershman, senior vice president of Showtime Sports, is certainly beaming now.

"I love that Andre and Carl were with this from Day One, and Carl has always said since Day One that he would be in the finals," Hershman said. "Carl had the

BOMBS AWAY!
Although it wasn't quite the slugfest that some expected, Froch and Johnson swapped enough punches to give the fans their money's worth.

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES



BRING ON WARD
Froch celebrates his latest triumph. He and trainer Robert McCracken realize that "The Cobra" will have a far more challenging task against Ward.

PHOTO BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

toughest road to go in the tournament. Talk will definitely heat up although it's in the contract that the fight definitely takes place in the United States. We couldn't be happier how Carl and Andre persevered through this, and I think we did too. What we promised is what we delivered. Someone deserving will hold that Super Six trophy up over his head."

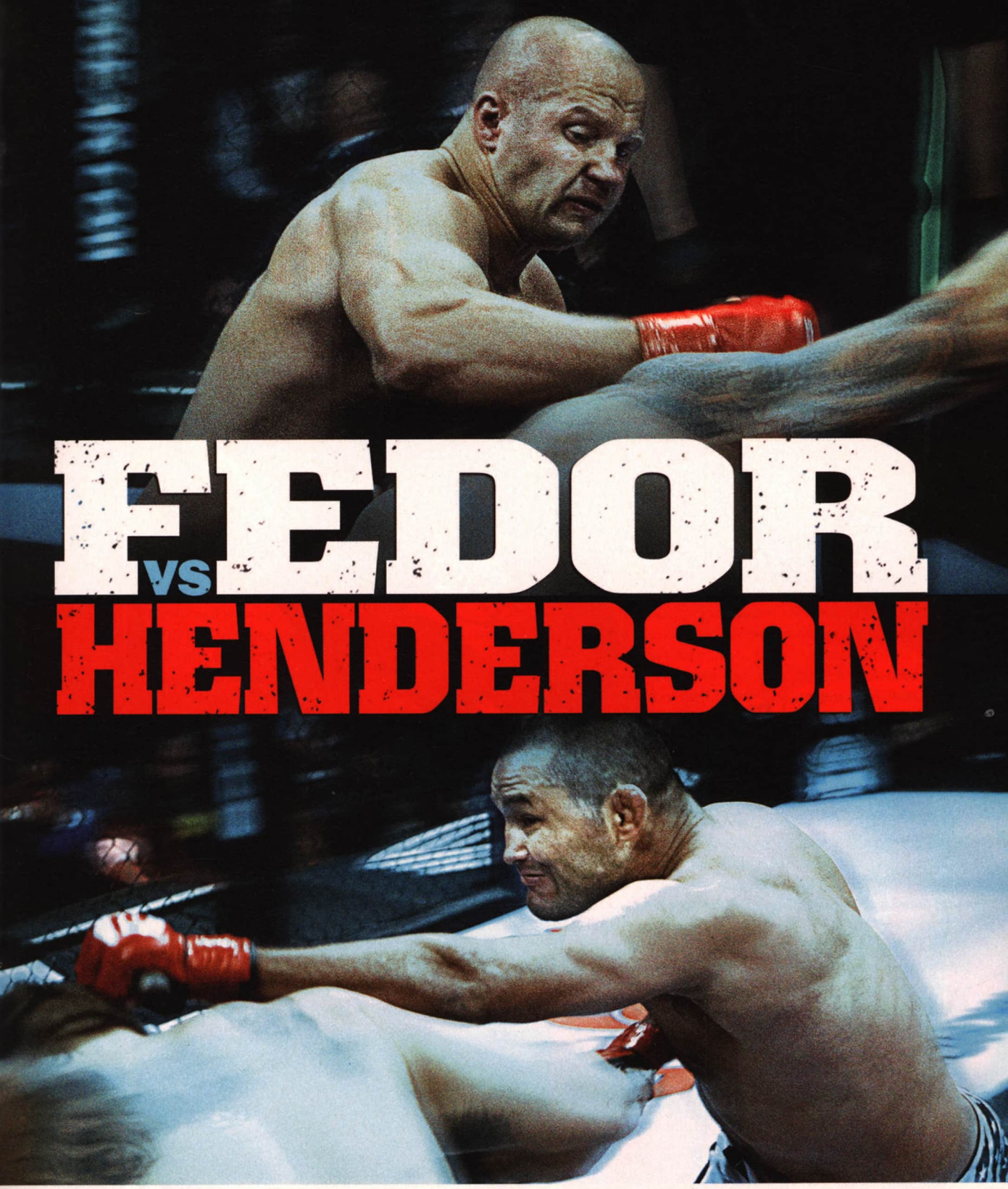
Both Froch and Ward are getting what they wanted too, or so it seems. Their two-year sojourn to make this happen has come with great rewards, spliced with some personal sacrifice. After beating Johnson, Froch was understandably satisfied but was struggling with a life moment that he could never get back.

"I missed my son Rocco's first steps when I was in training camp, and I'm quite annoyed by that," Froch told THE RING. "My girlfriend Rachael texted me and said Rocco took four or five steps. I was looking forward to seeing my boy walking. Fatherhood has changed me a bit, changed me as a person in so many positive ways. You need a little selfishness when you box. But if anything, knowing I'm missing out on things my son is doing, having an extra mouth to feed, it gets me ready to fight more than I ever have. As I was getting ready for Johnson, doing some light work in the locker room, someone mentioned 'Do it for Rocco.' That erased all the nervousness I had."

Froch collects everything from his fights, from damp towels to piles of fight programs and the sweaty T-shirts he wears into the ring before fights. Nothing escapes his grasp. He's a memorabilia hound. He feels misunderstood for the direct way he speaks and the tongue-in-cheek bravado he displays before fights. He may have to put that all aside when it comes time for him to finish a special incomplete piece of his collection hanging on a wall.

"I know I come across as arrogant, but I'm not really arrogant. I just have a strong self-belief," Froch said. "I'm confident, and I speak the truth. I know I piss people off sometimes, and I won't apologize for that. But I do think there is a misconception about me. I do respect Andre Ward, but I know I could beat him. There's just one thing I need from him: Do you think he'll sign this glove for me?"

Maybe with a little coaxing and a friendly look. ■



SAT JULY 30, 10PM ET PT

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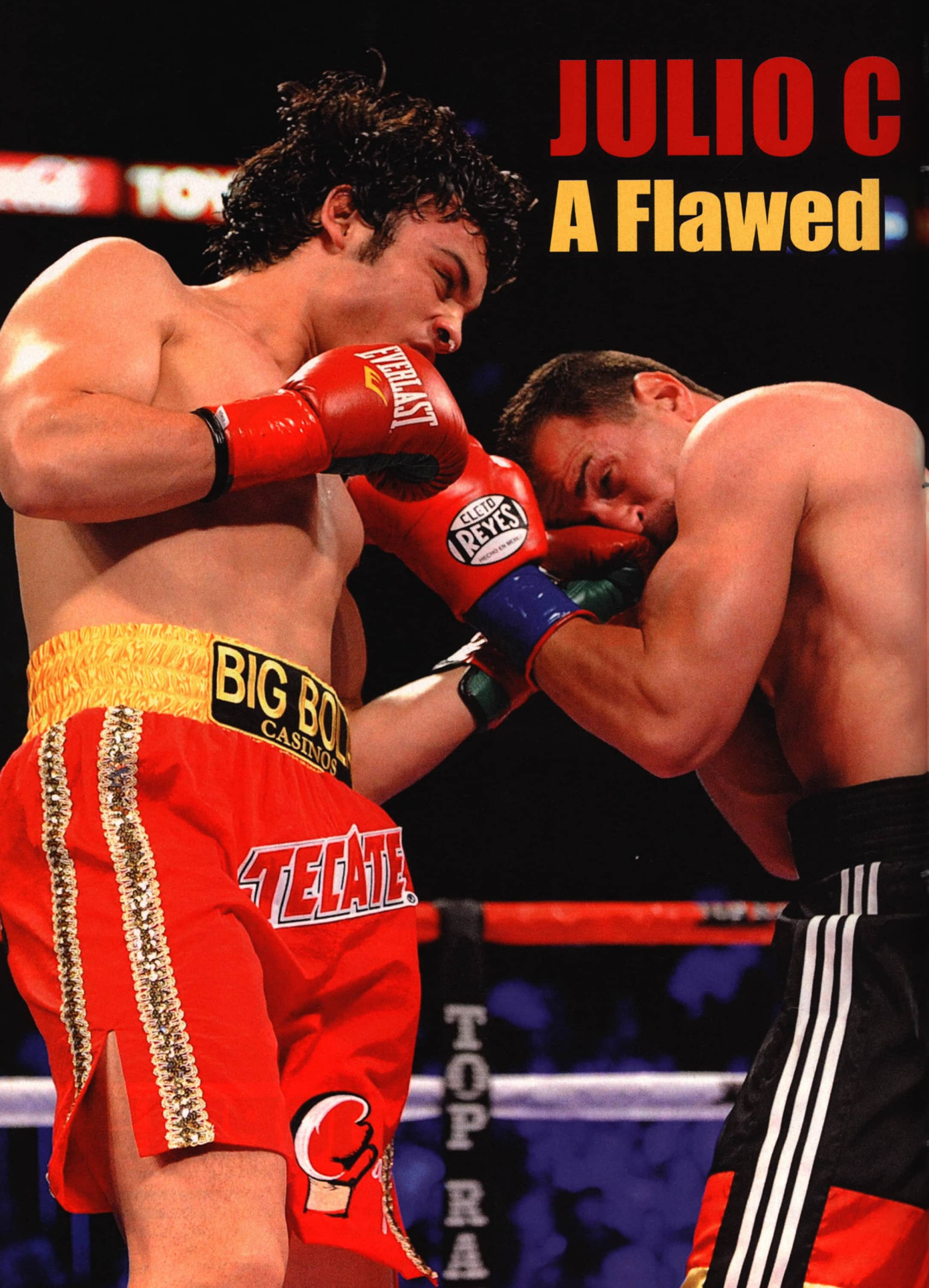
JULIO C
A Flawed
EVERLAST
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ESAR CHAVEZ JR.
But Riveting Attraction

By Ivan Goldman • Photos by Naoki Fukuda

Somebody's phony '0' had to go.

Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. and WBC middleweight titlist Sebastian Zbik, moving down separate but remarkably similar tracks, had together compiled 72 victories and no losses without facing world-class opponents.

The night they risked their records against each other in a battle for Zbik's unearned "interim" title was made possible by a carefully constructed, tangled web of shifty politics, backroom dealing, cynical scheming, and the universal power of nepotism. The result? An excellent battle full of suspense and action between two evenly matched, determined warriors.

"It was outstanding," summed up longtime matchmaker, promoter, and not always easy to please Don Elbaum (he had nothing to do with the promotion). "A fantastic fight. I like this guy," he said of Chavez. "He's a really good-looking kid with incredible charisma. He's not necessarily a superstar, but he's one incredible attraction. And boxing needs attractions."

Said Dean Lohuis, the retired, longtime chief inspector of the California commission: "I was just enthralled watching it on TV. You could feel the emotion in the arena. It was one of those fights I was riveted to."

And with any luck, there will be additional excellent nights ahead as the impossible-to-dislike Chavez Junior defends his new belt, taking his unpolished, predictable but entertaining style into still more spirited contests against opponents whose defects will give them world-title opportunities.

The shrewd men sculpting Chavez' future are very much aware that at this point in his career he's likely to run into walls competing against the likes of Saul "Canelo" Alvarez, Alfred Angulo, or Kermit Cintron, all of whom campaign down in the junior middleweight division.

"Vanes Martirosyan [who kayoed Saul Roman in a junior middleweight bout on the same card] could give him trouble," said Lohuis. "I have Chavez ranked as an A- fighter, not a world-class fighter yet, but they say a title makes a fighter become better. If he improves his skills and keeps that motivation, he can do well."

Chavez is one of those offensive-minded fighters whose head is made to be punched. He moves it with the frequency of a stuffed parrot, and, after a few rounds, his guard is mostly below his chin, protecting nothing above the neck. Yes, his trainer Freddie Roach is gifted, but Roach is just an earthling, after all. He can't leap tall buildings.

Imagine Chavez, 25, trying to handle slick shots from middleweights Felix Sturm, Paul Williams, or Dmitry Pirog as they slide around him slamming head and body with a variety of combinations. Against RING world middleweight champion Sergio Martinez, he might get away with three, four, maybe even five or six left hooks to the body before Martinez slips the same lightning left hand over the top that sent Paul Williams to Queer Street. You can draw your own conclusions about what happens next, but it's no coincidence that Chavez has never faced such a frighteningly legitimate opponent.

If Chavez were your fighter, would you match him against Martinez or any other top middleweights? Not if you didn't have to. Well, his handlers aren't stupid either, and they won't have to.

To understand why they won't have to, you need to look at the genesis of the Chavez-Zbik contest. Zbik won his title not from a fighter, but from Jose Sulaiman, tinpot presidente of the Mexico City-based WBC. Sulaiman's gift came on condition that he made his first defense against Chavez. And you can bet that Zbik wasn't allowed to make that defense in his native Germany either.

The title had become vacant after HBO basically forced Martinez to give it up to face Williams instead of mandatory contender Zbik. HBO thought so little of Zbik it refused to carry a Martinez-Zbik fight. At the time, virtually everyone on the planet figured Williams was a much more formidable opponent.

Here's where it gets funny. Which network carried Zbik's defense against Chavez? HBO, the same one that considered him unworthy for Martinez. So why did HBO's opinion of Zbik's suitability change so suddenly? Much of it has to do with his promoter, Bob Arum. Chavez, son of Mexican icon Julio Cesar Chavez, is one of Arum's pet projects. His Top Rank company nursed Junior from a pup through victories against a long string of barely known opponents. Arum also promotes the great Manny Pacquiao, who, following Tiger Woods' fall from grace, is probably the most popular, sought-after athlete in the sporting world. Philippines Congressman Pacquiao's fights are cash magnets. Everyone, including TV networks, wants to get close and snag some of it.

Arum, proving his power and independence, took Pacquiao, who used to be an HBO mainstay, to Showtime for his most recent pay-per-view bout. HBO desperately wants him back. These days, Arum could probably call HBO in the middle of the night and get one of its executives to deliver a peeled grape to his door.

FAN-FRIENDLY FIGHT

Zbik got off to a brisk start, catching Chavez with numerous clean punches (above), but Chavez kept coming and pulled ahead down the stretch thanks, in part, to the 15-pound advantage he had on fight night.

One of the many ironies within this situation is that Zbik, 29, who never fought outside Europe, turned out to be a darn good fighter. Plenty of guts, fortitude, and talent. But he throws mostly arm punches, so a determined opponent like Chavez, who can put some thump in his shots, can survive and maybe even prevail against him.

Chavez's father, the most adored fighter in Mexico, won his first WBC belt in 1984 when he kayoed super featherweight Mario Martinez at the old Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles. He subsequently won the WBC lightweight and junior welterweight titles. Belts awarded by the WBC are the most prized in Mexico. It's not far-fetched to imagine that Sulaiman would like Junior to keep the title.

With Top Rank choosing opponents, Sulaiman rubber-stamping them, and networks competing to please Arum, the odds say Chavez will hold his title a good long time, maybe even long enough to raise his game. The way alphabet politics work, it's a snap to pick and choose the right opponents for a titlist. Alphabet gangs don't rank titleholders from the other gangs. That removes the possibility of Chavez having to make mandatory defenses against the WBA's Sturm, the WBO's Pirog, or the IBF's Daniel Geale. It also means fighters with questionable records can be catapulted into the rankings at will, bestowing instant sanctioning body eligibility.

And what about the real champion, Martinez? He's "never been in a pay-per-view fight," Arum managed to say with a straight face. "He doesn't have the recognition, not for a pay-per-view attraction. His promoter [Lou DiBella] has to get off his butt."

Martinez called out Chavez a few days later, but Team Chavez tunes to a different frequency.

Arum once again tossed around the possibility of matching his young flawed lion against Antonio Margarito or Miguel Cotto, both Top Rank fighters. He's been saying that for a while, and he may even get around to it—the next time a flying pig calls his cell phone.

As time goes on, if Chavez and hard-hitting "Canelo" continue their winning ways, fans may demand the two Mexican warriors face each other. Canelo is the number-one attraction in his home country, and Chavez, with his name recognition, has plenty of fans now. With his new belt, he will have more. He attracted between 7,000 and 8,000 fans to the Los Angeles Staples Center for the Zbik fight.

Arum was looking to match his fighter Martirosyan against Canelo. It would be a good move for Martirosyan, and it would also keep Canelo too busy, at least for a while, to call out Chavez.

Not that Chavez is a bad fighter. But he appears to have reached a plateau, and it's no sure thing that he'll climb from here. Fighters with leaky defense sometimes, as Marco Antonio Barrera once did, can dig down and learn what they should have learned years earlier. Usually they can't. When the fight wears on, they go back to old habits.

THE RING has ranked Zbik, with his outstanding amateur pedigree, as a top 10 middleweight for two years. His fight against Chavez proved he deserved it. He's now at number seven, one step below Chavez, who's new to the list.

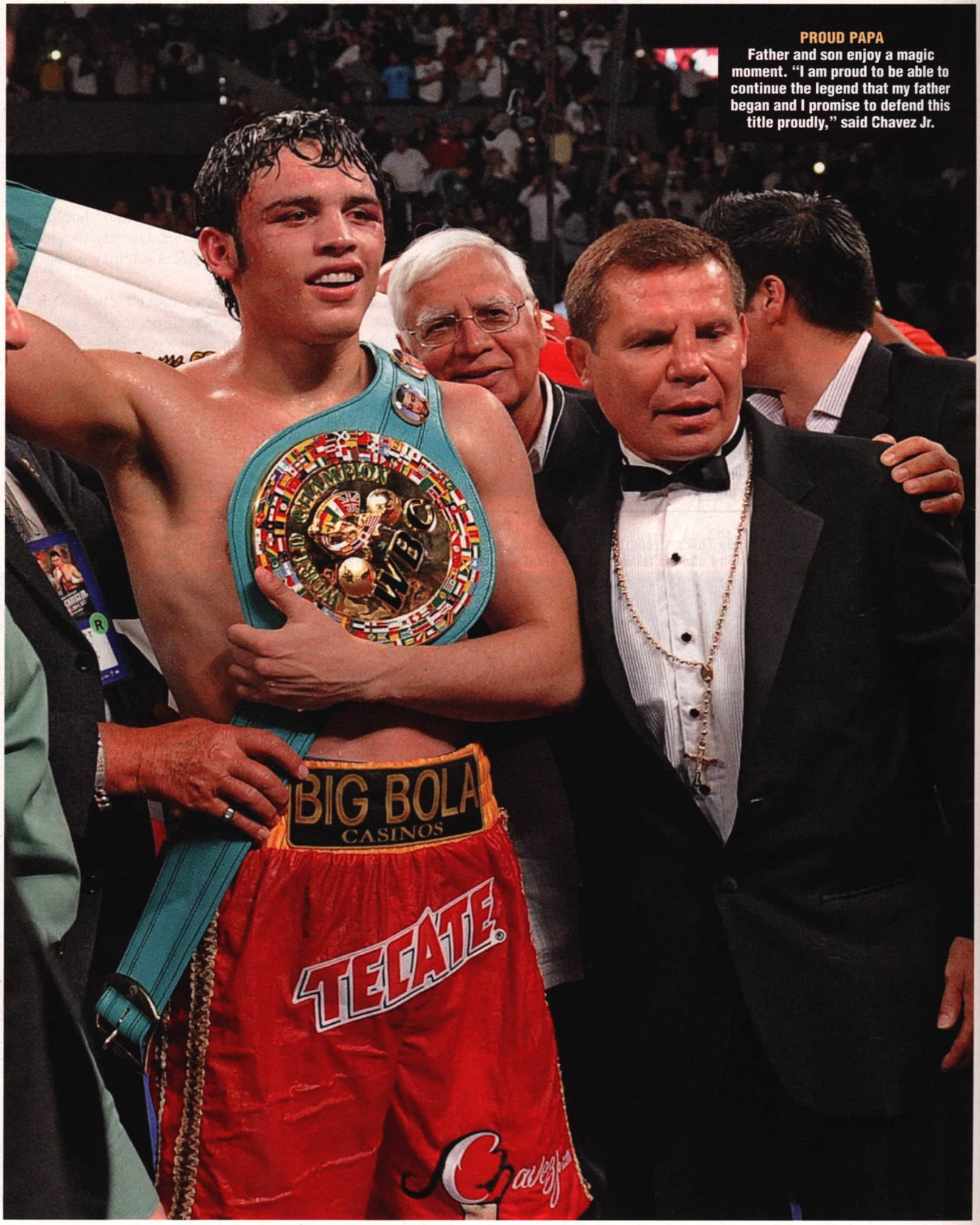
Zbik is slick and quick, and, if he had the endurance to keep Chavez at a distance, where lack of movement made him a more inviting target, Zbik probably would have

JUST LIKE HIS DAD

Chavez sapped Zbik's strength with bodyshots, especially the left hook, which looked an awful lot like the one his father used to great success throughout his Hall of Fame career.

prevailed. But Chavez, who made weight at 160, had rehydrated to 180! Zbik, who was 158 pounds, 8 ounces at the weigh-in, stepped into the ring at 165. So on fight night, a super middleweight took on a cruiserweight. The size difference sapped Zbik's strength and made it increasingly difficult to keep Chavez away.

Chavez' physical trainer is Alex Ariza, who also works closely with Roach to prepare Pacquiao, Amir Khan, and others. Together they appear to have figured out how



PROUD PAPA
Father and son enjoy a magic moment. "I am proud to be able to continue the legend that my father began and I promise to defend this title proudly," said Chavez Jr.

PERSEVERING TO VICTORY

When you can get your opponent to fight your fight, you have a good chance to prevail, and that's what Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. did, but it wasn't easy. He had to take some punishment. The taller Chavez came out with gusto, but, fighting at a distance, he couldn't contain the quicker, more accurate Sebastian Zbik. Zbik was one of those amateur standouts who learned to outpoint his opponent yet not stretch him on the canvas. Chavez was peppered throughout the fight, with most of the shots to the head.

Two judges gave Zbik, 30-1 (10), three of the first four rounds, and one judge gave him all four. Junior, missing his punches to the head, went more and more to the body, gradually closing the distance. The overwhelmingly pro-Chavez crowd booed just about everything the well-schooled Zbik did. In round three, he snapped Chavez' head with a jab, straight right, left hook, all landing, and Chavez showed him what he thought by stepping back and doing a little hula. The fans loved it, perhaps reminded of the many times they'd seen Chavez' father shrug off opponents' shots and get back to work.

As Chavez continued his body attack at close range, the rounds got closer, and, in such a partisan setting, close rounds weren't what Zbik needed. In round six, he tried complaining about something, but solid referee Jack Reiss instructed him to keep fighting. That may have been the turning point. Zbik's punches kept landing, but they had less zip on them. Chavez' punches got wider as both men dug deep to make it through the last two rounds, still setting a hard pace. All three judges gave the last three rounds to Chavez, 43-0-1 (30) with 1 no-contest, and the scores came in 114-114 from Steve Morrow (USA), 115-113 from Raul Caiz Jr. (USA), and 116-112 from John Keane (England), giving Chavez a majority decision. THE RING had it 115-113 for Chavez.

The punch-counters had Zbik scoring with 391 of 834 punches, showing excellent 47-percent accuracy. Chavez scored with 256 of 796 for 32 percent. After the fight, when Zbik and his promoter complained about the scores, Freddie Roach listened carefully and responded, "We came on at the end. We landed much more effective punches all night long." Case closed.

—I.G.

STEADY PRESSURE
Chavez gradually wore down Zbik

to manipulate Chavez' body mass like a maestro would tune a Stradivarius.

The beaming Chavez Senior said he was more excited about his son's title victory than he was when he won his first belt. He also said he plans to take a bigger role in his son's training. If he means it, that could spell problems for the Roach-ruled camp.

Junior, after he changed clothes, wore the belt under his suit jacket. He was still movie star handsome with the bruises on his face. His English is improving, his left hook to the body is a fine weapon, and the future looks sweet for the boxing prince. ■

Ivan Goldman, THE RING's West Coast correspondent, was ringside at the Staples Center for Chavez-Zbik.

PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

"What I'm Doing Now Is Only A Surprise To People Who Haven't Been Paying Attention"

Bernard Hopkins' transformation from the seek-and-destroy slugger of his youth to one of the finest craftsmen to ever lace on a pair of boxing gloves has been a metamorphosis bordering on the miraculous. But anybody who thinks that success has mellowed the man who calls himself "The Executioner" is badly mistaken. The over-the-top intensity that has been his calling card throughout a brilliant 22-year career is still there, and he is as uncompromising as the day he walked out of prison in 1988 and embarked on one of the most remarkable journeys in sports history.

Regaining the light heavyweight world championship at the record-setting age of 46 is the latest feather in a crowded war bonnet, an unprecedented accomplishment that could easily be the cherry on top of a Hall of Fame career. But Hopkins, 52-5-2 (32) and 1 no-contest, is far from satisfied with his rarified status. He wants more, and, after all he's achieved, who are we to doubt his ability to do so?

It was a hot morning in June when Hopkins strolled into the Joe Hand Gym in downtown Philadelphia to meet THE RING crew. He wore a small white cap and black-framed eyeglasses. His day-old facial stubble had just as many gray hairs as black. But below the neck was the body of a man 10 to 15 years younger than his chronological age, and, when he stripped down to his undershirt, the sleek muscles across his shoulders and arms bore witness to a lifetime of unbending discipline.

Hopkins' softer side was evident when he paused to sign a glove for a young would-be boxer and offered words of encouragement. Despite his hardnosed attitude, he cares deeply about inner-city children at risk and quietly awards scholarships to kids who could never afford to go to college otherwise. But the Mr. Hyde side of his mercurial personality quickly surfaced when THE RING Editor-in-Chief Nigel Collins mentioned that it was legit to call him "champ" again.

Following a withering rant about how he's been a champion ever since he was released from prison, B-Hop settled in for the interview process like the pro he is, and, when it came time for the photo shoot, he produced the clock you see on this issue's cover, which he had purchased himself on the way to the gym. Collins reports:

"I've lost count of how many times I've interviewed Hopkins over the years, but one thing has never changed: He is extremely generous with his time and always delivers the goods, providing detailed, impassioned responses to darn near any question. While there are familiar themes that run through his conversation, he spoke more openly about life after boxing this time than ever before. At one point, he said, 'I might give you a hard time, but you're going to miss me when I'm gone.' Amen to that."

The Ring: Where do you think your career would be today if Jean Pascal had not called you out following his victory over Chad Dawson?

Bernard Hopkins: I don't know. I think I would still be in a situation where I'd be fighting somebody because you have to beat a name to become a name. As long as my name is respected, some up-and-coming, wannabe star would want it on his resume. That's why Roy Jones is still fighting, because of his name. I think I'd still be in the game, but, where, I couldn't tell you.

The Ring: Speaking of Roy Jones, how do you feel about what's happening to him right now, traveling around the world getting knocked out?

BH: Some are happy; some are not. He's had a long career, two or three HBO contract deals, but there are two reasons why fighters fight beyond the time they are supposed to fight: One is money; two is tax problems. Also, they are in denial as to where their careers are now compared to then. I don't know for sure, but all of the above probably apply to Roy Jones. But in the end, I believe fighters have to be saved from themselves. If you're declining, not winning, getting knocked out two times in a row, it's a problem. Somebody has to go ahead and step in.

The Ring: Let's talk about your second fight with Roy Jones. There was such a tremendous improvement in your performance in the first Pascal fight as compared to the Jones fight. How do you account for that?

BH: One, I didn't get punched in the back of the head like I did in the Jones fight. Jones still has a respectable whack. That was a fight in which any other fighter would have quit. I had to fight Jones with blurred vision for at least five or six rounds after the deliberate shot to the back of the head. But things happen, and I persevered. I didn't quit. I didn't stop fighting. I just went ahead and did what I had to do, which is fight. I was seeing three people in front of me, but, as they always say, hit the guy in the middle. It wasn't pretty, but I won the fight.

I think that the most important thing that motivated me and made the first Pascal fight such a drastic change from the Jones fight is something that I always flirted with, something that was always in the back of my mind: That they are trying to force me out of boxing by any means necessary. A win is a win is a win, but not for Bernard Hopkins. They were waiting for somebody to beat me, knock me out, and then it would be a done deal.

The Roy Jones fight proved to me that I had to go back to my old self. I had to go back to the old Philadelphia fight mentality I always had. It wasn't the actual Jones fight that made me fight better. It was what was said about me after the Jones fight by some sanctioning people, some people who had the ability to manipulate the ratings. These tiny-minded people wanted to get me out of the game, so they had to work on the ratings. Once the Roy Jones fight happened, the industry lost its mind. The scumbags—that's the name I gave them: scumbags—lost their minds. Forget the win, this was their chance to get Bernard Hopkins out. They rushed to judgment because they want me out of the ring. But Allah said, "Stand fast; you've been through this before, champ."

But in the end, they gave me something I didn't have before. They gave me extra motivation, and that's what changed between the Jones fight and the first Pascal fight. So I said to myself, *Okay, go back to the Blue Horizon mindset. I'm going to train in Philadelphia. I'm going to run Fairmount Park. I'm going to run Valley Green. I'm going to run Boathouse Row. I'm gonna show 'em.*

The Ring: You felt the same way after you beat Kelly Pavlik, correct?

BH: Yes, they shut me down for 16 months. I'm still bitter about that, just like it happened yesterday. Pavlik was a white guy, blue-collar guy. He was like a guy from Kensington (a rough, mainly white, working-class neighborhood in Philadelphia). He was the American Dream because he had the complexion for the connection and he didn't come from a rich neighborhood. That was the perfect American story that they wanted to portray, so I was punished for not losing to this guy. I ruined everything. After that, they started talking about Chad Dawson, and I said to myself, *Are you kidding me?* I had to be honest, so I said that Chad Dawson doesn't get my fancy up.

The Ring: Dawson stepped aside so you could get the rematch with Pascal, and now you are scheduled to fight Dawson. But right after you beat Pascal, Richard Schaefer said he would be looking for loopholes to get you out of the fight. Was he joking?

BH: Yeah.

The Ring: So you're going through with the Dawson fight.

BH: Richard is learning how to have a sense of humor. He's been around me, and I gave him some soul. He's learned how to feed the media certain things they can have fun with.

The Ring: Let's talk about the Dawson fight. What kind of problems or challenges does he present that are different from Pascal?

BH: Emanuel Steward. If Emanuel Steward shows up, I've got to be on my game. If Emanuel Steward eats some bad oysters and doesn't show up, I'll be feeling a little better. But you've got to beat Emanuel Steward, and I think Naazim Richardson, Danny Davis, and my team are capable of coming up with a plan to offset not only one of the greatest trainers out there but to also make his student flunk the test.

The Ring: Were the pushups before the start of the seventh round during the Pascal rematch a calculated move or a spur of the moment thing?

BH: That was gangster. Nothing is spur of the moment. Everything is calculated, premeditated. I'm a planner. The last time I did something I didn't plan, I did five years in the penitentiary. In my personal life, I plan. My wife, Jeanette, says I'm notorious for being a calculating person. But I'll say this about the pushups: After a somewhat heated sixth round, I looked at my opponent's body language and saw how fast he went to his corner and sat down. I saw a guy in a hurry to get to his corner and get some rest. When I train, I only take a 30-second break between rounds so every round I'm up ready to go. When I looked across the ring and saw Pascal, he looked like he'd just been to a funeral of a close friend. If you look at the tape, and you'll see him do this *(Hopkins cranes his neck to one side like somebody looking around something obstructing his view)*. What it showed me is that the fight was over.

The Ring: Do you think the record you set will ever be broken?

BH: My thing is this: I want to raise the bar so high that someone special, one of the elite, will have a goal to reach for. Records are made to be broken. That's what George Foreman told me before the Pascal fight. All I'm trying to do is establish a higher goal.

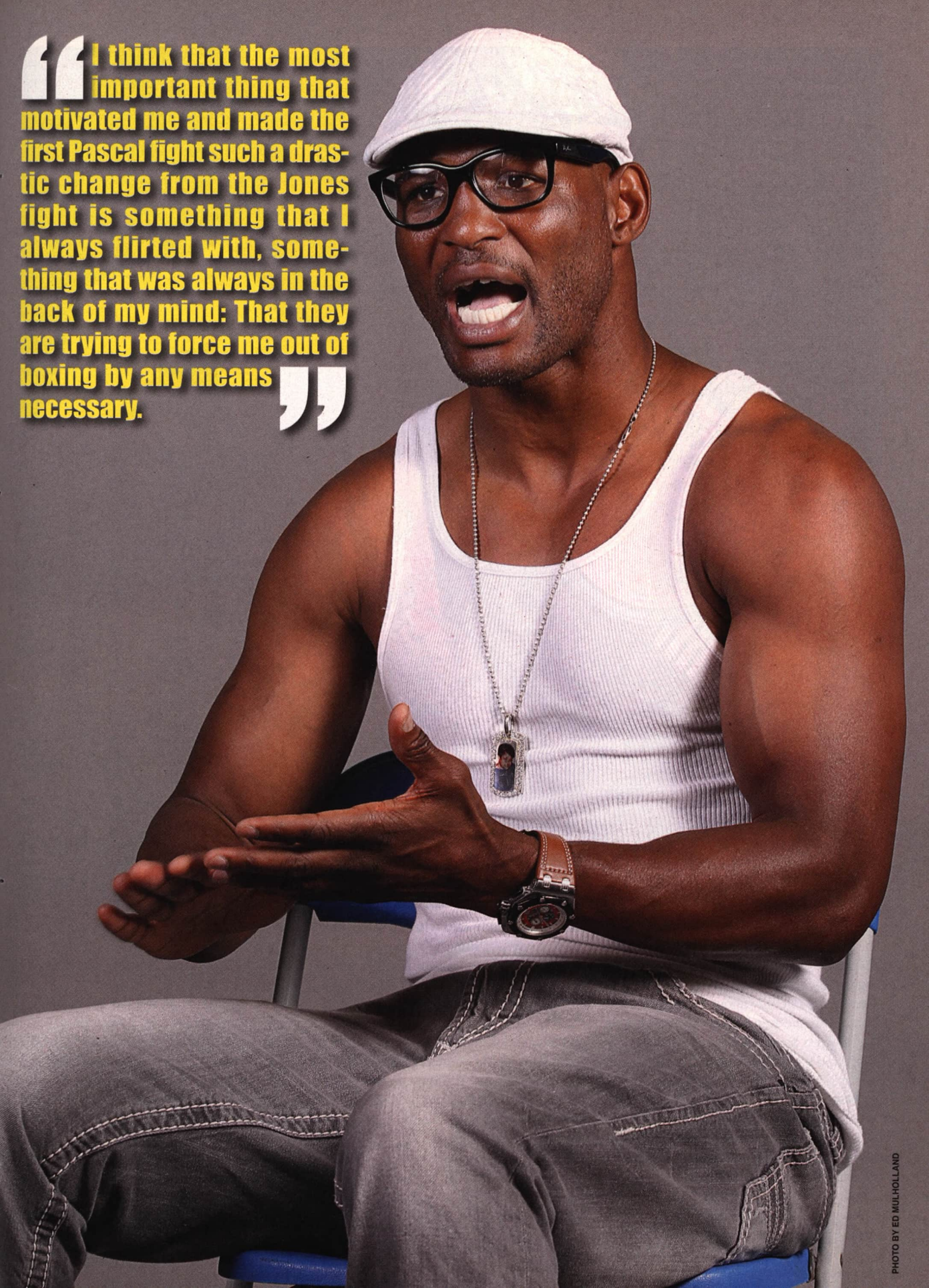
The Ring: How did you feel the moment the announcer read the scores that made you the oldest boxer of all-time to win a world championship?

BH: Bittersweet. You didn't see me jumping around, did you?

The Ring: No, you looked pretty calm.

BH: You know why? It was pretty much like after the Kelly Pavlik fight and when I beat Antonio Tarver. What's to be excited about? What I did was say to myself: *This is where the war starts*. See, when good is done and you've proved people wrong, you're going up against an influential body, you're not going to celebrate too long. My celebration is different from the average man. Am I glad I got the victory? Yes. Am I glad I broke the record? Yes. But here comes the bulls___! Am I ready for it? Why wouldn't I be? I'm immune to it.

The Ring: When you had your debate with Teddy Atlas on the *Friday Night Fights* fol-


"I think that the most important thing that motivated me and made the first Pascal fight such a drastic change from the Jones fight is something that I always flirted with, something that was always in the back of my mind: That they are trying to force me out of boxing by any means necessary."
PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

THE MAYOR AND THE CHAMP Philadelphia Mayor Michael Nutter honored Hopkins when he returned to Philly following his record-setting victory over Jean Pascal. In return, B-Hop allowed the mayor to hold a couple of his belts.

PHOTO BY GILBERT CARRASQUILLO/GETTY IMAGES

lowing the Pascal victory, it seemed that he didn't want to give you credit.

BH: He's part of the industry. I would love to have a guy Teddy trains in my weight class because it's not only about the training. It's also about the knowledge you have and attitude you have. Teddy Atlas said something bold before the fight that helped motivate me.

The Ring: You mean when Atlas picked Pascal to stop you?

BH: I can be stopped. Anybody can be stopped. But before you start talking about stopping Bernard Hopkins, you'd better start thinking about winning first. Teddy wanted me to go out and gamble and show what a historic predictor he is. I don't dislike him for that. When Teddy said what he said, I said, "Teddy, you're wrong."

You can't blame me for being a bully because I'm outthinking and outstrategizing and, some would say, scaring the other guy. Aren't we in the business of fighting? If you're a *real* fighter, how can another man scare you? Teddy wanted to come with all that stuff because it didn't go the way he predicted it would. Teddy was wrong, and he tried to clear it up. But he's more often wrong than right.

The Ring: I understand that you are going to be a father again.

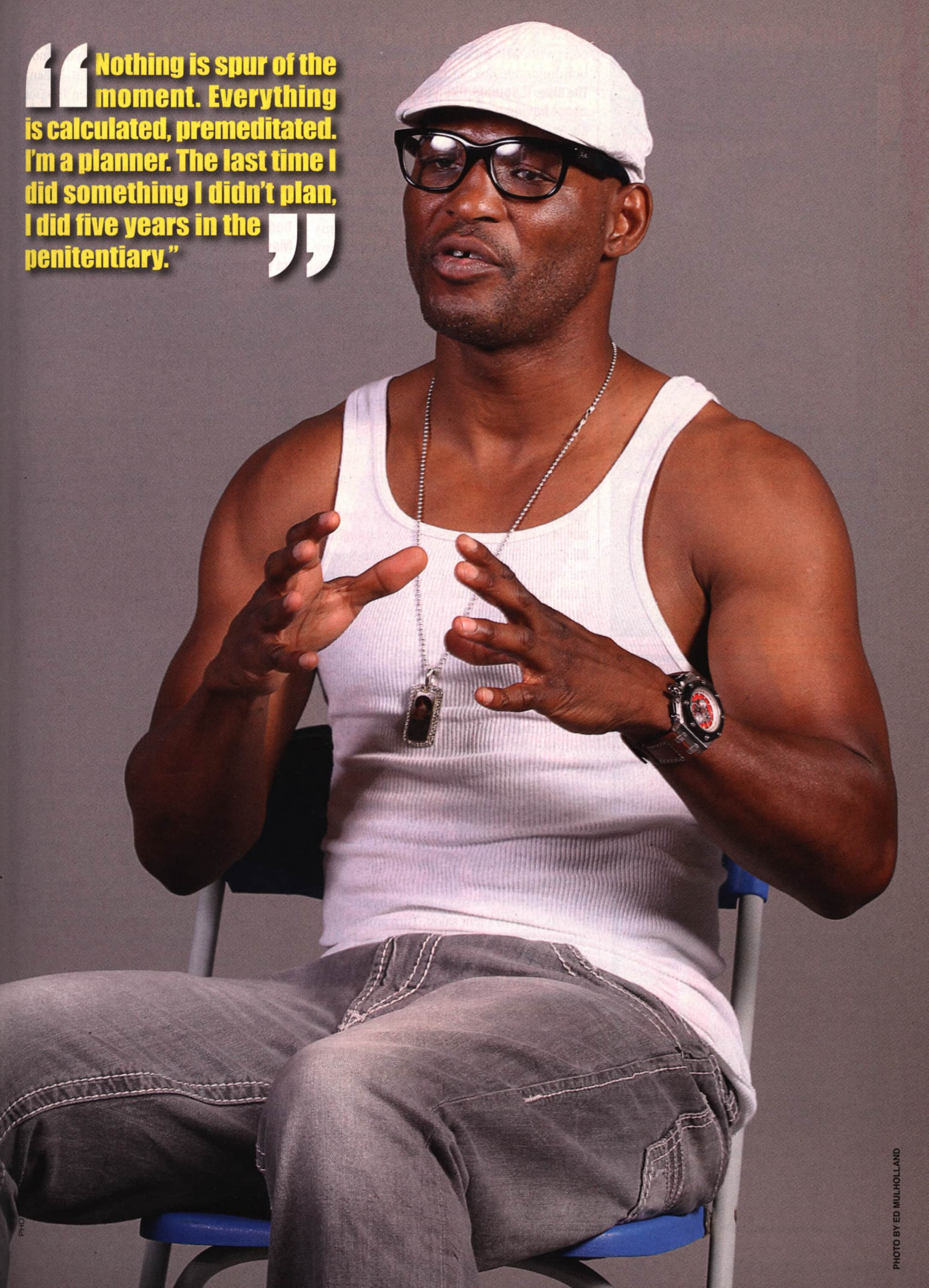
BH: Yes.

The Ring: Do you know if it's going to be a boy or a girl?

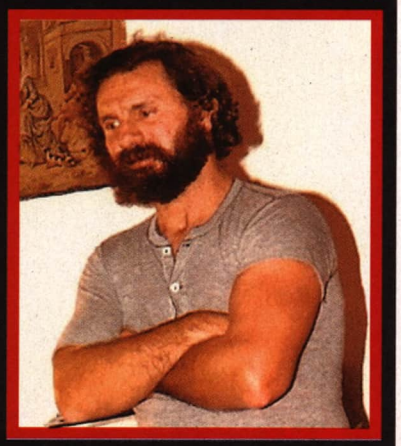
BH: It's going to be a boy, Bernard Hopkins III.

The Ring: What would you say if one day he wanted to box?

BH: Never. I feel that if a kid has somebody in their family that boxed, especially if they made it, you should steer them away from boxing. Boxing is taxing on your body, and there's so much that goes on in the business of boxing. The athletes are not protected by law the way basketball and football players are. The reason the NFL is on strike right now is because the players have a voice. Basketball has the same situation. Even if things [in boxing] change for the better, there are physical repercussions of being a boxer. I don't see my blood, my DNA, my


"Nothing is spur of the moment. Everything is calculated, premeditated. I'm a planner. The last time I did something I didn't plan, I did five years in the penitentiary."
PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

Happy 75th Birthday
Dino Banducci



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son, who will inherit everything that I'm building now, boxing.

The Ring: It sounds like you're very excited about having a son.

BH: You don't know how badly and how long I wanted to keep my father's name alive. My legacy will be kept alive through my son, not my daughter. The daughter gets married and takes the husband's name. The daughter becomes someone else. She'll still be my daughter, but not like a son. A lot of my friends, whether they are Jewish, Irish, African-American, Polish, or whatever, that's very important to them. I'm not going to be here forever, and to have my name and that legacy, that's big, big shoes to fill. It's a lot of pressure. When you take somebody of significance, somebody who made a footprint on this earth, and you pass that baton, like an old champion passing his belt to a young champion, he inherits it all. He's stamped with greatness, but he has to make everything manifest. I'm putting him in the best schools, starting with day care.

The Ring: You seem to believe that having a son is a lot different than having a daughter.

BH: I can teach a son more than a daughter in the ways of sons and fathers. There are things I talk to her about that I can talk different to him about—just the body language and demeanor. If my daughter just *acts* like she's crying, she's got me. If he does it, he won't. It's a whole different world. I can take him and be around a lot of guys, but I don't take my daughter around men, period, whether they're church mice or not. That's why the daughter be with the mother and the son, through generations, be with the father. And when a father is not there, the son is missing something very important. He's missing how to be a man. A mother can't teach a son how to be a man. Sometimes, he will take on the mother's sexuality.

The Ring: What do you mean?

BH: If a mother doesn't have a babysitter, she takes her son to a hair salon. Turn around, and, when he's 10, he wants his hair done. He's in her makeup, and you wonder what has happened. That's the difference in my eyes.

The Ring: Changing the subject: I've noticed over the past two or three years that you've become one of the sharpest dressers in boxing. Is that Nette's influence, or do you have a tailor helping you?

BH: Nigel, if I ain't hiring nobody to cook, I ain't hiring anybody to dress me. But Nette started it. She said that I still have stuff from the 1980s, so I started getting magazines. I started getting the Mr. Rogers look—the sweaters, the khakis. Five or six years ago, you couldn't bury me in that stuff. I got the designer magazines and started to get the preppy, country club look. And you know what? I get a lot of comments on it. When I was in Atlantic City, watching Glen Johnson and Carl Froch, Lou DiBella mentioned it. He said, "I like that look."

The Ring: When Philadelphia Mayor Michael Nutter made a presentation to you at the Art Museum, he mistakenly called you the "heavyweight champion." But when somebody in the crowd corrected him, you told Mayor Nutter that might be next. Is moving up to heavyweight something you are really considering?

BH: Yes, but it won't be the Klitschko brothers. I'm hoping it will be David Haye.

The Ring: What do you think Haye's chances are of beating Wladimir?

BH: Sixty-forty.

The Ring: In Haye's favor?

BH: Yes, but he has to do something to make Klitschko think, *Oh, s___!* That's early on. As the fight goes on, it becomes something different. Plus, David Haye has a relationship with Golden Boy Promotions, so that makes it easer to make a fight between him and me.

The Ring: Naazim has trained Shane Mosley for his last couple of fights. Do you think Naazim was right to push Shane to finish the Manny Pacquiao fight after Shane asked him to stop it?

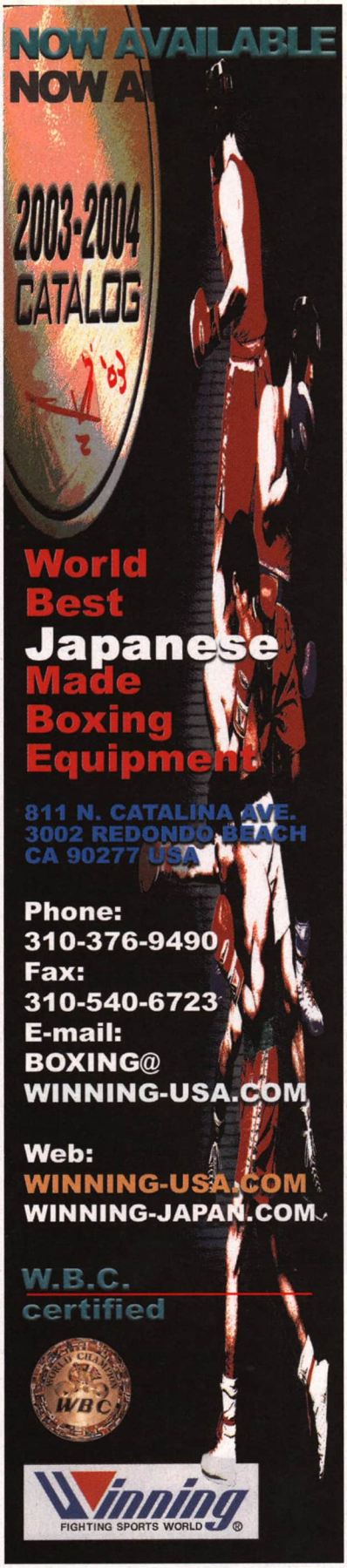
BH: I think Naazim was right to push him forward. You know what? Naazim pushed me the same way in the (second) Roy Jones fight. I never asked him to stop it, but I told him I was kind of dizzy. But he said I'd be alright. He gave me the extra encouragement to keep going. In Shane's situation, he knew Shane had trained hard and didn't want to see him go out like that. Shane wasn't getting badly beaten because he wasn't trying to fight. And each round there was a chance that he'd change his mind about bailing out. Shane didn't have a chance of winning that fight unless he knocked him out, but Naazim knew he had enough not to quit. When Shane looks back on it years from now, he's going to thank him.

The Ring: Speaking about stopping fights: It's been a long time since we saw you score a knockout. Do you think we will ever see you knock out somebody again?

BH: I don't know. Let me tell you something: I try. I believe it's more the people I'm fighting. They can take a punch.

The Ring: Lately, a lot of fighters, Shane and Andre Berto for example, insinuated that the guy who just beat them was on performance-enhancing drugs. In fact, Pascal hinted at the same thing before your rematch, yelling "Take the test." What do you think about these unsubstantiated accusations?

“I'm 46 right now, but it's going to take a badass to make people ask why is this man still in the sport. I don't think I'm making the sport look bad by being 46 and still in boxing. I think that I'm blossoming at an age when in the norm it shouldn't be happening.”
PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND



BH: I think they feel bitter and want to come up with some kind of excuse. Whatever the case, until you have proof, you should not say anything. If you say I cheated, I've got to come at you real strong. When Pascal said that in front of the media in Montreal, it was a total ambush. It had never come up at meetings or at the contract negotiations. He was smart enough not to mention it again in New York because there are repercussions when you say things you can't back up. You have to protect your name and your brand's reputation. What Pascal said was extremely disrespectful, and I was extremely angry. But I controlled it. It motivated me to make him pay without getting arrested.

The Ring: You have often said that you don't retire from boxing; boxing retires you.

BH: That's true.

The Ring: From my observations, great fighters do not retire until they take a bad beating. That's never happened to you. Is boxing going to retire you that way one day, or will you get out before that happens?

BH: I'll get out before that happens because of my defense. If I don't throw a punch, you're not going to hit me with five or six good punches at one time in one round. I'm 46 right now, but it's going to take a badass to make people ask why is this man still in the sport. I don't think I'm making the sport look bad by being 46 and still in boxing. I think that I'm blossoming at an age when in the norm it shouldn't be happening. What I'm doing now is only a surprise to people who haven't been paying attention or have short memories.

I have an iron-hard mentality that says that it isn't over until it's over. But I'm not waiting around to get beat, so I can say, "fine, I finally got beat up and I should leave." I don't want to get beat up, but I know that's a chance you take when you go in the ring. So what do I do not to get beat up? I continue with my work habits. It's the training I do every day. Even though I'm in pain every now and then, I work through it. In the gym, there is a $2,000 bonus if one of these young guys knocks me down. There's a bonus if they hit me more than 10 times a round.

The Ring: You've recently started wearing eyeglasses. Is that a sign that age is catching up with you?

BH: I read a lot on the computer. I think that might be why my eyes got messed up. So things are changing. I don't feel like I felt five years ago. But I don't feel like I'm 46, more like I'm 36. I'm a couple of years back from my actual age. Your body is going to tell you something that your mind is not agreeing with. But when it's over, it's over. Time cannot be compromised. It normally wins.

The Ring: The spotlight has been on you for a long time. Regardless of when you retire, are you going to miss that?

BH: I think I'll miss it more when I'm at the fights. Being a part of Golden Boy, supporting the guys and giving them encouragement, guys will come and ask me for advice because of what I've done. Boxing has been half of my life. So yes, I'll miss it. But I've got to make adjustments. That's why I've been trying to stay active in business situations. There has to be something to fill the void, and it can't just be business. I'm not knocking on doors and collecting rent. I've got a management company doing that. I'm not fixing pipes. It's not like I'm a hands-on guy with my property. There are other things I've gotta be involved in. It might be for HBO. It might be for Showtime. Tarver is doing a fantastic job at Showtime. He has a personality that comes across, and he has the credibility of being a two-time champion. So there are things that I can do, but it won't be boxing.

The Ring: Your former opponent and current business partner, Oscar De La Hoya, is in rehab. Do you think his problems have anything to do with retiring from the ring?

BH: I can't speak for Oscar, but we share the same fighter DNA. Fame becomes an intoxicating drug and is something most athletes struggle with. (When you retire) you have to adjust to the fact that you still matter but in a different way. You play a different role. Prepare to understand that the screams are going to be a little bit lower. The attention is going to be a little less. But that doesn't mean you're forgotten because, if you make it, history remembers you. You're never going to be forgotten, but you have to know things have changed. It's a void that has to be replaced, and nine out of 10 will replace it with the opposite of good.

The Ring: You've been laying the groundwork for your retirement for a while, haven't you?

BH: Yes, whether I like it or not, after a while, I'm not going to be able to do this. The ring wins in the end, but I can't wait until boxing is over—I've got to do it now while boxing is still hot. I have taken the energy that I took to boxing to motivate myself as a businessman. I'm living off my rental properties, not my boxing money. Years ago, I bought government, low-interest bonds. The interest, that's play money. I learned to be a businessman in boxing.

The Ring: What is your ultimate goal as a businessman?

BH: I want to be the biggest African-American businessman in Philadelphia. ■

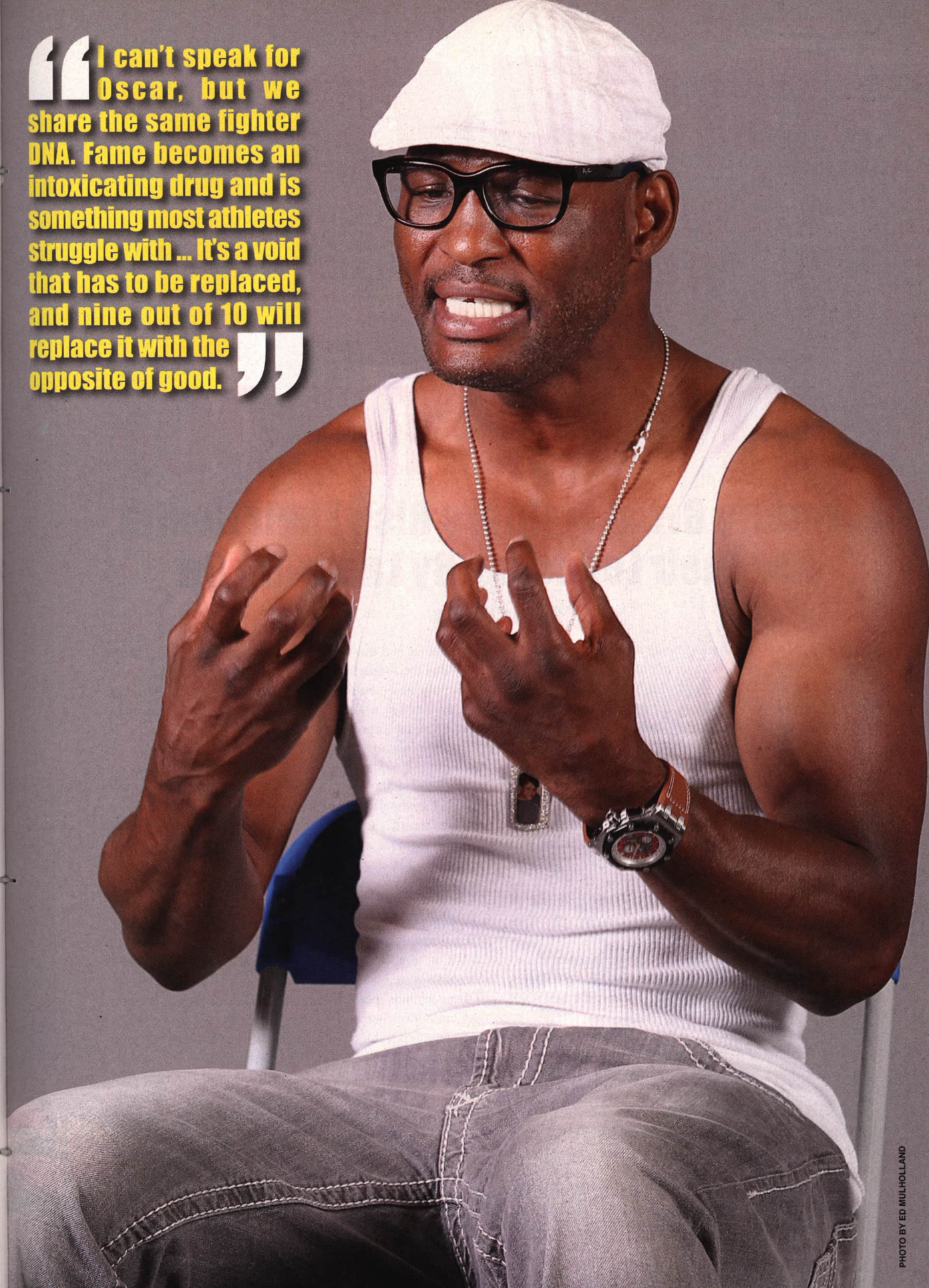


PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

SHOT BUT BULLETPROOF

Formerly Great Fighters Risk Their Health, Not Their Legacies, By Laboring On

By Eric Raskin

Being a boxer is a bit like being a contestant on *Wheel Of Fortune*, where you can build up thousands and thousands of dollars, but, until you solve the puzzle, all the money can disappear with one bad spin. No lead in boxing is ever insurmountable. In any fight that doesn't go the distance, the way it ends is all that really matters.

But that's all in the short term. In the long term, the way it ends hardly matters at all. In the long term, whatever rounds you put in the bank during your prime are forever in the bank. If you spin the wheel and land on "bankrupt," all the wins on your record stay on your record. Whether you get out after one bad spin or a dozen bad spins makes no difference.

A fighter might lose his money and land on "bankrupt" in the literal sense. He might lose his health, but he can't lose his legacy.

In the spring of 2011, two all-time greats, two guaranteed first-ballot Hall of Famers, Roy Jones and Shane Mosley, suffered embarrassing defeats. And it wasn't the first such occurrence for either.

The 42-year-old Jones has been a shot fighter for a long time, with a record of 5-7 over the last seven years, four of those losses coming by way of violent knockout. On May 21, Russian cruiserweight contender Denis Lebedev, a solid fighter but one who would have been an underdog to win a single round against a prime Jones, brought what had been a close fight to a horrifying conclusion, knocking Jones unconscious with two seconds left in the 10th round.

The 39-year-old Mosley hasn't been on the skids for nearly as long as Jones. He wasn't glaringly over the hill until a winless two-fight campaign in 2010. But his loss to Floyd Mayweather and draw against Sergio Mora provided ample proof that the Sugar bowl was empty, and a shot Shane was hopelessly outclassed on May 7 by Manny Pacquiao. That Mosley didn't win was predictable; that he didn't *try* to win was somewhat surprising.

In some regards, Jones' loss to Lebedev and Mosley's dud against Pacquiao had little in common. They differed in terms of the quality of the opposition, the significance of the fight, the competitiveness of the contest, whether the final bell was heard, etc. But what the two defeats shared was the public's pleas afterward to the beaten fighters. Fans and journalists alike urged both Jones and Mosley to retire. They expressed their sadness over seeing these former pound-for-pound kings in this sorry state. They worried for their health, and they warned the fighters that they were sullying their reputations.

It's on that last count that history suggests the fans and journalists were wrong. In the moment, we hold the ineptitude of these legends' performances against them. But as soon as they announce their retirements, we'll forgive them. When assessing each fighter's greatness, we'll more or less pretend that the post-prime losses never happened.

Ask yourself: Did the defeat to Trevor Berbick cost Muhammad Ali recognition as the greatest heavyweight who ever lived? Did Joe Louis' all-time ranking suffer because he ended his career kayoed by an up-and-coming Rocky Marciano? When rating Roberto Duran, does anyone factor in the eight losses he suffered after turning 40? Can you even name the fighter a 43-year-old Willie Pep lost to in his final outing? (We'll save you a Google search: It's Calvin Woodland.)

PHOTO BY CHRIS TROTMAN/GETTY IMAGES

MOOD INDIGO
Shane Mosley approaches the ring for his fight with Manny Pacquiao. When he exited 12 rounds later, his career as a big-time fighter was in serious jeopardy.

JONES BLOODIED
During his prime, it was almost impossible to imagine Roy Jones looking the way he did in his 2008 loss to Joe Calzaghe. It's been basically all downhill for Jones since then.

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

It might seem, at this moment, like Mosley tarnished his legacy by punking out against Pacquiao, trying to quit after the 10th round, and then retweeting unfounded accusations that Pac-Man was on performance-enhancing power pellets. It might feel, with Jones' brutal canvas-kissings so fresh in our minds, like the decade of dominance that preceded his descent is a faded memory.

But if there's a great fighter out there whose late-career struggles actually impacted the way history regards him, all of our research for this article couldn't uncover him.

"When assessing a fighter's greatness," said boxing historian Bert Sugar, co-author of the newly released *The Ultimate Book Of Boxing Lists*, "I tend not to pay any more attention to the man at the end of his career than I do at the beginning. By that, I mean, look at Bernard Hopkins. He lost his first fight—does that define him? As did Benny Leonard, as did Henry Armstrong.

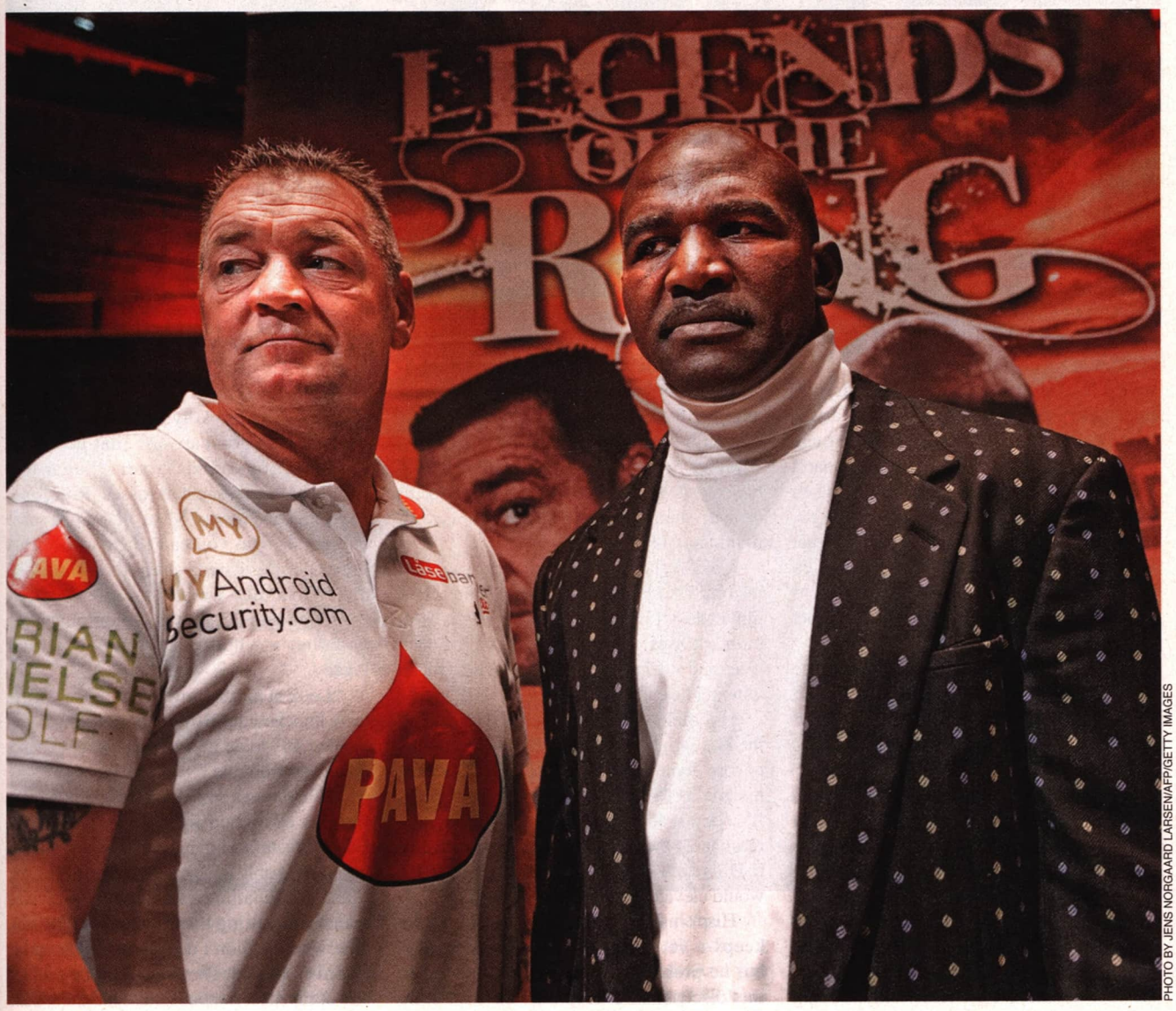
"I want them in their prime, and I don't give any weight to what happened before or after it. It's all about a fighter's prime. How long his prime lasted certainly matters a lot; longevity counts. But by my definition of legacy, the sad end, the fights they lose that they surely wouldn't have in their prime, that gets thrown out."

The twist is that a fighter can still add to his legacy after reaching that point where he can no longer detract from it. Isn't Hopkins' stock among the all-time greats still rising because he keeps scoring significant victories in his 40s? How important was late-career success to the way we regard Archie Moore and George Foreman? Erik Morales might have nudged his reputation up a fraction of an inch this year with his inspiring performance in a narrow defeat to Marcos Maidana. Duran's post-prime upset wins over Davey Moore and Iran Barkley each added a layer of greatness that the subsequent defeats couldn't chip away.

So what we have is an inconsistent dynamic. This is an oversimplification, but here it is in five little words: Wins count and losses don't. And it's fascinating to ponder whether that might play some small role in the reality that almost every boxer hangs around longer than we'd like them to. To use a gambling term, over-the-hill fighters are on a freeroll. Their lot will either be improved or unchanged. Viewed in a vacuum, without

SENIOR CIRCUIT

Brian Nielsen, 46, came out of retirement in May 2011 to fight 48-year-old Evander Holyfield, who managed to win via 11th-round TKO, a victory that will undoubtedly mean that Holyfield will continue his hopeless quest to regain the heavyweight title.



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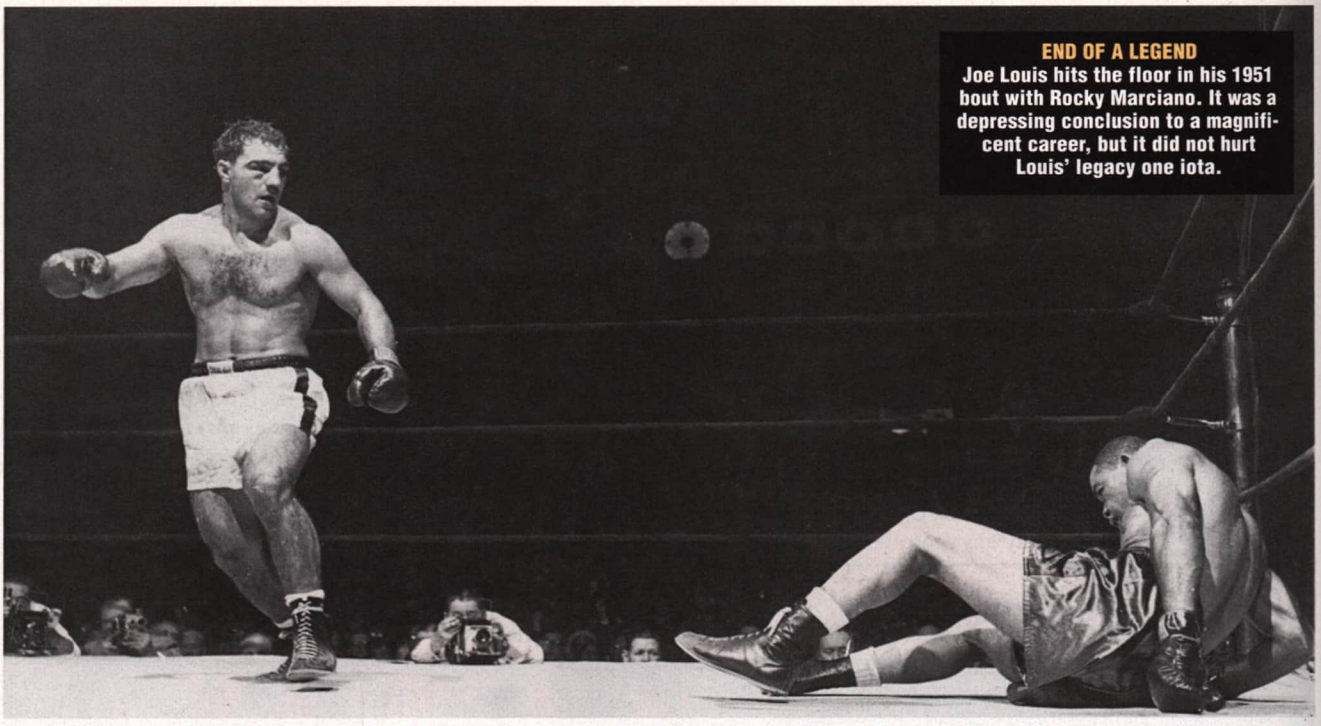


END OF A LEGEND
Joe Louis hits the floor in his 1951 bout with Rocky Marciano. It was a depressing conclusion to a magnificent career, but it did not hurt Louis' legacy one iota.

any consideration of health risks, that's one hell of a deal.

Upon close inspection, however, that theory is probably a stretch. For starters, boxers have been bringing their careers to ugly conclusions since long before lists, legacies, and rankings were discussed anywhere near as much as they are now. And even in the modern age, fighters probably don't put half as much consideration into legacy as the fans do.

"I don't really think about legacy," admitted Showtime boxing analyst and former light heavyweight champ Antonio Tarver, who is still fighting (competently) at age 42. "I especially don't think about what a loss would do to my legacy because, when I accept a fight and I look at the fight on paper, I've already come to the conclusion that I can win the fight. I'm never going to go into a fight where I'm thinking I'm too old to beat this guy. Every fight I go into, I expect to win."

Tarver's longtime rival Jones, whose precipitous decline began with a disputed decision win and then a shocking knockout loss to Tarver, echoed some of those thoughts at the end of a June HBO broadcast.

"I don't want to continue to go necessarily, but I do love to win," Jones said in response to broadcast partner Bob Papa's question about whether Jones would fight again following the Lebedev loss.

In his prime, Jones seemed consciously concerned—perhaps even afraid—about the prospect of losing a fight. That obviously isn't the case anymore. He's really only looking at the upside of fighting on. Another quote he gave in response to Papa's questioning underscores that: "I'm competitive, I must say. So when you see someone as old as Bernard Hopkins continue to go, it only makes you say [to yourself], *What you got to stop for?*" Jones is trying to prove something to himself and can't help but compare himself to a rival like Hopkins and, in so doing, overlooks the fact that he hasn't aged half as well as Hopkins.

Meanwhile, Jones' widely reported financial problems might just be trumping all other factors. Money is very frequently the main reason fighters remain fighters. Another reason almost as popular is that boxers often don't have a clue what else to do with their lives (see Johnny Tapia, still fighting at 44).

Usually, however, it's a combination of factors. That Evander Holyfield is an active fighter just 15 months away from his 50th birthday owes, it would seem, to both money woes and a delusional belief about how much winning he can still do.

Holyfield is a rare case, who, despite all the losses (he's in double digits now), seems to care about legacy. He continues to claim his goal is to reunify the heavyweight title. It's not just an *improbable* goal; it is, by any reasonable measure, an *impossible* goal. But if Holyfield could somehow pull it off, it would elevate his legacy enormously.

Hopkins is another old fighter who keeps a very focused eye on his legacy, but he probably shouldn't be included in this discussion. B-Hop may be 46, but he hasn't passed the point where everyone is telling him to retire. (He's the reigning light heavyweight champion of the world and a pound-for-pound entrant, for crying out loud.) There have been moments when *some* observers said it was time for Hopkins to hang up his gloves and mask. But he's repeatedly staved off that dreadful performance that might turn "some" into "most" or "all."

Still, if that time ever comes for Hopkins, he can rest assured his legacy won't be negatively impacted by it.

"If a fighter stays too long, that's basically all you can say: that he stayed too long," observed Tarver. "Sugar Ray Robinson had some bad losses, Roy Jones had some bad losses, Mike Tyson had some bad losses. But you can't take away what they accomplished—they did what they did. When they were in their prime, they were unbeatable, they were untouchable, and that's when they cemented their legacy.

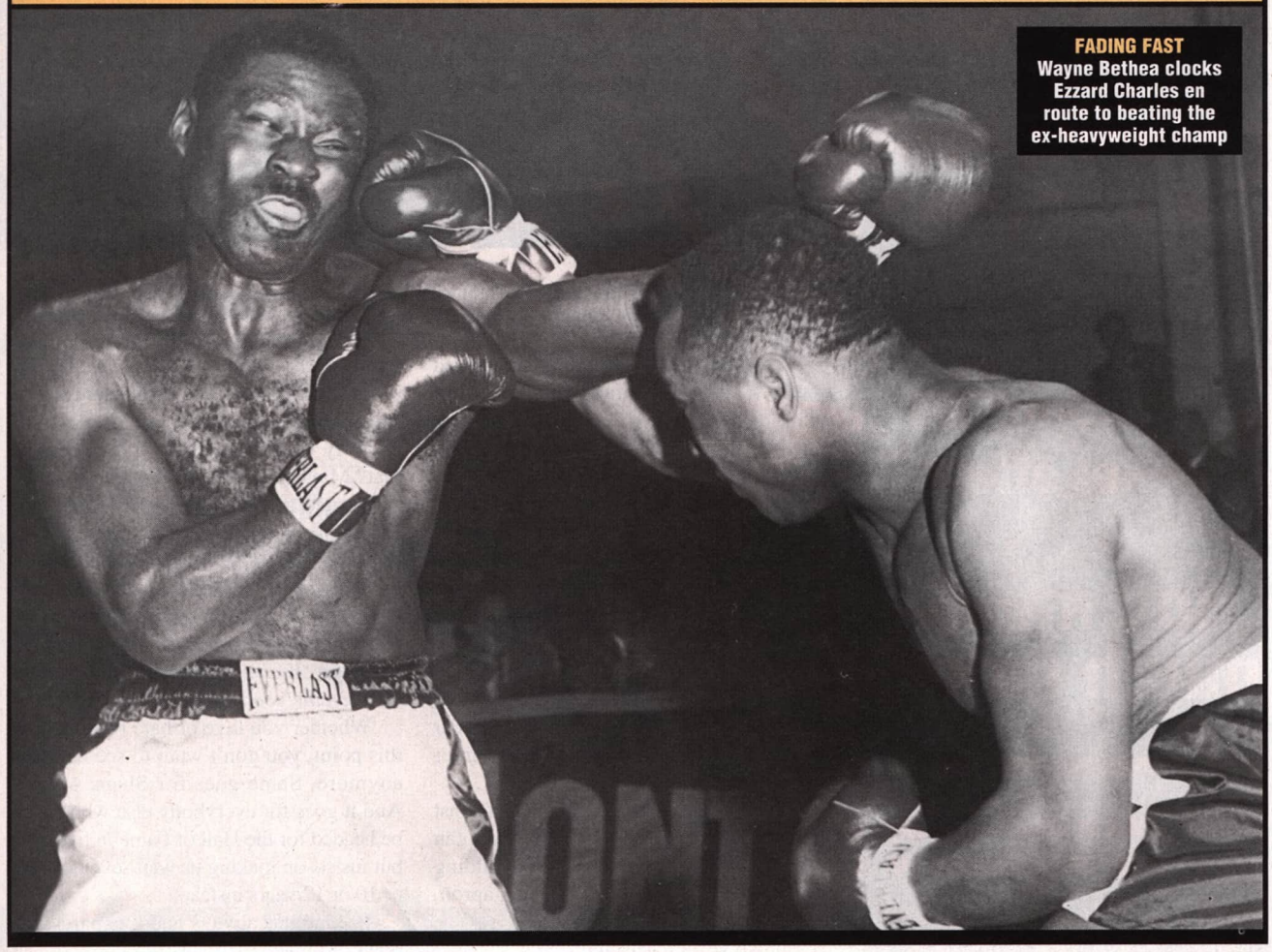
"Look at me and my career. A lot of guys have knocked out Roy Jones now, but I was the first guy to do it. And you can never take that away from me."

If Tarver was among the best light heavyweights of a good light heavyweight era, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad was among the best of probably the division's finest era ever. Mustafa Muhammad made one ill-advised comeback, lasting three fights in 1988, but, otherwise, he didn't do much to ugly up his record at the end. The same can't be said for one of his most famous rivals, Matthew Saad

FETID FINISHES

Still don't believe defeats at the tail end of a career get swept under the rug? The eight men listed below were all voted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame, despite going out in a blaze of wretchedness:

Fighter	Finish
Bob Montgomery	Lost final seven in a row
Chalky Wright	Winless in final eight (seven losses, one draw)
Joey Maxim	Lost final six and went 1-8 in final nine
Matthew Saad Muhammad	Lost final three and went 1-7-1 in final nine
Ezzard Charles	Went 6-12 over final 18
Kid Gavilan	Went 3-8 over final 11
Joe Brown	Went 1-4-1 over final six
Miguel Canto	TKO'd in each of his final three



FADING FAST
Wayne Bethea clocks Ezzard Charles en route to beating the ex-heavyweight champ

Muhammad, who won only one of his final nine bouts.

"Saad lost all those fights at the end," said Mustafa Muhammad, now a top trainer, "but people remember the great fights he had with myself, Yaqui Lopez, John Conteh, where it was knock-down,-drag-out fights. And you know what was good about that era? We were on network TV. Free TV. Everybody saw that. Those losses at the end? A lot of them weren't high profile and weren't on TV. That makes a big difference in what people remember."

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YOU GOTTA STOP THE FIGHT!
Mosley not only quit trying to win his fight with Pacquiao, he asked Naazim Richardson to stop the fight. However, the trainer convinced him to soldier on, and Mosley lasted the distance.

It's a great point that Mustafa Muhammad makes. Saad Muhammad finally retired with a dingy record of 39-16-3 (29) but was voted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame in his first year of eligibility. That says something about how irrelevant the late losses tend to be in the final analysis—especially if hardly anybody is watching you at that point.

This is one area in which Mosley might suffer slightly, since the one-sided defeats to Mayweather and Pacquiao were among the most widely publicized fights of his career (along with his two victories over Oscar De La Hoya). Those losses will be harder to forget.

But then again, Louis' sad finale against Marciano was high profile. Every fight fan has that picture in their mind of a balding "Brown Bomber" lying on the ring apron. We haven't forgotten it.

But we've all forgiven it.

It's a strange phenomenon how we'll rant emotionally about how disgraceful a fighter has become and how he needs to get out before he tarnishes our memory of him, but then, the instant he retires, we flip that switch and pretend the final scenes never played out.

Why do fans of the fight game do that? Maybe it's because we are genuinely concerned for the health of our pugilistic heroes. We'd hate to see them get hurt, so we go overboard railing against them when they don't know it's time to quit. But the instant they retire and we no longer have to worry about them taking punches, we let go of all our angst. *You're safe now? All right. Let's focus on the good times.*

Whether you love or hate Roy Jones, at this point, you don't want to see him fight anymore. Same goes for Shane Mosley. And it goes for everybody else who should be headed for the Hall of Fame in five years but insists on making us wait seven or eight or 10 or 12 years instead.

Boxing has always had this paralyzing power to make its greats hold on too long. There's nothing fans can do about that. But at least we hold in our hands the power to declare their long goodbyes irrelevant in the final analysis. ■

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UNFORESEEN

Groves And Cleverly Prevail

PHOTOS BY JULIAN FINNEY/GETTY IMAGES

CONSEQUENCES

In Topsy-Turvy Night Of Boxing

By Gavin Evans

One of the many things to love about this sport of ours is its glorious unpredictability. No matter who you think you are, you're only one step away from the nearest banana skin. The big bill at London's O2 Arena on May 21 was full of such skins, several dropped before hostilities commenced and a really big one for the big night.

Five days before fight-time, it was all percolating nicely, with a respectable WBO light heavyweight title fight between Jurgen Braehmer and his mandatory challenger, Welshman Nathan Cleverly, plus a genuine grudge match between highflying British and Olympic champion James DeGale and the man who beat him as an amateur, Commonwealth super middleweight titleholder George Groves.

The 25-year-old DeGale passionately hated Groves, calling him "ugly kid," "ugly ginger kid," or plain "ugly" (you get the picture: real classy

TWIN TRIUMPHS

A victorious Groves (opposite page) is lifted aloft by his team following his upset win over DeGale. Among the celebrants was WBA heavyweight titleholder David Haye (back row, wearing hat). Cleverly (below) fought a replacement for a replacement but seems happy enough to have defeated Kuziemski via TKO. Although Cleverly holds an alphabet belt and is ranked fifth at light heavyweight by The Ring, he is not yet as big a name in England as Groves and DeGale.

stuff) while repeating the mantra that the 23-year-old wasn't in his league and it would be over quickly. Groves wasn't particularly fond of DeGale and made the point that he wasn't alone there, but he avoided the gutter, while giving a convincing impression of being utterly convinced that he had "Chunky's" number.

DeGale-Groves captured the public imagination, so no one really noticed the light heavyweights. Only web-perusing die-hards had heard of Braehmer, while Cleverly himself had yet to break through, which was a pity because he's a classy performer with a good story to tell and a mathematics degree from one of Britain's leading universities.

Then, suddenly, it changed and changed again. Braehmer, who'd pulled out of two previous fights, sustained a cut in training and withdrew once more, without bothering to notify the promoter, Frank Warren.

A furious Warren demanded the WBO strip Braehmer and appoint Cleverly (its so-called "interim champion") as the real thing, and let's just say that the WBO is inclined to act in a way likely to please. Just one example: When welterweight contender Kell Brook left Warren for Matchroom, he was promptly stripped of his WBO "intercontinental" title. And guess who won the vacant belt on the Cleverly undercard? Junior welterweight Frankie Gavin, who just happens to be promoted by Warren.

Anyway, Cleverly was elevated to "full" WBO titleholder, and the talk was that he'd defend against unbeaten, chinny, big-hitting Commonwealth champion Tony Bellew, who hates Cleverly every bit as much as DeGale hates Groves.

There was a moment's confusion when Warren's man Andy Ayling sent an email to THE RING, complaining, "Inaccurate articles are circulating on certain boxing websites stating that Tony Bellew has been confirmed as Nathan Cleverly's opponent." But soon after, Bellew was confirmed, and all hell broke loose at the prefight press conference. After being imperiously dismissed by the new WBO titlist, Bellew stood up and said, "Come on then, let's do it now, you f___ing rat!" and had to be led away by security guards, all of which made for great television, well-milked by Sky.

GOOD WHILE IT LASTED
Cleverly throws a right hand at Kuziemski during their abbreviated bout. Although the Welshman was ahead at the time of the stoppage, the Pole had managed to wobble him with a left hook in the third round.

PHOTO BY IAN KINGSTON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PREMATURE ENDING?
Referee Mark Nelson stopped the contest at 1:27 of the fourth round due to the cut over Kuziemski's right eye. Many observers felt that the cut was not serious enough to warrant terminating the contest.

PHOTO BY IAN KINGSTON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

But Bellew failed the test weight so the British Boxing Board of Control refused him permission to fight for the title. Enter Polish standby Aleksy Kuziemski, a 34-year-old who'd been stopped in two of his previous six fights.

None of this had much impact on the large crowd of approximately 15,000, which had come to see if Groves could upset the 3-1 odds and beat DeGale.

But first up was Cleverly, who learned his trade as an understudy to Joe Calzaghe. Standing a broad-shouldered 6'1½", he looked two weights bigger than the Pole, and the gap in class was soon apparent. Like Calzaghe, Cleverly throws lots of punches, but his style is different. He likes to come in and whack away at the body, and he punches a lot harder than his 50-percent stoppage ratio suggests (a clue comes from the fact that he has won eight of his last nine inside the distance).

Kuziemski absorbed numerous hefty hits but kept plugging away. Then, in round three, with Cleverly retreating, the light-hitting Pole (five kayos in 24) unleashed a tasty left hook, and Cleverly wobbled. He looked hurt, but he was soon back in command.

Midway through the fourth, there was a clash of heads, and Kuziemski emerged with a small cut on the side of the left eye. The referee, Mark Nelson, promptly stopped it, a decision greeted with a ripple of boos from a crowd, which, no doubt, had the premature stoppage in the recent Amir Khan-Paul McCloskey bout in mind.

There were two problems: First, the cut wasn't bad enough to justify the stoppage. Second, the result should have been a no-contest because the cut was caused by a headbutt. But, no matter, Cleverly was on his way to victory anyway, and his record improved to 22-0 (11).

Next came the grudge fight between the 10-0 (8) DeGale (profiled by THE RING in the April 2011 issue) and the 12-0 (10) Groves (THE RING's "New Faces" subject in the May 2011 issue). When they made their entrances, it was immediately clear that 80 percent of the crowd were behind Groves, who had come across as extremely personable in public and in the ring had come across as an exciting, all-action banger. DeGale, in contrast, came across as a bit too rude and full of himself, and, in the ring, his elusive, sharp-shooting style was more of an acquired taste.

Most pundits expected an aggressive Groves to be picked off by the quicker and more elusive DeGale, but they had not counted on the tactical brain of Adam Booth, trainer of both Groves and David Haye. The relevant backstory was not Groves' off-the-floor win over Kenny Anderson, but Haye's slip-sliding victory over Nikolay Valuev a year earlier.

Booth sent Groves to Miami, Florida, where he sparred dozens of rounds with Andre Dirrell. They devised a strategy the opposite to what everyone, including DeGale and his trainer Jim McDonnell, anticipated. Groves became a fleet-footed, quick-fisted counter-puncher, boxing mainly in retreat, while using a sharp feeler jab and darting in for rapid-fire raids.

DeGale shaded the opener, but, from then on, was flummoxed. He was expecting Groves to come at him, and, instead, he had to chase. And DeGale found that the defense he had so derided during the build-up was pretty reliable. Groves ducked and slipped and blocked and parried, and his footwork was so good that he was hard to pin down. He was also countering effectively, so DeGale was reluctant to let his hands go. By halfway, "Saint George" was well ahead, and DeGale was switch-hitting ineffectively and resorting to dirty tactics.

But the Olympic champion is a magnificently conditioned boxer with immense natural talent. He also looked bigger and stronger

than Groves, and, on this night at least, his punches carried more venom. From the seventh onwards, he worked his way back into the fight and, late in the ninth, shook Groves with a left hook. If he had kept it up in the 10th, he would have won the decision. Instead, Groves had one of his best rounds, landing a string of spiteful blows.

Head clashes left Groves with blood pouring from above his eye and from his forehead, possibly helping DeGale to shade the final two rounds, but it was not enough

"CHUNKY" UNDER FIRE
Although Groves fought an intelligent, defensive fight, he also threw a lot of punches, outhustling the betting favorite to win a majority decision in front of roughly 15,000 fans at London's O2 Arena.

PHOTO BY JULIAN FINNEY/GETTY IMAGES

for the judges. The scores were 115-114 (twice) for Groves and 115-115, a result that delighted the crowd, although the ringside press was divided. Groves threw more, landed more, and had the higher strike rate, but DeGale was the aggressor throughout.

Still, given the tone and content of his prefight boasts, Chunky had been humiliated,

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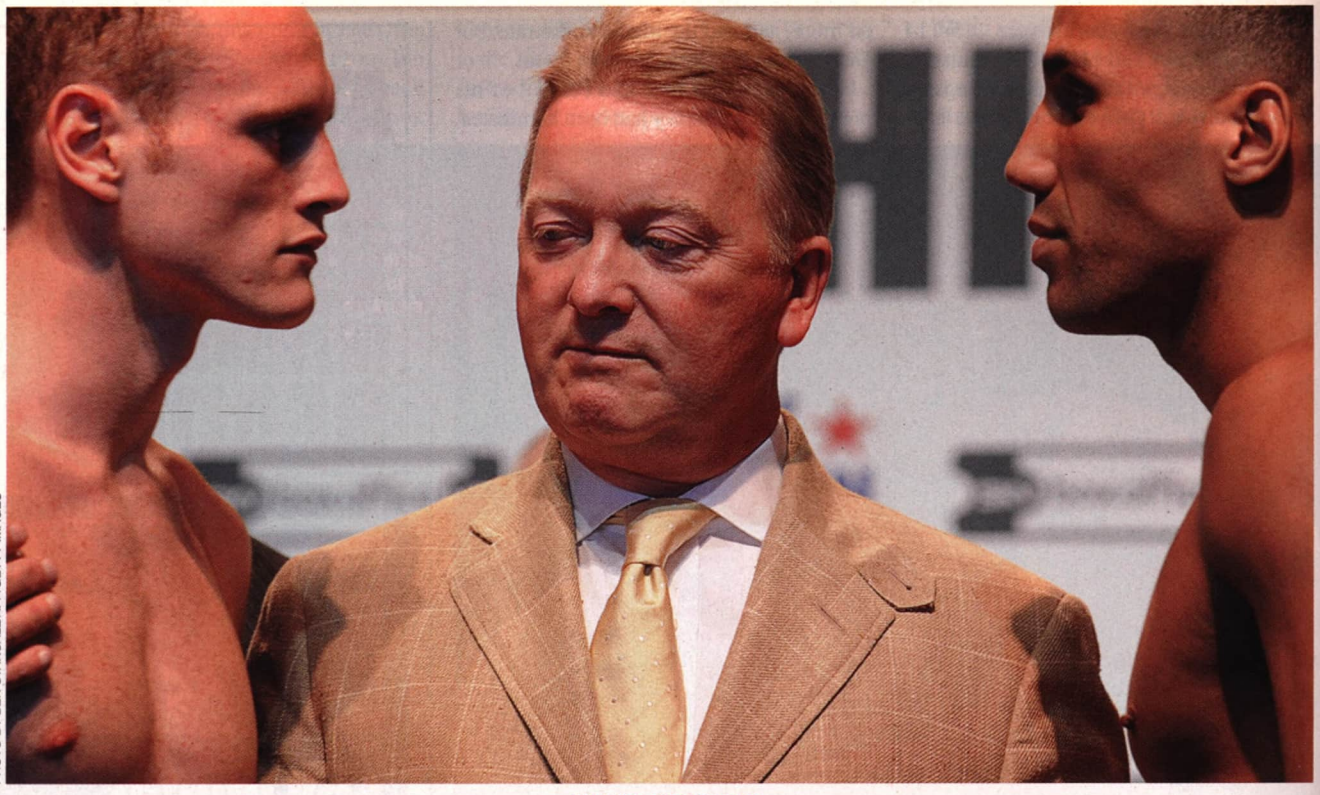

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MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Promoter Frank Warren poses with Groves and DeGale at the weigh-in. DeGale's defeat was a blow to Warren, but he should have little trouble reestablishing the former Olympian, especially as his loss came via close decision.

and his initial response was one of denial. "How can a challenger nick a fight on the back foot like that?" he asked, forgetting that he too was a challenger (for Groves' Commonwealth crown) and that fights are judged on punches landed, not titles held. "I thought I hit him with the cleaner shots. I hurt him in the ninth round, and the last four rounds I won easily," he said with apparent amnesia about the 10th.

What will help DeGale is having Warren as promoter. Warren took Amir Khan to the IBF title three fights after his loss to Breidis Prescott, and, although it may take DeGale a bit longer, he should be ready to break into the world rankings within a couple of fights.

Cleverly's standing would have been boosted more by a win over Braehmer, but he is clearly on his way. However, talk of challenging Bernard Hopkins is no more than name-boosting hot air. Tavoris Cloud might be a more realistic target, but Cleverly would be the underdog and would do better to wait while he gains more experience and a more marketable reputation. So we can look to Warren feeding a few homegrown house fighters first, such as Bellew or perhaps Enzo Maccarinelli, who is dropping down to light heavy.

And Warren himself? There was a time when his elite fighters never seemed to lose, but, ever since Haye blew away Maccarinelli, that reputation has slipped. It was followed by Khan's loss to Prescott, Kevin Mitchell's to Michael Katsidis, and now this one. One reason has to do with the pressure all promoters are facing to put their charges into riskier fights.

In this sense, it might be said that DeGale's defeat reflects a relative decline in Warren's standing. Although he remains the country's leading promoter, he now has Frank Maloney, Ricky Hatton, and a revived Barry Hearn nipping at his heals, while Haye, Khan, and Carl Froch are beyond his grasp. He has also suffered several reverses over the past few years, including the departures of Hatton, Calzaghe, and Khan, the loss of his hegemonic relationship with Sky, his legal defeat against Calzaghe, and his company, Sports Network Limited, going into administration. But Warren has shown a capacity to bounce back from worse crises and no doubt will do so again.

The pair who came out glowing was Groves and Booth (who was a picture of calm in the corner, in contrast to the increasingly frantic Jim McDonnell). Groves' second win over DeGale (he pipped him on another disputed decision when they were amateurs) places him on the verge of becoming one of the big names in British boxing.

"Everyone got behind the DeGale bandwagon, and I wasn't given a chance," Groves said. "He's saying we nicked it. We didn't nick it—I outboxed him. I could have done it much better, but the truth is that I took away anything he could do, simply by adjusting my front foot and outjabbing him because I have always been better than him at jabbing." And with refreshing candor, he acknowledged there was much learning still to be done. "I still know what I need to work on. Not one part of my boxing is perfect."

DeGale and Warren demanded an immediate return, but Booth and Groves made it clear this was not on the cards. It seems more likely that they will first pursue a European title.

"We will fight one day for the world title, but it won't be this year," said Groves, who added: "I'm not ready for a world title, but, in 18 months' time, I will be."

So, what emerges from all this is a popular titleholder with a realistic view of his prospects and a result that surprised just about everyone, not least because everyone expects the highflying house fighter to get the marginal nod. All in all, a good night for British boxing, even if hardly anything turned out the way most had expected. ■

Gavin Evans is a British freelance writer and a regular contributor to THE RING.

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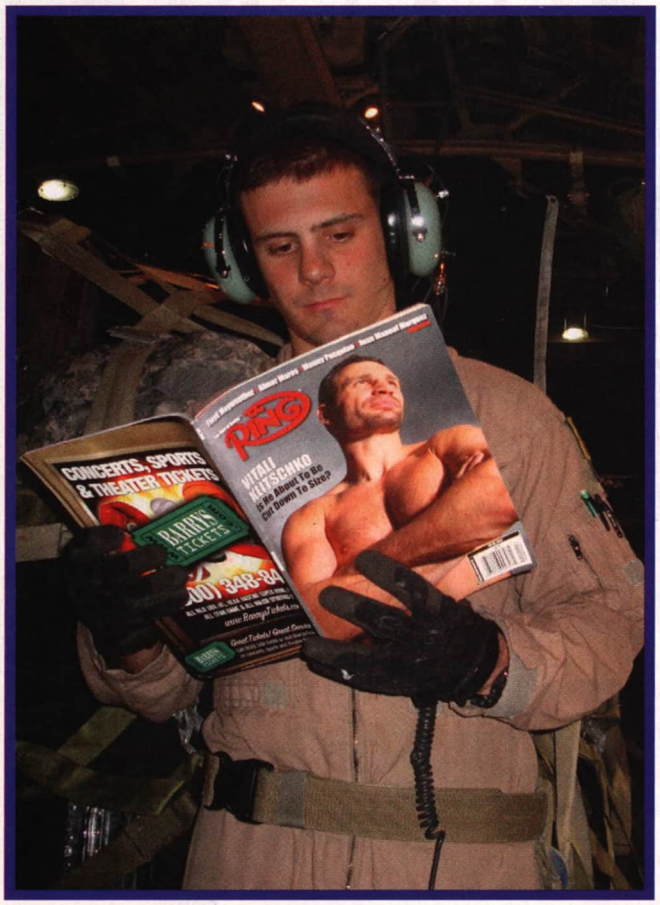

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HALL OF A WEEKEND

The Next Best Thing To Being There

By Lee Groves • Photos by Jeff Julian

For 19 consecutive years, the International Boxing Hall of Fame's Induction Weekend has been the centerpiece of my year. When I worked at my old newspaper job, I snapped up the second week of June for vacation, and my coworkers knew better than to challenge me.

Though I'm now a full-time "boxing person," the event remains vibrant and relevant. Yes, the schedule has remained largely unchanged, but there's enough variety in terms of celebrities and circumstances to keep everything fresh.

For me, this is a combination reunion, rite of summer, and immersion course. But this year's ceremony promised to draw record crowds because of Modern inductees Mike Tyson, Julio Cesar Chavez, and Kostya Tszyu, as well as Observer Sylvester Stallone. For us hard cores, the chance to meet trainer "Nacho" Beristain and referee Joe Cortez (both Non-Participant honorees) as well as past favorites is a bonus.

The following is my journey through the rubicon that is IBHOF Weekend 2011. I hope you'll enjoy reading it as much as I did living it.

THE CLASS OF 2011

From left to right: Nacho Beristain, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mike Tyson, Kostya Tszyu, Sylvester Stallone, and Joe Cortez show off their new IBHOF rings. The star-studded group of inductees attracted record-breaking crowds to Induction Weekend.

CAST AND BLAST

Mexican icon Chavez has his right hand emerged in a small tub of gooey stuff, which is the first step in preparing a plaster cast of his fist (top). Former junior welterweight champ and 1996 inductee Aaron Pryor wades into Smitty Smith, host of the syndicated show *In This Corner* (bottom), much to the delight of onlookers.

LOOKING FOR A JIM FIGG AUTOGRAPH?
Buyers and sellers of boxing memorabilia gather at the Canastota High School gym for the annual Boxing Collectors and Card Show. You probably won't find an authentic Figg signature there, but an amazing array of items are available.

Thursday, June 9: I arrived at the grounds shortly before 8 a.m. and pulled into a spot at the back of the McDonald's lot. Shortly after I got an Egg McMuffin and Diet Coke, I saw my first familiar face—Bill Johnston, a Canadian who has attended every weekend since 2000. Our favorite game is to debate the merits of future honorees, and this time was no different. Most of the time we agree, but occasionally we fall into a good-natured but intense debate.

The interest in this year's event was staggering; event tickets had been sold out for two months and hotel rooms for even longer. More than 150 media credentials were issued, and I acquired mine shortly after breakfast.

I spent most of the next eight hours seated under the pavilion that offered shelter from sunny but humid conditions. The first celebrity to arrive was Sky TV commentator—and 2005 inductee—Barry McGuigan, who happily signed and posed for photos.

Cortez was the first Ringside Lecturer and enjoyed the 50-minute Q&A. At one point, he asked the audience "who was the only fighter to score two knockouts in Madison Square Garden's ring on the same night?" The answer: a teenaged Cortez, who pulled off the feat as an amateur. He also mixed in self-deprecating humor, saying he was nicknamed "Kid Candlestick" because "one blow and he's out."

Next up was 1991 inductee Ruben Olivares, and, when asked about his title-winning kayo of Lionel Rose, he said through interpreter Gene Aguilera: "We trained as if we were fighting 16 rounds so it was a very good feeling when it only lasted five. Rose gave me a very tough fight, but I gave him a tough fight back."

A thicker but fit Tszyu was the last to speak, and he charmed the crowd with humor and humility. As was the case with most first-time honorees, the call from Canastota was unexpected but appreciated.

"When I started my career many years ago, I never expected to reach that level," he said. "I felt my career gave glory to my people, and now it has boomeranged back to me. Everywhere I go, I feel so welcome."

When asked why he never pursued a rematch after losing to Ricky Hatton in his final fight, Tszyu said he considered it but declined because of his parents' wishes and his increasing workload beyond boxing.

"Ricky received what he's supposed to receive." Then, with his trademark mischievous grin, Tszyu applied the dagger: "I'm here and he's not." Then again, Hatton, should he remain retired, won't be eligible until 2015.

About 30 minutes later, I was asked to provide a five-minute plug for my book *Tales From the Vault: A Celebration of 100 Boxing Closet Classics*. Five minutes turned to 30 as I was peppered with wide-ranging questions. I relished the give-and-take, and, based on the feedback, the audience did too.

The evening was spent at Graziano's bar and restaurant, the prime after-hours spot. Thursday's an excellent time for autograph-seekers because it's the only night when celebrities have no events scheduled. Jesse James Leija, Michael Carbajal, and Dick Ecklund were just three who accommodated requests from the standing-room-only throng. Even Marvelous Marvin Haggler—a difficult "get" in past years—slotted time for his admirers.

One impromptu humorous moment: When a patron accidentally fell out of his chair, one of his friends started counting over him. He scrambled up at nine.

AN INTIMATE DINNER FOR 1,400
A huge crowd gathered at Syracuse's Oncenter for the annual Banquet of Champions. According to THE RING correspondent, crowd control was a formidable challenge.

Only when I reached my car did I realize I hadn't eaten anything since that Egg McMuffin 16 hours earlier. Such is the power and sustenance of Hall of Fame Weekend.

Friday, June 10: The stickiness of yesterday yielded to far more comfortable conditions. Dr. Michael Schwartz related many stories about his time as a ringside physician, including one incident in which a fighter's team submitted duplicate MRIs—both abnormal.

Micky Ward repeatedly applied his dry wit during the subsequent Q&A he shared with Ecklund. After someone asked whether family members uttered as many F-bombs as was portrayed in *The Fighter*, he said, "they actually toned that down." When a potential suitor asked if he could date any of his sisters, his response drew gales of laughter—"good luck."

Later, Tszyu and *In This Corner* host James "Smitty" Smith taped a segment in the ring under the pavilion. One demonstration graphically illustrated a secret behind Tszyu's vaunted right cross: Tszyu violently twisted his wrist while firing straight rights that stopped just short of Smith's unprotected chin. Even 30 feet away, Tszyu's maneuver emitted a sound unlike any I'd ever heard. I shuddered at the thought of what his opponents must have experienced.

The crowd grew as the day progressed, and, by the mid-afternoon fist castings, there wasn't a seat to be had. It was here that Chavez and Tyson made their first appearances, and the reception "Iron Mike" received was a sight to behold.

"The people that followed Mike when he left the stage was almost like a human tidal wave," one longtime attendee said. "I've never seen anyone create that kind of frenzy."

The beefed-up security detail passed its first major test by navigating Tyson 200 feet to a waiting golf cart that whisked him away.

The day's final event was "Mexican Fiesta Night" at the Rusty Rail Party House that featured vintage videos and brief speeches by Carlos Zarate, Ruben Olivares, Humberto Gonzalez, Erik Morales, Jose Sulaiman, Jimmy Lennon Jr., and Beristain. John H. Stracey, who dethroned longtime welterweight king Jose Napoles in Mexico City, revealed someone stole his robe on his way back to the dressing room and half-jokingly asked for its return.

The biggest upset: Sulaiman—who delivered one of the longest induction speeches on record in 2007—spoke for approximately 90 seconds, half his three-minute allotment.

REEL TO REAL
Actor Stallone and former undisputed middleweight champion Hagler share a laugh at the Banquet of Champions. Stallone was inducted into the Observer category this year, while "Marvelous Marvin" was voted into the Modern group in 1993.

The event wasn't without cause for concern. I was among the hundreds who crammed inside the anteroom, and the combination of first-come, first-served seating, the uncertainty about where the genuine line started, the later-than-advertised signal to proceed to our tables, and the general anxiety that might produce a stampede sparked worries. Thankfully, nothing untoward happened once the doors opened, but the Hall might consider assigned seating in the future.

Saturday, June 11: The new day began just four hours after the old one ended—sleep is an elusive and often overrated commodity during Induction Weekend. Three destinations were on the itinerary: The Boxing Collectors Convention and Card Show at Canastota High School gym, the VIP Gala Cocktail Reception at the Greystone, and the Banquet of Champions at Syracuse's Oncenter Complex, the site since 2005.

Last year I brought 50 copies of *Tales* and came home with 11, 29 of which were sold at the card show. This time I brought 40 and entered the day with 24, thanks to the Hall's gift shop and some enterprising one-on-one retailing.

Six hours later, I had sold 13 books and six vintage magazines, one of which Jeff Fenech bought when he spotted a *KO* cover that included a thumbnail shot of the first Nelson fight.

I was among the first to arrive at the Greystone, and our early-bird ways paid dividends as we were shielded from the weekend's first showers. A three-man group unofficially dubbed "The Irish Sinatras" provided entertainment.

Johnston and I had a deal: He secured autographs for my copy of Harry Mullan's *The Great Book of Boxing* while I snapped photos of him with the fighters. Good fortune and Seals-like efficiency enabled us to achieve our objectives within three minutes, leaving us time to graze on finger food and navigate the jam-packed room.

A record-setting banquet crowd of 1,400 jammed into the building where Basilio and Backus won their welterweight titles. A reel of vintage knockouts played on five giant screens as well as the four-cornered scoreboard above us.

Seven auction items sold for $22,750, most of which were purchased by someone known as "The Cowboy." Sergio Martinez incorporated improving English into his comments, while Stallone hugged and posed with his fellow celebrities. Hagler, whose lengthy speech was half-tribute/half-roast, encapsulated the weekend's spirit by declaring: "This is our home."

Crowd control was a formidable challenge. The rush for Stallone autographs was so vociferous that emcee Joey Fiatto had to issue multiple warnings about crushing fellow fans.

MEMORABLE MOMENTS

Former junior welterweight champion Tszyu makes his acceptance speech in his usual classy manner (top), while Stallone finished his by bellowing: "Yo, Adrian. I did it." The crowd loved every second of it.

OVERWHELMED

Tyson, who many thought would never live long enough to be a living inductee, was overcome by emotion and couldn't finish his induction speech. Despite his many troubles, Iron Mike remains a fan favorite and was besieged by admirers throughout the weekend.

While the directions to the banquet were impeccable, my attempts to return to my hotel were not. It required almost 45 minutes of meandering before achieving success.

Sunday, June 12: Induction Day had finally arrived. As is my practice, I skipped the Parade of Champions in favor of mingling with fellow fans and indulging in a Sunday tradition—eating a Basilio sausage sandwich (with onions and peppers of course).

In all my years here, I had never seen such a large crowd. The line to gain entry to the pavilion stretched past the Hall of Fame building, easily twice as long as normal. Rains that marred the morning hours moved aside by induction time.

The induction speeches captured each man's essence. Beristain was poised and prepared as he read from notes with an interpreter at his side.

Cortez offered memories of his fellow inductees and bestowed credit to others even as he temporarily occupied center stage. Tszyu was humble and personable yet radiated the confidence and strength of character that marked his career. Chavez, always mindful of his Mexican roots and fanbase, said his induction was as much theirs as his. Stallone's speech had the thoughtfulness inherent in good writers, but, at the end, he made sure to please the masses by bellowing: "Yo, Adrian. I did it!"

Then there was Tyson. His intimidating persona had long overshadowed a deep-seated respect for history and those who created it. Working without a script, Tyson attempted to pay tribute to trainer/manager/legal guardian Cus D'Amato and Tryon School for Boys social worker Bobby Stewart as well as thanking spectator Gaspar Ortega for his presence.

But the enormity of the moment and his awe for the men on stage generated a swirl of emotions that were too powerful for Tyson to process verbally.

"I wanted to be like these guys," he said. Then, a few moments later, he decided he couldn't go on.

"Hey guys, I can't even finish this stuff," he said. "Thank you. Thank you."

I had a front-row seat to the crush of humanity that sought pictures and autographs. I spent the next several minutes helping a photographer protect Basilio's wife, Josie, who was seated to my left.

With time-sensitive responsibilities to tackle, I chose not to linger. As I drove away, my mind shifted to next year and the possibility of Thomas Hearns, Virgil Hill, or Dariusz Michalczewski walking the grounds. It will also mark my 20th visit to the place I now call my second home.

The countdown has already begun—and I can't wait for it to end. ■

Lee Groves, a West Virginia-based freelancer writer and historian, is a regular contributor to THE RING.

JIM AND HUCK
Moore lights actor Eddie Hodges' pipe in a scene from MGM's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.* Moore received rave reviews for his performance, which is arguably the best-ever acting job by a boxer.

"MOORE" THAN JUST A BOXER

Archie Goes To Hollywood

By Don Stradley

> **"The world is a stage, and I will always be one of the principle actors."**
>
> **—Archie Moore, 1966**

When looking back on Archie Moore's extraordinary boxing career, we tend to think of him as a kind of traveling one-man circus. He was the ringmaster, clown, magician, and the fellow who would challenge any member of the audience to a brawl. Hands down, he was the most colorful, most interesting, and most loquacious fighter of his generation, a sportswriter's dream. But what is sometimes forgotten is that for a few months in 1960, it seemed like Moore was going to dump the whole boxing gig, light heavyweight championship and all, to become a movie star. That's what many were thinking when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cast Moore in a big budget, Cinemascope and Technicolor version of Mark Twain's most celebrated novel, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

Of course, Moore didn't stop boxing. He had several more fights after his acting debut, including a disastrous loss to a young Cassius Marcellus Clay, but, if ever there was a fighter who could have left the Byzantine world of boxing for movies, it was Archie Moore. He had the goods.

Fighters since the days of John L. Sullivan had gravitated towards show business, but few had ever matched the buzz created by Moore's try-out at MGM. Some called Moore's test-loop "one of the best in studio history." The 46-year-old Moore was at the height of his fame in those days, appearing on TV shows such as *What's My Line*? and *You Bet Your Life*. Producer Norman Lloyd thought Moore would be perfect for the role of Jim, the runaway slave who befriends Huck Finn. Script pages were sent; an audition was arranged.

Director Michael Curtiz, who'd directed such classics as *Casablanca* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, called Moore's screen test "remarkable." The camera crew reportedly broke into spontaneous applause when Moore finished. "It made me feel good, but I suppose they do that for everybody," Moore said.

Unlike most fighters, Moore wasn't stiff and self-conscious. He was articulate. He could emote. His voice was soft but with a small amount of grit in it, bred by years of shotgun shacks and hard travel. Could he do the Mississippi dialect? Hell, he was born there. Moore's physical appearance was also unique. If casting agents didn't have a category for aging gunslinger-Buddhas, they created one the day they saw Moore. Then there were the eyebrows, once described by A.J. Liebling

as "rising like storm clouds over the Sea of Azov." Punctuating the entire look was Moore's eyes, tiny dark buttons hinting at mischief, wisdom, delight, and danger.

The Finn project, which had been lingering around MGM for nearly a decade, would kick off once and for all with the signing of Moore. "I must have some natural talent," Moore said. "Otherwise these people wouldn't be bothering me." After a pit stop in Montreal to dispose of Yvon Durelle for the second time, Moore began teasing sportswriters about his future.

"My career is like a river," Moore told the Associated Press. "I would like to have it end by fulfillment, by flowing into the mighty ocean. I don't want it to dry up and die before it reaches there. I would like to quit while the river of my career is still flowing strongly. The only way I can do that is to have something else to turn to."

Acting, he said, wasn't a "big strain. But with a lot of work and study, perhaps I'd develop into a good actor." Moore also said he might pursue acting and boxing simultaneously. After all, he said, "They are both show business."

There was something about acting that inspired Moore. To the boxing press, he was "Ancient Archie," but, in Hollywood, he was a hot new prospect. The freshness of the challenge ignited his famously nimble mind. He was like a mechanic popping the hood of this character to examine the engine inside. "I am giving it everything that I can from my heart and soul," he told the press. "I really feel this character."

Moore was aware that some African-Americans didn't care for Twain's book, so he tried to avoid stereotypes, even asking Curtiz to change some lines. Moore read books on slavery and voraciously read Twain's novel. "I never read it when I was a boy," Moore said. "I was too busy earning a living."

After months of filming in Stockton and along the Sacramento River, the film was released in the early summer of 1960. The event was part of a major Twain revival, coinciding with the 75th anniversary of the novel's publication and the 50th anniversary of Twain's death. But despite considerable fanfare, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* was not a moneymaker. The year belonged to films like *Psycho, Exodus, The Swiss Family Robinson,* and *G.I. Blues*. Still, Moore's performance made an impression.

Variety credited Moore with bringing "the story its only moments of real warmth and tenderness," and praised "his poetic parting with Huck." Hollywood columnist Army Archerd called Moore, "an acting find." *The Chicago Tribune* described Moore as, "a pleasant surprise." *The Boston Globe* labeled Moore, "probably the most convincing character in the picture." Veteran actor John Carradine also praised Moore. "What a sweet, expressive face," Carradine said. "No one would ever guess that man is a professional fighter." Even though the cast included such pros as Carradine, Buster Keaton, and Tony Randall, one critic claimed Moore, "virtually walks away with the acting honors."

There were a few dissenters, but the majority of reviewers felt Moore had done something special. Columnist Rube Samuelson asked, "When you see the movie, ask yourself if it is conceivable anyone could play Jim better." Some even suggested Moore deserved an Academy Award.

The buzz continued. There was talk that MGM would next cast Moore in a remake of *The Champ*, the old Wallace Beery/Jackie Cooper tearjerker about a washed up fighter and his young son. The film wouldn't be remade until 1979 with Jon Voight and Ricky Schroeder, but Moore was hopeful. "I believe I might do very well in that role," Moore said. (It was rumored that the son would be played by Eddie Hodges, the red-haired sprite who had played Huck, which would've given the movie a controversial for 1960 mixed-race theme.) It was also rumored that his recently published autobiography, *The Archie Moore Story*, would be made into a feature film, with Moore portraying himself.

"This new career of mine is just about to get me out of the fight business," Moore told the press. "It's not just a passing fancy. I love it. I guess I've always been a ham at heart."

Shortly after the loss to Clay, Moore's acting career resumed in 1963 with an appearance on the very popular *Perry Mason* TV series. Moore told TV columnist Hal Humphrey that he was born to play roles.

"I have a fabulous memory, for one thing," Moore said. "Then, I have warmth, you know, and a knack for knowing how to get to people." Moore ended 1963 with a nice role in a television adaptation of John O'Hara's story, *It's Mental Work*, with a screenplay by Rod Serling. "Art comes first with some people, and I'm a true artist," Moore said.

During the next several years, Moore appeared on many popular programs including *Batman, Shane*, and *Family Affair*. He also found himself in two commercially underwhelming but high profile movies, *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Fortune Cookie*. There was also *My Sweet Charlie*, a 1970 TV movie that won three Emmy Awards, and *The Outfit*, a 1973 crime movie starring Robert Duvall.

On the surface, it seemed Moore was making it in Hollywood, but the roles were getting smaller. Sometimes he spoke no more than a few words. Prior to an appearance on *Wagon Train*, Moore told UPI, "I have learned to be a good listener."

There may have been many reasons for Moore being restricted to bit parts. There was much griping around this time from the Screen Actors Guild about the 1960s phenomenon of pro athletes taking acting roles. There were three new sports franchises near Hollywood—the L.A. Dodgers, the L.A. Lakers, and the San Francisco Giants—and TV producers routinely hired local sports stars to give their shows a quick ratings boost. The studios paid the union fees for athletes, which outraged old-time Guild members who relied on acting work to support themselves. Perhaps to avoid upsetting the union or be-

LAID BACK
Moore relaxing on the set of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Moore said that it was easy for him to identify with Jim, a runaway slave searching for freedom.

PHOTO BY TIME & LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

cause the fad of hiring athletes passed, studios gradually abandoned the practice. Moore may have lost a few roles because of this.

Moore may also have been a victim of the times. There simply weren't a lot of roles for African-Americans. Also, the '60s hippie-youth market had changed Hollywood, and Moore may have been unfairly viewed as a relic from the Eisenhower era. In addition, Moore was busy elsewhere. He was heavily involved in his work with his beloved youth organizations and also as a trainer of fighters—he spent two years working with the Nigerian Olympic boxing team and was also part of George Foreman's camp.

Perhaps the biggest factor was Moore's own lack of acting experience. Directors may have felt his performance in Huck Finn was beginner's luck and were hesitant to give him another major role. But near the end of his acting days, Moore showed he could be effective with nothing more than one line of dialogue and a fight scene. He turned this trick opposite one of the biggest box office draws of the day, Charles Bronson.

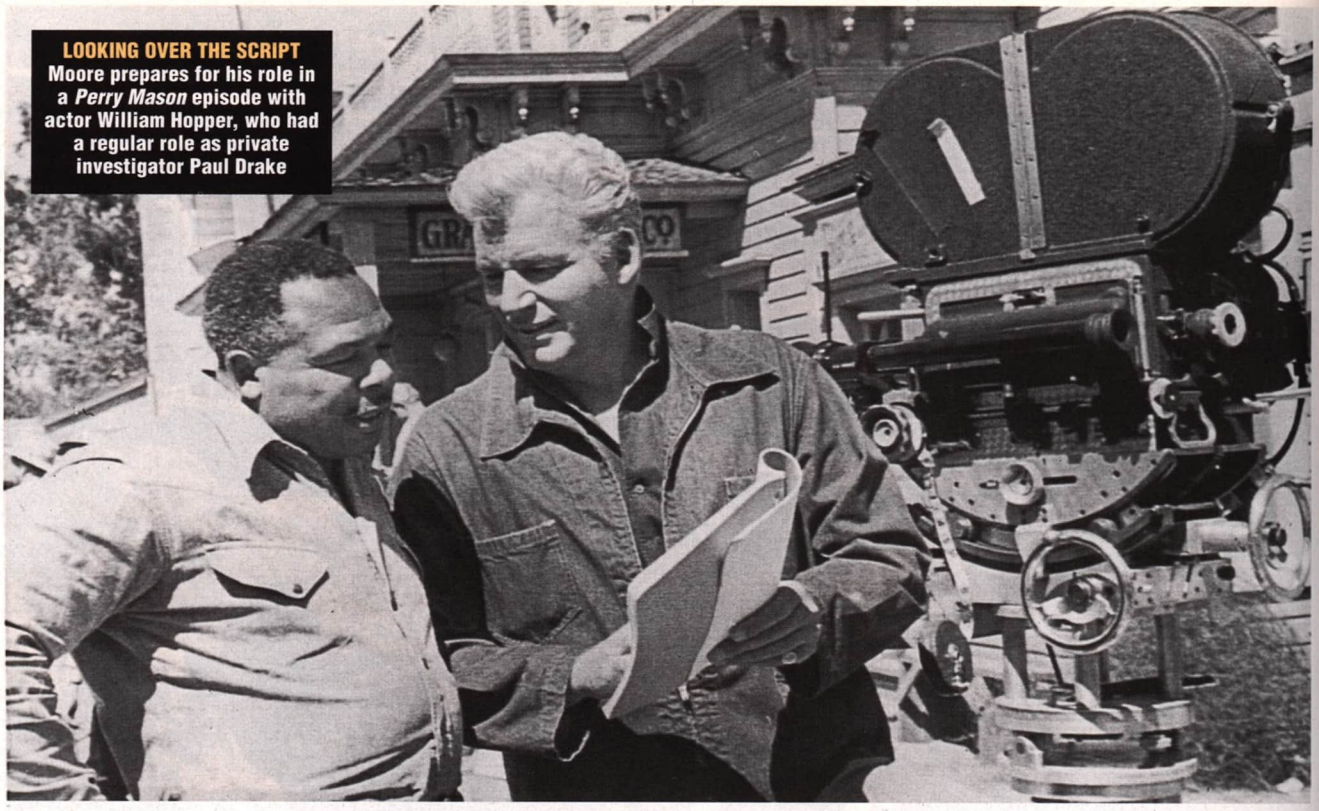
In 1975, Moore was cast in *Breakheart Pass*, a period piece filmed in northern Idaho. Moore played a conniving killer who battled the stone-faced Bronson atop a moving train. There were stunt men standing by, but 62-year-old Moore told them to sit down. Bronson did his own stunts; Moore would too. The scene, which took place during a snowstorm in the Idaho Rockies and required several hours of filming, was the film's centerpiece.

"Having Archie Moore go against Bronson in a hand-to-hand, life-or-death struggle atop a snow-covered railroad car whizzing along 200-foot high wooden trestle bridges in those mountains was a stroke of cinematic brilliance," wrote critic Joe Goodavage.

Moore grew so fond of Lewiston, Idaho, where some of *Breakheart Pass* was filmed, that for the remainder of his life he would visit to take part in town events. Meanwhile, *Breakheart Pass* was well-received by reviewers and audiences. But not even a slashing fight scene with Charles Bronson could help Moore's Hollywood career. Except for a few meaningless cameos and a stint on the daytime drama *Search for Tomorrow*, he was finished as an actor.

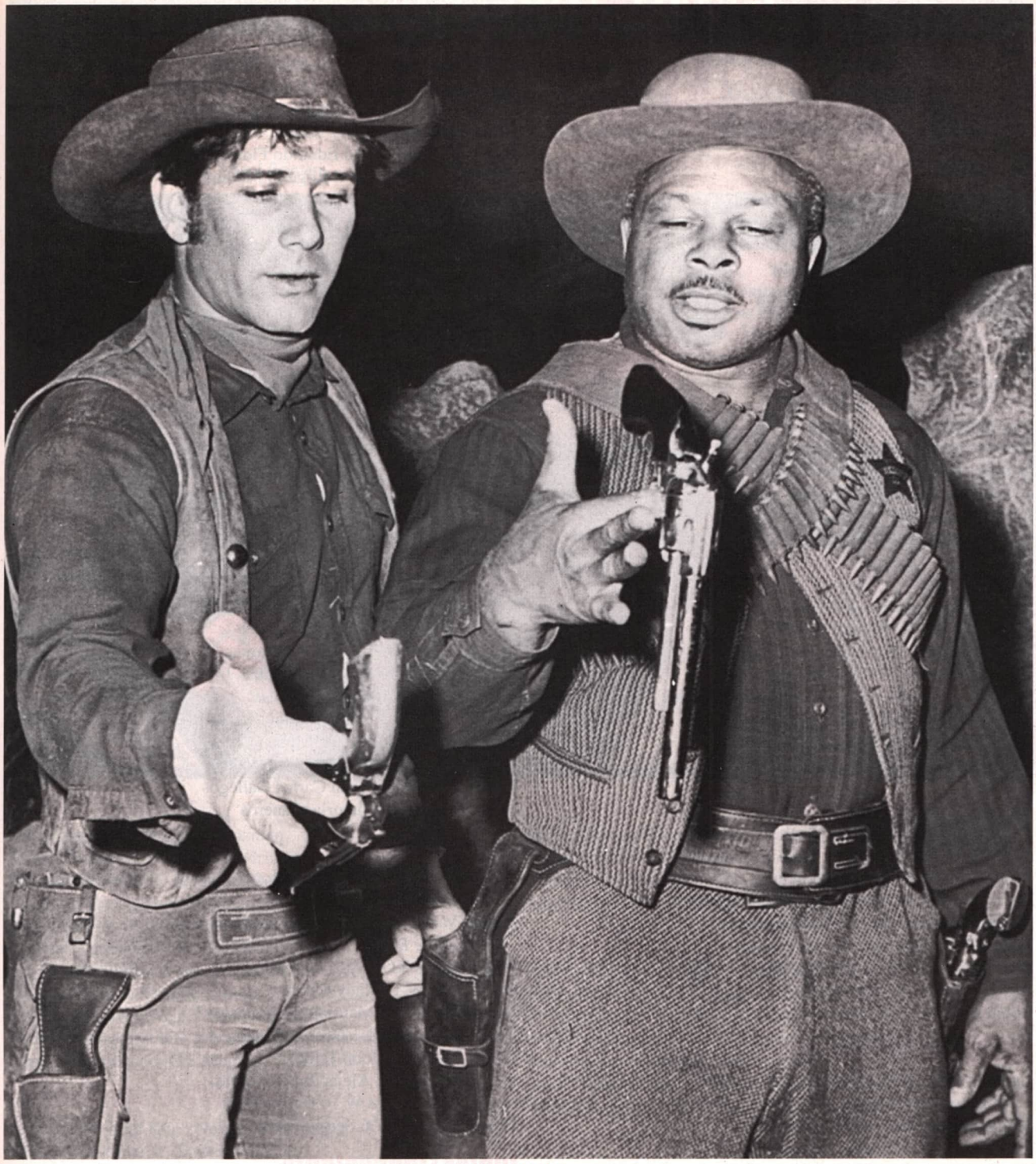
"I'm afraid there's a limit to the number of roles I can play," Moore told *The Montreal Gazette* in 1980. "You have to feel something about the character you're playing, and it was easy for me to identify with Jim."

In some ways Moore was lucky. Most actors never get a great role. Moore got one



LOOKING OVER THE SCRIPT
Moore prepares for his role in a *Perry Mason* episode with actor William Hopper, who had a regular role as private investigator Paul Drake

HEAVY DRAMA
Moore and actor Harry Guardino in a scene from *It's Mental Work*, a 1963 TV version of a John O'Hara story. The screenplay by Rod Serling won an Emmy for "Outstanding Writing Achievement in Drama, Adaptation."



GUNSLINGER
Actor Robert Fuller shows Moore how to twirl his six-shooter in preparation for the boxer's 1963 role in *Wagon Train*.

his first time out as Jim in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Over time, the film enjoyed a better reputation than it had upon its first release. Many still regard it as their favorite of the many Huck Finn movies, thanks largely to Moore's performance, which is probably the best ever given by a boxer in a film.

If it was easy for Moore to identify with Jim, it's because they were kindred spirits. Moore once said of Jim, "He is not an educated man, but he uses his head to accomplish what he needs," describing a quality Moore may have recognized in himself, having used his own brilliant head to navigate through more than two decades of boxing, at a time when the sport was dominated by criminals and racism. "He's like me in one respect," Moore added. "He eventually finds what we're all looking for—freedom." ■

Don Stradley is a freelance writer from Massachusetts and a regular contributor to THE RING.

WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS

Heavyweights

Chris Arreola KO 7 Kendrick Releford
Tony Thompson KO 3 Maurice Harris
Hasim Rahman KO 6 Galen Brown
Kali Meehan KO 1 Michael Kirby
Bermane Stiverne KO 10 Ray Austin
Cedric Boswell W 10 Kertson Manswell
Gonzalo Basile W 10 Miguel Morales
Manuel Charr KO 7 Danny Williams
Francois Botha KO 6 Flo Simba
Tye Fields KO 3 David Whittom
David Rodriguez KO 3 Owen Beck
David Price KO 2 Tom Dallas
Deontay Wilder KO 2 Damon Reed
Alexander Ustinov KO 1 Guido Santana
Franklin Lawrence KO 7 Jason Gavern
Amir Mansour KO 1 Raymond Ochieng

Cruiserweights

Ryan Coyne W 12 David McNemar
Lateef Kayode W 10 Matt Godfrey
Edison Miranda W 8 Rayco Saunders
Richard Hall KO 2 O'Neil Bell
Nenad Borovcanin W 12 Konstantin Semerdjiev
Dmytro Kucher KO 7 Ali Ismailov
Kai Kurzawa KO 3 Armin Dollinger
Valery Brudov KO 2 Jim Franklin

Light Heavyweights

Tavoris Cloud KO 8 Yusaf Mack
(Retains IBF Title)
Zsolt Erdei KO 6 Byron Mitchell
Marco Antonio Rubio KO 3 Ricardo Ramallo
Braimah Kamoko W 12 Vikapita Meroro
Soulan Pownceby KO 11 John Conway
Dawid Kostecki W 10 Lolenga Mock
Badou Jack KO 5 Hajro Sujak
Robin Reid KO 4 Wayne Reed

Super Middleweights

Carl Froch W 12 Glen Johnson
(Retains WBC Title)
Mikkel Kessler KO 6 Mehdi Bouadla
Cory Spinks W 10 Shakir Ashanti
Thomas Oosthuizen W 12 William Gare
Brian Vera KO 8 Eloy Suarez
Gyorgy Marosi KO 5 Gyula Gaspar
Gevorg Khatchikian KO 4 Farouk Daku
Ezequiel Osvaldo Maderna KO 1 Martin Abel Bruer

Middleweights

Felix Sturm W 12 Matthew Macklin
(Retains WBA Title)
Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. W12 Sebastian Zbik
(Wins Vacant WBC Title)
Gennady Golovkin KO 10 Kassim Ouma
Anthony Mundine KO 7 Xavier Toliver
James Kirkland KO 1 Dennis Sharpe
Ossie Duran KO 10 Latif Mundy
Patrick Majewski W 10 Marcus Upshaw
Domonique Dolton W 10 Donatas Bondoravas
Chimwemwe Chiotcha W 10 Alick Mwenda
Caleb Truax W 10 Andy Kolle
Carlos Baldomir W 10 Eduardo Flores
Yori Boy Campas KO 5 Rogelio Medina

Welterweights

Kell Brook W 12 Lovemore N'dou
Mike Jones KO 2 Raul Munoz
Roman Seliverstov W 12 Alexey Evchenko
Chris Van Heerden W 12 Bongani Mwelase
Karim Mayfield KO 10 Steve Forbes
Kenny Galarza W 10 Irving Garcia
Thomas Dulorme W 10 DeMarcus Corley
Diego Ledesma W 10 Rodolfo Martinez
Ramon Alvarez W 10 Alejandro Valladares
Aslanbek Kozaev W 10 Andrei Staliarchuk
David Avanesyan W 10 Ruslan Khayrtdinov
Ricardo Williams Jr. W 8 Arman Ovsepyan
Ricardo Williams Jr. W 6 Chris Gray
Said Ouali KO 3 Dumont Welliver

Junior Welterweights

Devon Alexander W 10 Lucas Matthysse
John Molina TKO 5 Robert Frankel
Lee McAllister W 12 Isaac Quartey
Mauricio Herrera W 10 Mike Dallas Jr.
Nigel Wright W 10 Nicki Smedley
Viktor Postol W 10 Tarik Madni
Javier Castro KO 2 Jesus Pabon
Gabriel Bracero KO 1 Guillermo Valdes
Jason Pagara KO 4 Juan Carlos Gallegos
Holly Holm W 10 Victoria Cisneros

Lightweights

Humberto Soto Tech. Win 11 Motoki Sasaki
(Retains WBC Title)
Miguel Vazquez KO 2 Marlon Aguilar
(Non-Title Bout)
Jorge Linares KO 7 Adrian Verdugo
Gavin Rees W 12 Andy Murray
Johnny Tapia W 8 Mauricio Pastrana
Derry Mathews KO 1 George Watson
Daniel Attah W 6 John Trigg
John Molina KO 3 Alejandro Rodriguez
Logan McGuinness W 10 Daniel Ruiz
Martin Honorio W 6 Sergio Perez

Junior Lightweights

Adrien Broner KO 1 Jason Litzau
Masatoshi Kotani KO 5 Wanpadejseuk Or Benjamad
Gary Russell KO 4 Antonio Meza
Oliver Flores D 8 Abraham Rodríguez
Fahsai Sakkreerin KO 9 Megrino Singwancha
Will Tomlinson KO 7 Bandung Patavikorngym
Godfrey Nzimande KO 5 Thanduxolo Dyani
Andres Gutierrez KO 5 Genaro Camargo
Dante Jardon KO 3 Claudio Tapia
Gamaliel Diaz KO 3 Roberto Tamayo

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Saul Alvarez KO 12 Ryan Rhodes
(Retains WBC Title)

Cornelius Bundrage W 12 Sechew Powell
(Retains IBF Title)

Vanes Martirosyan KO 7 Saul Roman

Austin Trout W 12 David Lopez

Lukas Konecny W 12 Hussein Bayram

Jonathan Gonzalez W 10 Richard Gutierrez

Yudel Johnson W 10 Jose Miguel Torres

Grady Brewer KO 4 Fernando Guerrero

Dakota Stone KO 6 Christy Martin

Alfonso Mosquera KO 3 Arsenio Terrazas

STRAIGHT SHOOTER Junior middleweight Yudel Johnson breaks through the defense of Jose Miguel Torres to land a left in his 10-round decision victory.

PHOTO BY SCOTT FOSTER/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Featherweights

Mikey Garcia KO 4 Rafael Guzman
Sergio Medina W 12 Carlos Rodriguez
Christopher Perez W 12 Carlos Guzman
Gianpiero Contestabile W 12 Francisco Urena
Joe Murray W 12 James Ancliff
Kaewfah Tor Buamas W 12 Falazona Fidal
Choi Tseveenpurev W 10 Jackson Asiku
Lee Glover W 10 Dougie Curran
Rey Bautista Tech. Win 7 Heriberto Ruiz
Medgoen Singsurat KO 3 Wanchana Pattanakarngym
Eduardo Escobedo KO 2 Mauricio Martinez

Junior Featherweights

Fernando Montiel KO 3 Nehomar Cermeno
Jeffrey Mathebula W 12 Oscar Chauke
Horacio Garcia W 10 Arturo Camargo
Chris Avalos W 10 Khabir Suleymanov
Ji-Hwan Lee KO 6 Jong-Won Jung
Tiger Tor Buamas KO 3 Yudi Arema

Bantamweights

Anselmo Moreno KO 8 Lorenzo Parra
(Retains WBA Title)
Jamie McDonnell W 12 Nick Otieno
Gibbon Kamota W 10 Jobson Adams
Leo Santa Cruz KO 5 Jose Carita Lopez

Junior Bantamweights

Omar Narvaez W 12 William Urina
Zolani Tete KO 7 Olebogeng Motseki
Nouldy Manakane KO 6 Phupha Por Nobnom
Ana Maria Torres KO 4 Vannessa Guimaraes

Flyweights

Juan Carlos Reveco KO 2 Jean Piero Perez
Edrin Dapudong KO 4 Benja Loemoli
Chris Edwards W 12 Paul Edwards
Kennedy Kanyanta KO 3 Kudakwashe Mwadziwana
Fernando Lumacad KO 2 Ricky Sabia
Oscar Blanquet KO 1 Orlando Garcia
Toshiyuki Igarashi Tech. Win 8 Kenji Yoshida

Junior Flyweights

Giovani Segura KO 1 Eddy Zuniga
(Non-Title Bout)
Pedro Guevara D 12 Mario Rodriguez
Yuki Chinen W 10 Rambo Korat Sport School
Randy Petalcurin KO 1 Yodchingchai Sithkonnapha
Yesica Bopp KO 9 Yesenia Castrejon

Strawweights

Wanheng Menayothin W 12 Florante Condes
Armando Torres KO 9 Ivan Meneses
Paipharob Kokietgym KO 4 Rino Ukru

RINGSIDE REPORTS

Compiled by Don Stewart

MATCH STATS

Division: Junior Middleweight
Location: Guadalajara, Mexico
Date: June 18, 2011 • **Television:** HBO
Promoters: Golden Boy Promotions, Canelo Promotions, Hatton Promotions
Referee: Hector Afu (Panama)

Saul Alvarez
Age: 20 • **Weight:** 153¼
Residence: Juanacatlan, Mexico
Birthplace: Tlajomulco de Zuniga, Mexico
Record: 37-0-1 (27)
RING Ranking: 4

Ryan Rhodes
Age: 34 • **Weight:** 152½
Residence: Sheffield, United Kingdom
Birthplace: Sheffield, United Kingdom
Record: 45-5 (31)

Saul Alvarez KO 12 Ryan Rhodes

Fighting with a level of composure and control far beyond his years, Alvarez stopped Rhodes at 48 seconds of round 12 to retain his WBC junior middleweight belt for the first time before approximately 12,000 hometown fans at Arena VFG.

The comparisons to recently inducted Hall of Famer Julio Cesar Chavez are obvious, but, on this night, his approach resembled that of Sugar Ray Leonard's against Marvelous Marvin Hagler: Study your opponent from a distance, throw two or three combinations per round, and make each of those combos count. That strategy carried "Canelo" to an early lead that set the stage for the fireworks that followed.

One such combination punctuated his early dominance and scored the fight's only knockdown. With 51 seconds remaining in the fourth, Alvarez uncorked a straight right lead, a hard double jab, and a right behind the ear that dropped Rhodes for a two-count and opened a small slice under the challenger's left eye.

Rhodes entered the fight at the number four spot in THE RING ratings. His bag of veteran tricks was supposed to test Alvarez' acumen, but, like a thoroughly prepared student, "Canelo" had the answers even before Rhodes could ask the questions. His quick combinations had the telltale thump of heavy hands, and their unpredictable sequences left Rhodes guessing as to when and where the next set of cluster bombs would be launched. The resulting hesitation kept Rhodes a step behind all night, both strategically and mathematically.

Rhodes tried to pick up his pace in the seventh, but Alvarez was more than up to the task as he continued to bang in machine-gun flurries. For his troubles, Rhodes acquired another cut, this time under the right eye.

Alvarez set the table for the stoppage to come in the eighth by throwing more flurries and digging harder to the body. The accumulated punishment slowed Rhodes' legs, curbed his output, and virtually eliminated any lingering chances of victory.

"You might as well get knocked out in this last round because it makes no difference," trainer Dave Coldwell told Rhodes before the 12th. "You've lost every round. Hands up, stay orthodox, and let yourself go. Do yourself proud. Chin down and fire up!"

But it was Alvarez who came out firing with both hands and this time he didn't take his foot off the gas. A dazzling six-punch combo forced Rhodes to back off, and a follow-up five-punch volley prompted referee Hector Afu to intervene.

ONE-SIDED AFFAIR
Alvarez punished Rhodes en route to TKO victory

PHOTO BY JUAN MEJIA/LATIN CONTENT/GETTY IMAGES

Adrien Broner KO 1 Jason Litzau

When Broner signed to fight Litzau on the Alvarez-Rhodes undercard, the suits at HBO granted him a rare and valuable opportunity—a second chance to make a good first impression.

His initial outing on HBO's airwaves—a unanimous but unpopular decision win against Daniel Ponce De Leon in March—might have enhanced Broner's unblemished record, but it also was a marketing flop. Many felt Ponce De Leon's consistent effort should have trumped Broner's Mayweather-esque dips, slips, and spurts. So his return to the network inspired a mixture of skepticism and dread.

Meanwhile, Litzau was riding the biggest wave of his nine-year professional career. The surge began last April when he won a surprising seventh-round technical decision against Rocky Juarez on the Bernard Hopkins-Roy Jones II pay-per-view. That led to a November date against longtime 122-pound titlist Celestino Caballero, who hadn't lost in 7½ years. "The American Boy" posted a split decision victory as a 13-to-1 underdog that was named THE RING's Upset of the Year, and there was talk that the only roadblock between him and a title shot was Broner.

In the end, the 21-year-old Broner wasn't a roadblock—he was a steamroller. But before he flattened Litzau, Broner spent most of the first round warming up his engine.

The only serious punch in the opening round was Litzau's heavy right to the ribs, and by the midway point, the fighters were awash in jeers. That all changed with 13 seconds remaining after Broner's crunching right caused Litzau's legs to sag ever so slightly. That was all Broner needed to see, for Litzau's momentary flash of weakness triggered a fusillade that Litzau tried to duck and dodge along the ropes.

Though most of Broner's bombs missed their target, those that landed did so with tremendous impact. A hook-overhand right knocked out Litzau's mouthpiece, while a thunderous right uppercut-left hook knocked out everything else.

QUICKIE!
Broner finished Litzau in less than a round

PHOTO BY TOM HOGAN/GOLDEN BOY PROMOTIONS

Seeing Litzau's helpless state, referee Curtis Thrasher stopped the fight without a count at the 2:58 mark.

Broner's 10th career first-round knockout was by far his most impressive given the opponent and the stakes. The Cincinnati, Ohio, native had to produce a signature performance to justify his continued presence on premium cable, and he delivered like the champion he aspires to be.

MATCH STATS

	Adrien Broner	Jason Litzau
Division: Junior Lightweight	**Age:** 21 • **Weight:** 128½	**Age:** 27
Location: Guadalajara, Mexico	**Residence:** Cincinnati, OH	**Weight:** 129¾
Date: June 18, 2011	**Birthplace:** Cincinnati, OH	**Residence:** St. Paul, MN
Television: HBO	**Record:** 21-0 (17)	**Birthplace:** St. Paul, MN
Promoters: Golden Boy Promotions, Canelo Promotions, Hatton Promotions	**RING Ranking:** 10	**Record:** 28-3 (21)
Referee: Curtis Thrasher (Colorado)		

Luis Del Valle W 10 Dat Nguyen

Headlining on the eve of the Puerto Rican Day Parade in New York—a rite of passage for Boricua boxers—Del Valle captured a 10-round unanimous decision against Nguyen with relative ease in the *ShoBox* main event from the Roseland Ballroom.

The match was part of a second straight night of boxing featuring Puerto Rican fighters, dubbed "Boricua Invasion 2," with the prior night's show televised as part of ESPN2's *Friday Night Fights*.

Del Valle, co-promoted by Lou DiBella and Gary Shaw, was taking by far his biggest step up in class in Dat "Be Dat," the once-undefeated native of Vietnam. Del Valle looked to outpunch the Buddy McGirt-trained Nguyen from the onset as the pair displayed volume punching in exchanges throughout the opening stanza.

In the second, Nguyen took to the body of "Orlandito," looking to slow down the Boricua firecracker. Del Valle responded by focusing his attack on the midsection of Nguyen, mixing it up to his head and body in succession with great effect. Del Valle suffered a cut under his right eye in the round but still got the better of his foe.

In the fifth, Del Valle rocked Nguyen badly with a left and pushed him to the ropes. He pounced on his wobbly foe as Nguyen ate the punches while referee Steve Smoger looked on. Nguyen withstood punishment for about a minute, with nary a punch returned, and made it out of the round without going down.

As the rounds went on, Nguyen went to the ropes frequently, allowing Del Valle to press the action while Nguyen looked to counter, trying to set traps. But Nguyen wasn't first, and Del Valle's punch output proved to be too much for Nguyen. In the end, Nguyen's lack of head movement and punch output were no match for Del Valle's accurate volume punching as the Puerto Rico native cruised to a unanimous decision.

Judges Julie Lederman, Steve Weisfeld, and John McKaie, all of New York, each scored it 99-91 for Orlandito. THE RING had the same tally.

"I came in a little rusty; I hadn't fought in a while, and I couldn't pull the trigger in there," said Nguyen, who was coming off a 20-month layoff. "He's a pretty good, aggressive fighter. I knew exactly what he was coming in for, but I wasn't ready."

Del Valle, his first major win behind him, plans to campaign at junior featherweight moving forward.

"Every time he tried to bait me on the ropes, I kept spinning him around, and he wasn't able to deal with me," Del Valle said. "We're definitely moving down to 122. I weighed in at 124, but it won't be a problem making [the weight]. Everybody down there that has belts, make sure they hold them tight 'cause I'm ready."

Mike Coppinger

Denis Lebedev KO 10 Roy Jones

Some veterans, such as Bernard Hopkins and Glen Johnson, are still fighting at a world-class level well into their forties. Jones isn't one of them. In what many hope will be his last fight, the 42-year-old Jones made $500,000 to travel to Russia and get pummeled by cruiserweight contender Lebedev at the Sport Complex Krylatskoe.

Though Jones was competitive early, the end was vicious and left many calling for the former pound-for-pound ruler to retire. The 1988 US Olympian is struggling with financial issues, however, and could continue fighting despite suffering his third-straight loss.

"I don't give up easy," Jones told Fightnews.com. "I still might come back."

The southpaw Lebedev, who was coming off his first career loss, a disputed split decision in Germany to beltholder Marco Huck last December, was the aggressor throughout. His volume punching was a stark contrast to the output of Jones, who focused on countering with what remained of his speed. He often fought with his back to the ropes.

Jones, a 3-1 underdog fighting at the heaviest weight of his career, gave Lebedev problems in the early rounds. He landed the cleaner punches and caught the Russian's attention on a few occasions with counters. The larger Lebedev continued to pressure Jones, however, and a hard combination late in the fourth seemed to change the momentum.

For the most part, Jones spent the remainder of the fight in retreat, with Lebedev stalking and often punishing the American against the ropes. Jones tried opening up in the final 30 seconds of rounds in an attempt to steal points, and, in the last 10 seconds of the ninth, he succeeded in momentarily stunning Lebedev with a counter left hook to the chin. Jones started more aggressively in the 10th, but a recovered Lebedev quickly pinned him back against the ropes.

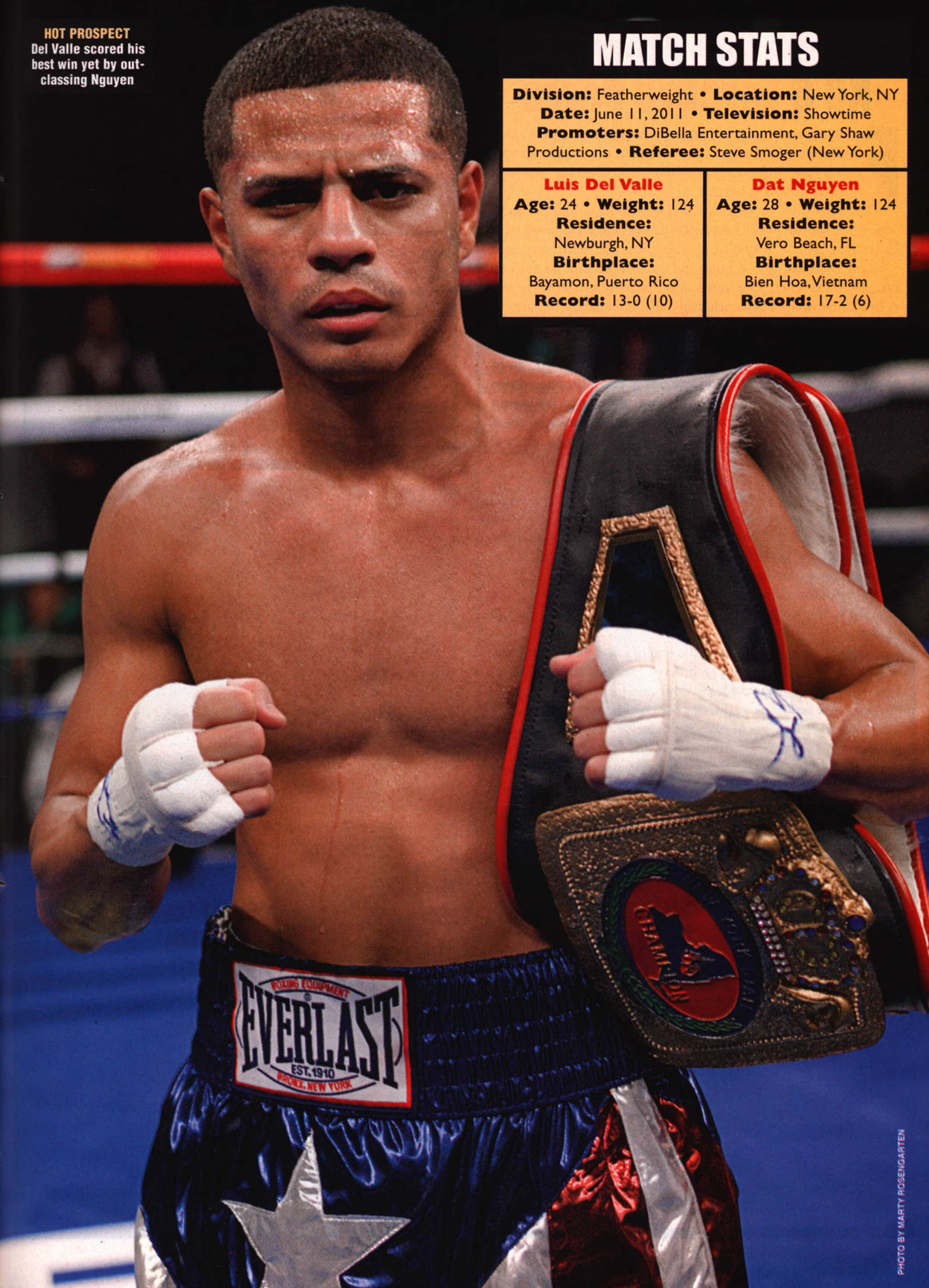
In the final seconds of the fight, Lebedev split Jones' guard with a double jab, then bashed him with a looping right to the head. Jones was out on his feet, his back against the ropes. Lebedev quickly followed up with two left uppercuts and a left hook to the head. With ref Steve Smoger still hesitating, Lebedev got off one last unnecessary right hook to the chin that sent an unconscious Jones crashing face first to the floor. He remained there for several minutes as doctors tended to him.

The time of the stoppage was 2:59. Keith Hughes (USA) somehow had Jones ahead 86-85 entering the 10th, while Daniel Van de Wiele (Belgium) saw it 87-84 and Evgeny Gorstkov (Russia) had it 90-81, both for Lebedev, who appeared headed for a showdown with THE RING third-ranked cruiserweight Krzysztof Wlodarczyk. Meanwhile, Jones is 5-7 and has been stopped four times in his last 12 bouts.

MATCH STATS

Division: Cruiserweight • **Location:** Moscow, Russia • **Date:** May 21, 2011
Promoters: Vladimir Hrunov, Square Ring • **Referee:** Steve Smoger (USA)

Denis Lebedev	Roy Jones
Age: 31 • **Weight:** 199¾	**Age:** 42
Residence: Chekhov, Russia	**Weight:** 198¼
Birthplace: Stary Oskol, Russia	**Residence:** Pensacola, FL
Record: 22-1 (17)	**Birthplace:** Pensacola, FL
RING Ranking: 4	**Record:** 54-8 (40)



HOT PROSPECT
Del Valle scored his best win yet by outclassing Nguyen

MATCH STATS

Division: Featherweight • **Location:** New York, NY
Date: June 11, 2011 • **Television:** Showtime
Promoters: DiBella Entertainment, Gary Shaw Productions • **Referee:** Steve Smoger (New York)

Luis Del Valle	Dat Nguyen
Age: 24 • **Weight:** 124	**Age:** 28 • **Weight:** 124
Residence: Newburgh, NY	**Residence:** Vero Beach, FL
Birthplace: Bayamon, Puerto Rico	**Birthplace:** Bien Hoa, Vietnam
Record: 13-0 (10)	**Record:** 17-2 (6)

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

Anselmo Moreno KO 8 Lorenzo Parra

For those wishing to see top-ranked Nonito Donaire meet the winner of Showtime's bantamweight tournament for the vacant RING 118-pound championship, "Chemito" Moreno is an inconvenient factor.

The Panamanian is rated second by THE RING, and for good reason. He appears to be nearing his prime at age 25, having won 25-straight fights. Moreno's only loss came via four-round split decision in his eighth pro bout, and he avenged that blemish by kayo five fights later. Moreno has also made eight defenses of the WBA bantamweight belt, including a dull domination of Parra at the Arena Roberto Duran.

Parra, a 6½ to 1 underdog, was coming off a draw to Jorge Arce last September that didn't look so bad in hindsight, given Arce's recent upset of Wilfredo Vazquez Jr. Parra dropped down from 122 pounds for the shot at Moreno and was at his lowest weight in four years. After the opening bell rang, however, he spent most of the bout fighting as if he'd wished he'd remained at home in Venezuela.

The 5'8" southpaw Moreno had no trouble dominating the 5'4½" Parra from a distance with his speed and reach. The reluctant Parra remained on the outside, leading to a tedious affair that won't be anywhere near the candidates list for Fight of the Year. The Venezuelan had his moments in the third, when he caught Moreno coming forward a couple times, but, otherwise, it was a dreadfully one-sided encounter. Moreno taunted Parra to come forward in the later rounds, but Parra chose to remain on the outside.

The fight ended mercifully at the end of the eighth when Parra withdrew, citing a hand injury. If Parra had indeed suffered an injured paw, it might explain his reluctance to engage the taller Moreno, who was back in the ring for the first time since pulling out a split decision against Nehomar Cermeno in their rematch last August.

"In this victory over Parra, everything happened as we thought it would," Moreno told BoxingScene.com. "I want one more fight, and, by 2012, we are going after Nonito Donaire."

MATCH STATS

Division: Bantamweight
Location: Panama City, Panama
Date: June 17, 2011
Promoter: Promociones/Eventos del Istmo
Referee: Raul Caiz Sr. (USA)

Anselmo Moreno
Age: 25 • **Weight:** 118
Residence: San Miguelito, Panama
Birthplace: El Martillo, Panama
Record: 31-1-1 (11)
RING Ranking: 2

Lorenzo Parra
Age: 32 • **Weight:** 118
Residence: Aragua, Venezuela
Birthplace: Machiques, Venezuela
Record: 31-3-1 (18)

THE SON ALSO RISES

Location: Los Angeles, CA
Date: June 4, 2011 • **Television:** HBO
Promoters: Top Rank, Zanfer Promotions

MATCH STATS

Division: Featherweight
Referee: Wayne Hedgpeth (New Jersey)

Mikey Garcia
Age: 23
Weight: 127
Residence: Oxnard, California
Record: 26-0 (22)
RING Ranking: 10

Rafael Guzman
Age: 25
Weight: 125¾
Residence: Guadalajara, Mexico
Birthplace: Guadalajara, Mexico
Record: 28-3 (22)

MIGHTY MIKEY Garcia sends Guzman to the floor

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

Mikey Garcia KO 4 Rafael Guzman

Guzman was a late replacement for 21-year-old Miguel Beltran, who pulled out with an injured wrist. The new opponent was also approved for primetime by HBO, which wants to please Top Rank's Bob Arum, the promoter of superstar cash register Manny Pacquiao. Guzman had been training for another fight and was presumably prepared to meet Garcia on the Julio Cesar Chavez Jr.-Sebastian Zbik undercard at the Staples Center.

Boxer-puncher Garcia, from a solid boxing family headquartered just north of Los Angeles, has made a name for himself, mostly with his blistering right hand. After they felt each other out for a while, Garcia staggered his opponent with a big hook in the closing seconds of round one. Garcia answered back with a shot to the kidney, for which the referee warned him.

Garcia, throwing hooks and jabs, began finding an occasional home for his right in round two and cut Guzman over his right eye. In the next round, a determined Guzman came forward with combinations, driving Garcia to the corner, but Garcia blocked all of it. In the fourth round, both fighters were landing in spirited exchanges, but Garcia's shots were more effective, and Guzman finally retreated. After a crushing one-two sent Guzman down hard, he started to get up and fell again. Referee Wayne Hedgpeth called it over.

"I was happy he came to fight," Garcia said. "He was reaching in, so I landed left hooks, but he wouldn't go down. Finally I put him out with a right hand."

Garcia seemed utterly sincere as he called out all the titlists in a talented division, including fierce Cuban Yuriorkis Gamboa. Asked if he had a preference, Garcia declared, "I don't want to disrespect anybody, but it doesn't matter. I fight my style. I stay patient and calm, and I make the fight my fight."

Arum said he was angling for the vacant IBF belt and then a unification match with another titlist. "If HBO or Showtime doesn't have dates open, we have dates," he said defiantly, adding he was quite willing to put his rising star on pay-per-view without any network. How considerate. Let fans pay extra.

Ivan Goldman

Vanes Martirosyan KO 7 Saul Roman

Undefeated rising star Martirosyan never seemed to run out of energy in his untelevised bout on the Julio Cesar Chavez Jr.-Sebastian Zbik undercard, but he was up against a tough opponent and got battered and bruised in a close fight that ended suddenly.

Martirosyan was backing up Roman with textbook combinations in an active first round when he made a mistake and paid. He came forward, his left was carelessly low, and Roman tagged him with a sweetheart of a right hand-left hook combination that sent him to the canvas. It was an excellent reminder to Martirosyan that he wasn't up against easy pickings.

Martirosyan regained control only in spots, as round after round both men shrugged off shots and answered back, giving the Staples Center fans their money's worth. In the seventh round, only moments before the fight ended, Roman managed to drive his opponent back to the ropes and punish him. But Martirosyan was chopping down the proverbial tree, and Roman was at the wrong end of one slice too many. A right hand put Roman down, and, after rising from the canvas, he couldn't keep the 2004 Olympian off him. Punch after accurate punch rained down, and referee Jon Schorle stepped in at 2:58 of the round to protect Roman from further punishment.

Later Martirosyan told reporters that his backing up was a ruse to get his opponent to come to him. "I think tonight I made a statement," he added. Asked if his swollen nose was broken, he smiled and replied, "No, it's just an Armenian nose."

Martirosyan wants a shot at the belt of Saul "Canelo" Alvarez, and, according to the WBC rules, he ought to get it. The WBC has bent or broken its own rules many times in the past, but this time WBC *presidente* Jose Sulaiman might obey them to keep Alvarez busy so he won't seek an all-Mexican war with Chavez Jr., who was crowned with Sulaiman's middleweight belt on the same card.

Ivan Goldman

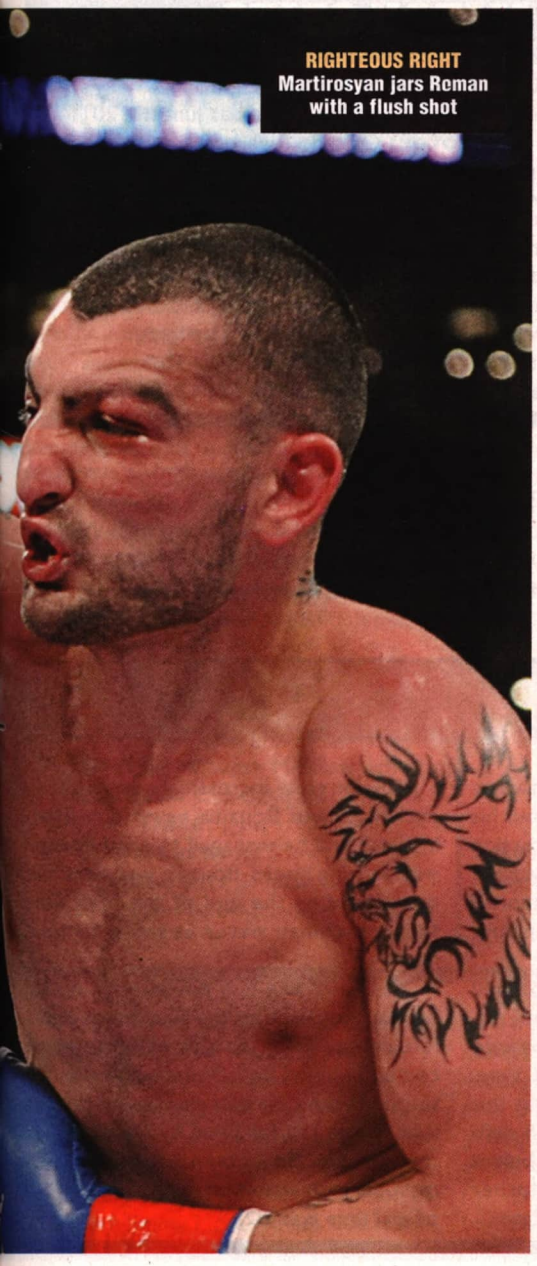
PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

MATCH STATS

Division: Junior Middleweight
Referee: Jon Schorle (California)

Vanes Martirosyan
Age: 25 • **Weight:** 153½
Residence: Glendale, California
Birthplace: Abovyan, Armenia
Record: 30-0 (19)
Ring Ranking: 6

Saul Roman
Age: 30 • **Weight:** 153
Residence: Tijuana, Mexico
Birthplace: Culiacan, Mexico
Record: 34-9 (29)



RIGHTEOUS RIGHT
Martirosyan jars Reman with a flush shot

Tomas Rojas KO 11 Juan Jose Montes

On the same night 46-year-old Bernard Hopkins made history by outpointing Jean Pascal in Canada, another grizzled veteran used guile, ring craft, and superior conditioning to outclass his younger rival and retain his belt at Metropolitan Arena.

WBC junior bantamweight beltholder Rojas—a pro for half his life—built a huge lead against 21-year-old challenger "Goofy" Montes behind a steady and varied attack. The punishment proved too much for Montes, who retired on his stool between rounds 11 and 12. Rojas, who had fallen short against Vic Darchinyan, Jorge Arce, Anselmo Moreno, Gerry Penalosa, Luis Maldonado, and Cristian Mijares, has won his last five fights while notching his second successful defense.

Montes, the WBC "youth" titlist since October 2009 and the owner of a 12-fight winning streak, enjoyed pockets of success against the elongated 5'8" southpaw, but, during those rare times when he managed to corner Rojas, the beltholder smartly spun away to center ring and reestablished his dominant long-range attack.

A concussive head clash early in the third caused Montes to sink to the canvas, but, miraculously, no cuts appeared. Montes inspired cheers from his contingent after landing a solid left to Rojas' chin, but the defending titlist again rebounded comprehensively enough to bank his third-straight stanza.

Montes never abandoned his dogged pursuit, even as Rojas piled up points. As the fight wore on, however, Rojas' ring generalship was peppered with bursts of strength. A counter hook as he pivoted away from the ropes in the fifth stopped Montes in his tracks, as did a dazzling head-and-body barrage in the sixth and a scything left that nearly doubled over Montes in the seventh. To make matters worse, referee Rocky Burke penalized Montes in the ninth for ducking his head below Rojas' waist one too many times—a mortal sin in the amateurs but a rarely called violation in the pros.

Confronted with a mathematical avalanche on the card and swelling under both eyes, Montes went for broke in the 10th and 11th, but the old titlist slipped, blocked, clinched, and countered his way out of trouble.

An attack highlighted by a left to the stomach caused Montes to retreat across the ring late in the 11th, and Rojas' follow-up volleys had Montes on the edge of competitive extinction. And so it came to be when his corner called off the fight between rounds.

MATCH STATS

Division: Junior Bantamweight • **Location:** Tuxtla Gutierrez, Mexico
Date: May 21, 2011 • **Television:** Azteca America
Promoters: Zanfer Promotions, Mp Deportiva, Gobierno De Chiapas
Referee: Rocky Burke (New Mexico)

Tomas Rojas
Age: 30 • **Weight:** 115
Residence: Veracruz, Mexico
Birthplace: Veracruz, Mexico
Record: 36-12-1 (23)
Ring Ranking: 2

Juan Jose Montes
Age: 21 • **Weight:** 115
Residence: Guadalajara, Mexico
Birthplace: Guadalajara, Mexico
Record: 19-2 (12)

Omar Narvaez W 12 William Urina

Narvaez sat in his dressing room afterward, a big bag full of ice on his left hand. "I don't know, but it hurts," he said of the sore hand. "It hurt bad since the second or third round. Urina is strong, is difficult; he is not predictable, and, *Jesus*, he can hit! In the eighth, he hooked me and, for a moment, I was dizzy. But I regained my focus and I think I won the round."

Somebody asked him if he had seen the punch. "You never see the hand that hits you, but I could see it on the big screens of the stadium during the minute of rest. Yes, I saw the hand; it was powerful."

Narvaez was asked to confirm that he was actually watching the screen from his corner between rounds. "Why not, you must use the technology, man!" replied "El Huracán."

With approximately 12,000 fans at Luna Park watching, Narvaez outpointed Colombian challenger Urina by unanimous verdict to defend his WBO junior bantamweight belt. The stadium has hosted such fights as Carlos Monzon-Bennie Briscoe (twice), Archie Moore-Dogomar Martinez, and Victor Galindez-Len Hutchins, and has been visited by Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, and, on this night, Evander Holyfield. It played host to the popular Narvaez for the seventh time though this one was not a show, it was a brawl.

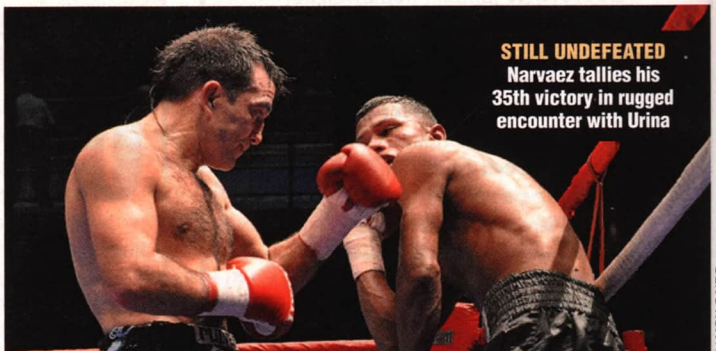
Narvaez won clearly. To put it simply, he was the man who landed the most punches. Urina got this shot despite dropping a 12-round unanimous decision in his previous bout, five months before, to the unheralded Johnny Garcia. Still, he was determined enough to give Narvaez a very good fight.

A hard-hitting boxer, Urina has not style or school, but he knows how to fight. Ten years younger than Narvaez, Urina was determined to win the fight with good or bad manners. (The referee, Roberto Ramirez, deducted one point from Urina in the sixth for low blows.) And Narvaez, who is an excellent counter puncher, had difficulties thanks to Urina's strategy of waiting for the beltholder to punch first. It created a role reversal for Narvaez, who had to press the action and dodge Urina's counterpunches.

The scorecards were the same and unanimous: Luis Romio and Luis Alberto Doffi (both from Argentina) and Ignacio Robles (Panama) each had it 117-110 for Narvaez, who made the third defense of the belt he won in May 2010.

The exam results were released a couple of days after the fight: Narvaez had a broken left hand, which will keep him out for at least three months. That's a long wait for a man who is already 35 years old.

Carlos Irusta



STILL UNDEFEATED
Narvaez tallies his 35th victory in rugged encounter with Urina

PHOTO BY RAMON CAIRO

MATCH STATS

Division: Junior Bantamweight
Location: Buenos Aires, Argentina • **Date:** June 11, 2011
Promoter: Osvaldo Rivero
Referee: Roberto Ramírez (Puerto Rico)

Omar Narváez	William Urina
Age: 35	**Age:** 25 • **Weight:** 114¼
Weight: 114¾	**Residence:**
Residence: Trelew, Argentina.	Barranquilla, Colombia
Birthplace: Trelew, Argentina	**Birthplace:**
Record: 35-0-2 (19)	Barranquilla, Colombia
Ring Ranking: 3	**Record:** 17-2-0 (14)

Mikkel Kessler KO 6 Mehdi Bouadla

It is no exaggeration to describe Kessler as one of the biggest sporting attractions in Denmark, especially after his comeback fight following eye problems drew rave reviews and was said to garner an impressive 66-percent television market share in his native country.

Designated victim Bouadla entered confidently to resounding boos by a reported 12,500 Kessler fanatics in a packed, rowdy Parken Stadium. The affair had a highly nationalistic energy, but the enthusiastic swarm showed little class as they jeered the visitor's French anthem.

There was good, immediate two-way action. Both men stayed busy and tried to establish control with the jab. Bouadla was aggressive and blocked many shots, but his offense sputtered after the second session as Kessler's quick lefts set up short right crosses and uppercuts. Kessler scored consistently with left hooks up and down.

In the third, a snapping right dropped Bouadla hard, and he lost a proper, no-nonsense point for spitting out his mouthpiece in an attempt to gain some time. Kessler poured on heavy leather, but Bouadla showed brave durability in defiance of the screaming audience. Just before the end of the fourth frame, another sweeping right sent Bouadla down again.

Kessler grew increasingly dominant in exchanges, but Bouadla never quit fighting back and he managed to scuff Kessler with lunging hooks. Bouadla was hurt and outclassed by the end of the fifth. Still, the Frenchman never seemed to lose heart.

Kessler broke him down in round six with inside chops to the ribs then a right-left combination to the ears. Another combo plopped Bouadla to the canvas for the third time. Kessler continued digging lefts to the gut, followed by right crosses that dumped Bouadla to a knee, and formalities were waved off appropriately. The official time was 2:25.

Chad Dawson W 12 Adrian Diaconu

Light heavyweight contender Dawson, in grudgingly stepping aside to let the Bernard Hopkins-Jean Pascal rematch happen, deserved enormous respect for risking a guaranteed title shot against the winner by squaring off with the always dangerous Diaconu in Diaconu's hometown on the Hopkins-Pascal II undercard at the Bell Centre.

So frustrated was Dawson by his restrained performance in losing to Pascal last August that he jettisoned trainer Eddie Mustafa Muhammad for offensive specialist Emanuel Steward, the impact of which was seen almost immediately against Diaconu. Steward had Dawson, normally a mover who utilizes his height and wingspan, standing in the pocket and setting down on punches, which made him more vulnerable, if more knockout-capable, and far more intriguing to watch.

Sporting the Kronk gold, southpaw Dawson opened the match fighting tall and asserting a spearing jab that set up a number of power shots and several crisp combinations. While Diaconu managed to reach Dawson with the occasional blow in response, the opening rounds were, in reality, quite muted. Largely dominated by Dawson, the only drama occurred late in round two when a sharp left buckled Diaconu, sending him wobbling a few steps backward.

Though Dawson remained the sharper puncher, by round four, Diaconu was landing with his own right hand and beginning to score with short, rapid combinations. Diaconu took the fifth as well, but Dawson reclaimed control in the sixth with steady combination work that was as effective as it was seemingly uninspired.

Still, if Dawson is to be faulted, it is because he is able to dominate top-tier opponents despite a lack of passion in his game. He controlled most of the next several rounds, landing solid combinations and timing his left uppercut, in a display that played to his advantages in height and speed. Diaconu, his eyes reddening, tried desperately to remain competitive but rarely could muster more than single blows that occasionally broke Dawson's gated defense.

MATCH STATS

Division: Light Heavyweight • **Location:** Montreal, Canada
Date: May 21, 2011 • **Television:** HBO
Promoters: Golden Boy Promotions, Groupe Yvon Michel (GYM)
Referee: Michael Griffin (Canada)

Chad Dawson	Adrian Diaconu
Age: 28	**Age:** 32
Weight: 173	**Weight:** 174½
Residence: New Haven, CT	**Residence:** Montreal, Canada
Birthplace: Hartsville, SC	**Birthplace:** Ploiesti, Romania
Record: 30-1 (17)	**Record:** 27-3 (15)
Ring Ranking: 3	**Ring Ranking:** 6

Reprieve came in round nine for Diaconu, however, after he weathered whipping combinations early and stormed back to leave Dawson teetering from a clean right, though the American rallied to close the round strong. Diaconu, seeming to catch a second wind, and mindful the fight was slipping from his grasp, started round 11 by cutting off the ring and forcing the exchanges. The 12th saw Diaconu similarly attacking, scoring with several right leads, though the unshakable Dawson exchanged hooks and uppercuts with him down the stretch despite having comfortably cinched the victory on the cards.

All three Canadian judges saw it one-sidedly for Dawson: Benoit Roussel 118-110, Claude Paquette 117-111, and Jack Woodburn 116-112. The Ring agreed with Woodburn's tally.

"It takes time. We have only been together six to seven weeks," said Dawson, commenting on adjusting to his new trainer Steward, before lauding his opponent. "Adrian was a slick fighter. He threw a lot of looping shots, and he is strong. I tried to control the pace of the fight and dictate what was going on."

Hopkins-Dawson will reportedly take place sometime this fall, possibly at the Bell Centre.

Paul Salgado

MATCH STATS

Division: Super Middleweight
Location: Copenhagen, Denmark
Date: June 4, 2011
Television: Showtime
Promoter: Sauerland Event
Referee: Manuel Maritxalas (Spain)

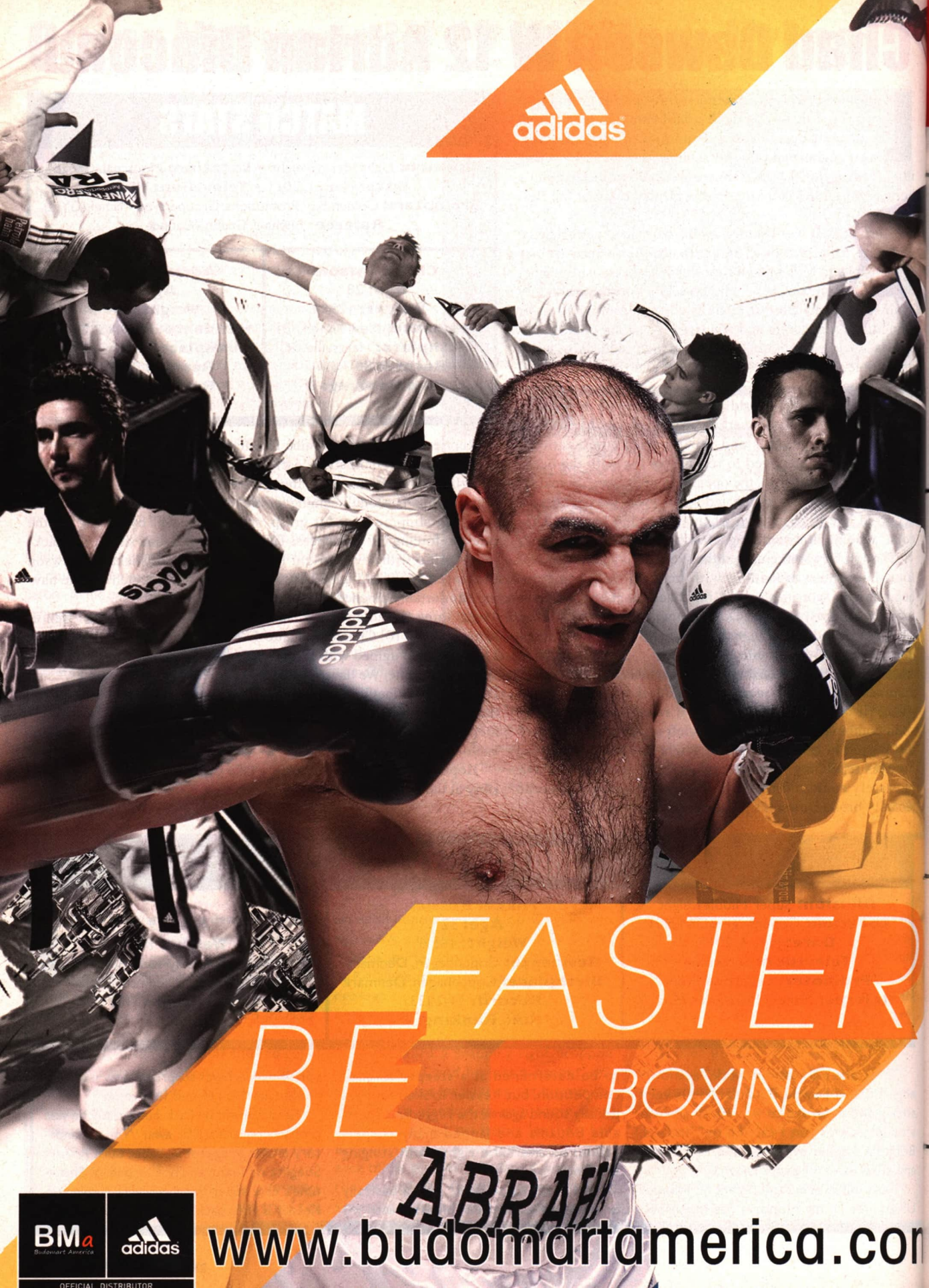
Mikkel Kessler	Mehdi Bouadla
Age: 32	**Age:** 29
Weight: 166½	**Weight:** 166
Residence: Copenhagen, Denmark	**Residence:** Aulnay-sous-Bois, France
Birthplace: Copenhagen, Denmark	**Birthplace:** Villepinte, France
Record: 44-2 (33)	**Record:** 22-4 (10)
Ring Ranking: 4	

"My game plan did not work," acknowledged the unbowed Bouadla. "He is very strong and deserved to win. He caught me a couple times, but I carried on." Indeed, Bouadla's game effort gained respectful applause from a hostile crowd.

How much effect the recent addition of US trainer Jimmy Montoya has had is still to be determined at a steeper level of competition, but Kessler looked foundationally sound against the ruggedly respectable Bouadla and landed many corner-prompted overhand rights with stinging efficiency.

"It's great to be back," said a basically unmarked Kessler. "I'm pleased with my performance. I was surprised how much he could take. He refused to give up."

Kessler might be back, but actually he was probably never that far away. With a mandatory challenge against alphabet titlist Robert Stieglitz or featured shot at one of Showtime's elite super-middleweights coming up, Kessler is right back on the ringside radar.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March 1995

92-PAGE GEORGE FOREMAN SPECIAL!

THE RING

The RING®

"THE BIBLE OF BOXING"®

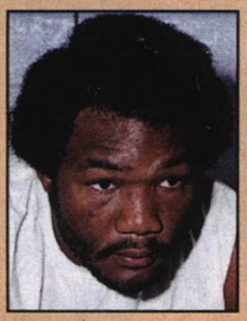
MARCH 1995

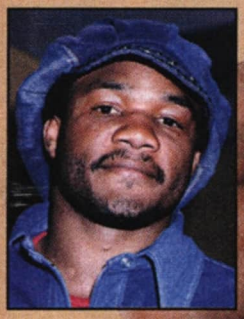
EXCLUSIVE COVERAGE:
JONES WHIPS TONEY

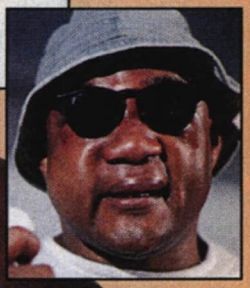
MUHAMMAD ALI IN CHINA
"I Feel So Good, I Guess I'll Have To Make A Comeback"

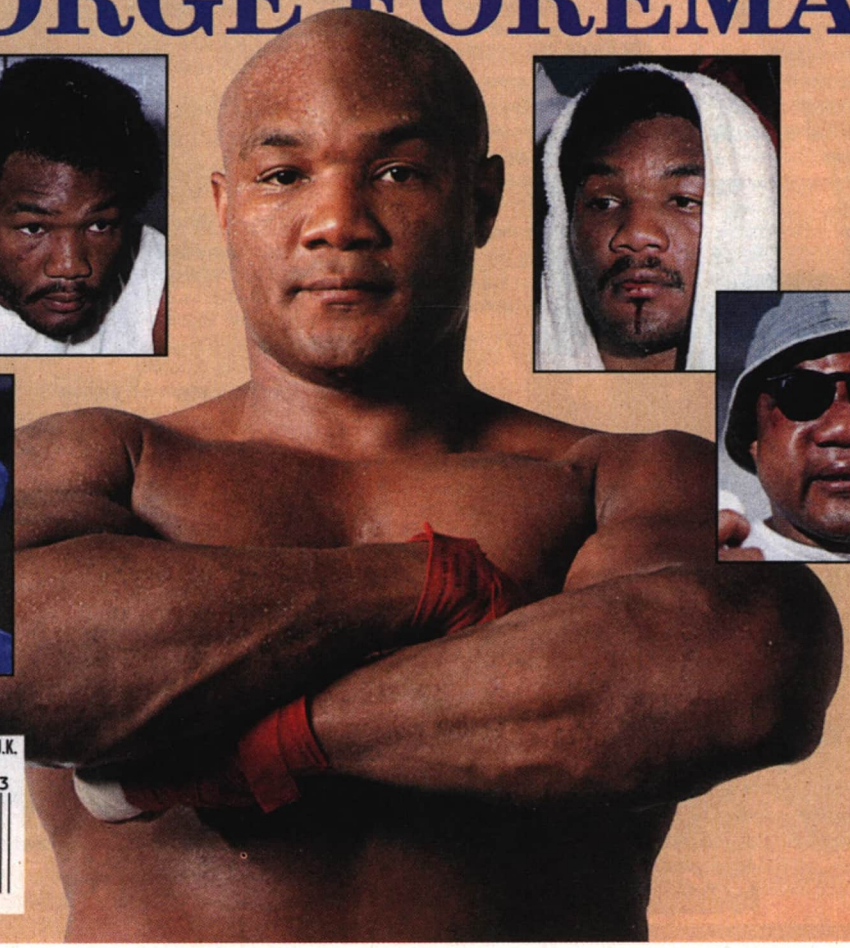
CHIQUITA-CARBAJAL III WAS BULL
Ricardo Lopez Is "The Real Thing"

Through The Years
THE INCREDIBLE CAREER(S) OF GEORGE FOREMAN









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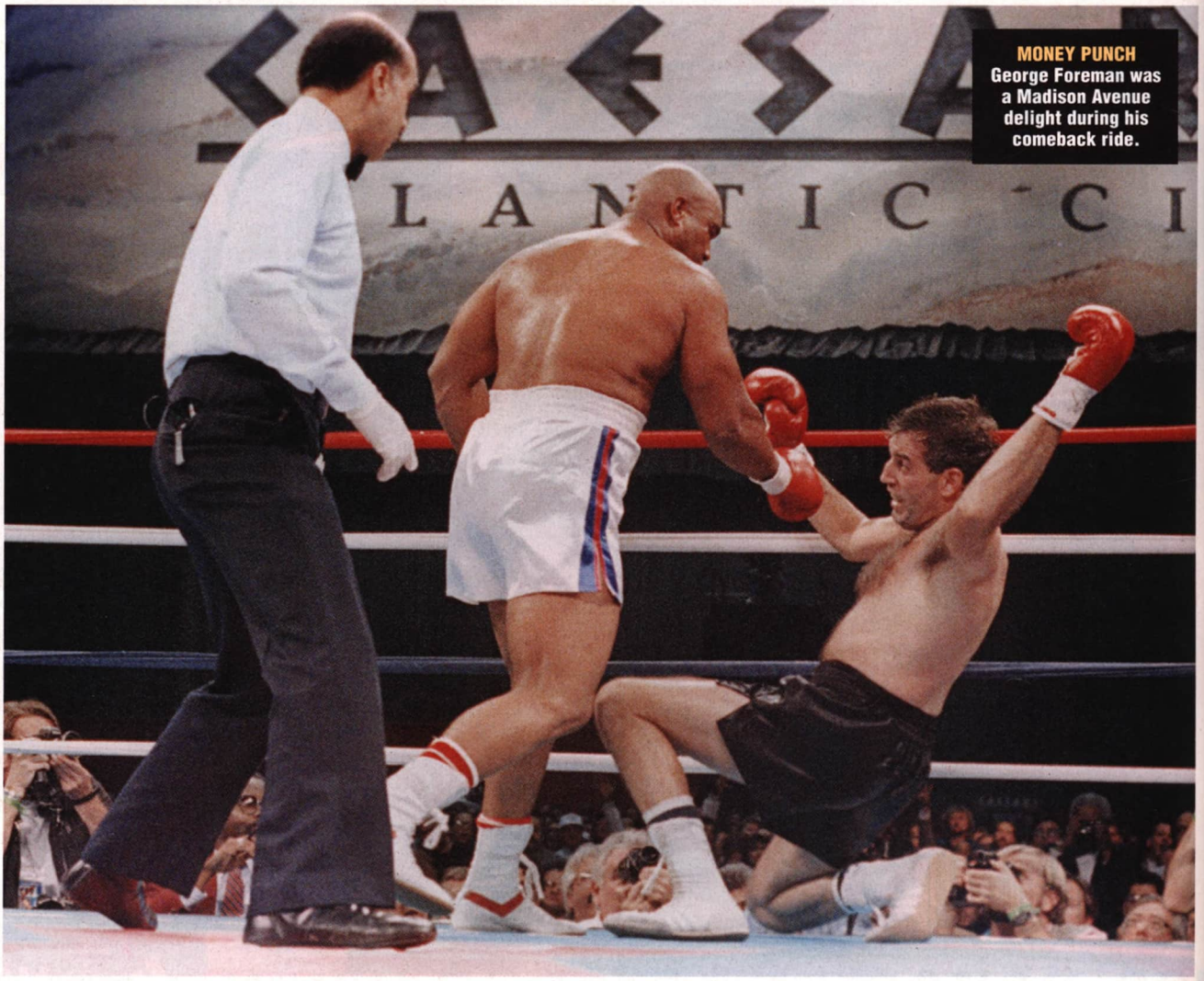
COVER STORY: "Special Section: The 20 Fights That Made George Foreman" by Steve Farhood rides on the coattails of "Big George's" incredible upset of Michael Moorer to become—at the time—the oldest fighter to ever win a world championship. In 26 years as a fighter, the 45-year-old Foreman had gone from "a junior high school dropout and street thug to cleansed young man who found salvation through boxing and the Job Corps to flag-waving symbol of red-white-and-blue patriotism, to mean, surly bully to crumbling, tortured hulk to small-town preacher to beloved, good-natured symbol of middle-aged paunch to national huckster to one-punch miracle," writes Farhood. "With Foreman having regained the heavyweight championship of the world, who knows what will come next. Be sure of one thing, though: Now that Big George's impossible dream has been realized, he's going to cash in."

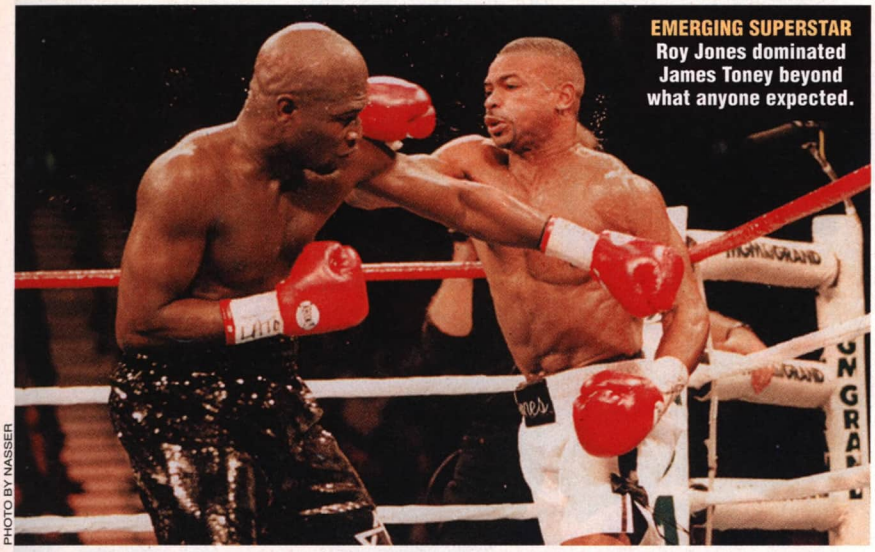
In the weeks following Foreman's amazing knockout victory over Moorer, he received no less than 125 endorsement offers. There was talk of Foreman taking on the comebacking Mike Tyson in late-1995 or '96 in what could have been boxing's first $100-million fight in history. Farhood delves back into Foreman's 20 most significant fights, from his 1968 Olympic gold-medal victory over Russian Ionas Chepulis to the resonating "Rumble In The Jungle" loss to Muhammad Ali and then to Foreman's destruction of Moorer. "If there's a lesson to be learned from the phenomenon of Big George Foreman, it's that if you keep reinventing yourself, you'll never grow old," writes Farhood.

Big George fought just four more times after winning the world heavyweight championship. He went 3-1 over his final four bouts, given what some thought was a gift majority decision over Axel Schulz and then losing a controversial majority decision to Shannon Briggs on November 22, 1997. It marked the final fight in an 81-bout pro career. Foreman was inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame on the first ballot, in 2003. The crowds in Canastota, New York, during Foreman's induction weekend were record-breaking figures until the 2011 induction class headlined by Mike Tyson were inducted. Foreman's record for oldest fighter to ever win a world title also came crashing down in 2011 when Bernard Hopkins won the light heavyweight world championship over Jean Pascal at the ripe young age of 46. Hopkins received a congratulatory text from Foreman after his victory.

"'Buy George! The Marketing Of A 46-Year-Old Phenomenon" by Ron Borges explores how a fat, bald, smiling man can command such major money in the marketing world. "It's been that way ever since Foreman made Moorer look like a guy in a Sealy Posturepedic commercial," writes Borges. "The search has already put Foreman into position to become rich beyond his or anyone else's wildest imagination."



MONEY PUNCH
George Foreman was a Madison Avenue delight during his comeback ride.



EMERGING SUPERSTAR
Roy Jones dominated James Toney beyond what anyone expected.

PHOTO BY NASSER

BORING FINALE
Chiquita Gonzalez and Michael Carbajal closed their trilogy in disappointing fashion.

PHOTO BY TEDDY BLACKBURN

"Roy Jones Whips James Toney: The Most Dominant Big-Fight Performance In 20 Years" by Steve Farhood examines Roy Jones' stunning, one-sided victory over James Toney to annex the IBF super middleweight title. After beating Toney, Jones decided on a late-night snack. "He passed up the untold delights offered at the victory party and took a few buddies to Kentucky Fried Chicken," writes Farhood. "Finding KFC closed, he settled for french fries at McDonald's. What a wild and crazy guy." The next morning Jones woke up at 7:30 for a three-mile run.

"Chiquita-Carbajal III Was Bull: Ricardo Lopez Is The Real Thing" by Nigel Collins takes you to a festive scene with great anticipation of the third fight between WBC/IBF junior flyweight titlist Chiquita Gonzalez and his arch-nemesis Michael Carbajal. It turned out to be a dud. "After their second fight, a points victory for Chiquita in February, you expected Gonzalez to play it cute," writes Collins. "But when Carbajal declined to mount the sort of unrestrained assault required to create an explosion, the chemistry was thrown completely out of whack." Ricardo Lopez, fighting on the undercard, stole the show by stopping Javier Varguez.

"Muhammad Ali In China: 'I Feel So Good, I Guess I'll Have To Make a Comeback" by Jack Welsh travels with "The Greatest" to China as Ali is honored for being "Pugilist Of The Century." Ali was there as a goodwill gesture to help Harold Smith's Global Sports Network create a foothold in China for pro boxing shows. After a dinner, "... the guest of honor pursed his lips, clearly milking the moment," Welsh writes. Then Welsh concludes with a quote from Ali, "I feel so good, I guess I'll have to make a comeback." ■

WORLD CHAMPIONS

For the period ended December 1, 1994

(THE RING did not have a championship policy in 1994, so the fighters listed below in each weight division are THE RING's number-one contenders for the period ended December 1, 1994)

Heavyweight
George Foreman

Cruiserweight
Orlin Norris

Light Heavyweight
Virgil Hill

Super Middleweight
Roy Jones

Middleweight
Gerald McClellan

Junior Middleweight
Julio Cesar Vasquez

Welterweight
Pernell Whitaker

Junior Welterweight
Frankie Randall

Lightweight
Miguel Angel Gonzalez

Junior Lightweight
John-John Molina

Featherweight
Kevin Kelley

Junior Featherweight
Vuyani Bungu

Bantamweight
Orlando Canizales

Junior Bantamweight
Harold Gray

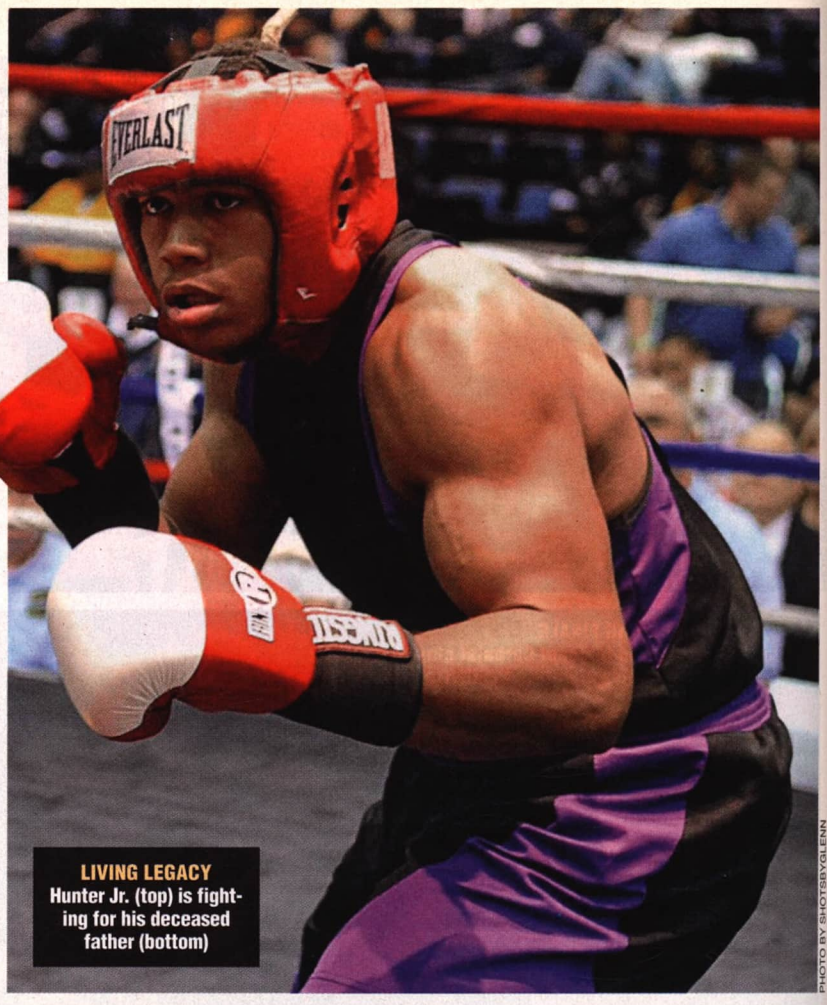
Flyweight
Yuri Arbachakov

Junior Flyweight
Chiquita Gonzalez

By Michael Rivest

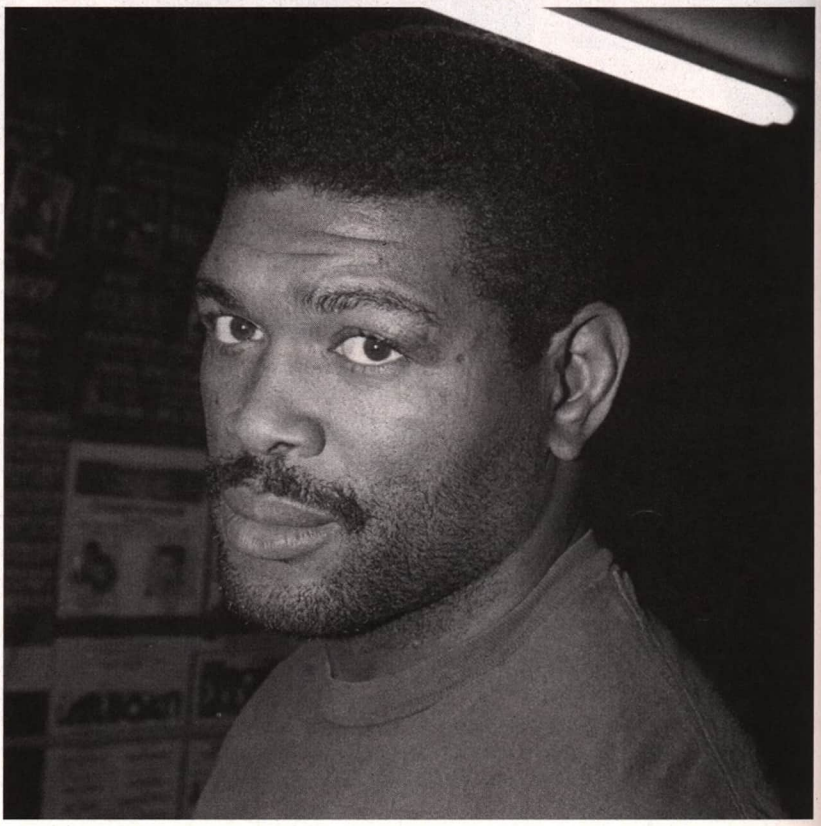
Michael Hunter

Son Of "The Bounty" Hunter



LIVING LEGACY
Hunter Jr. (top) is fighting for his deceased father (bottom)

PHOTO BY SHOTSBYGLENN



Somebody once said that a person meets his destiny on the road he takes to avoid it.

Mr. & Mrs. Hunter didn't want young Michael to box. They'd seen enough of the sport's dark side to want something different for their son. He would go to the football field or the basketball court, anywhere but the ring. So the good and obedient son took those roads of karmic avoidance, for a while anyway.

But fate aside, it's hard to tell a 245-pound 17-year-old he can't do something. So Michael Hunter put on a pair of gloves, and, one year and a mere six bouts later, he was in the finals of the 2006 National Golden Gloves Tournament. Then came victories in US National Championships in 2007 and 2009 and spots on the US National Team.

When you consider the shoulder injury that kept him out of the ring for all of 2010, the kid's only been boxing four years. His 2011 return, at a slimmer and faster 201-pounds, earned him a National Golden Gloves Championship and an automatic berth to the Olympic Trials.

Listen to the destiny talk now:

"Michael Hunter is the future of boxing in America. If there ever was anyone destined for the championship, it's him," said Emanuel Steward.

"He'll be the heavyweight champion of the world, you watch," agreed Larry Hazzard.

"He's the best amateur out there and will be the world champion one day, I'm sure of it," echoed Evander Holyfield

This is high praise for a 22-year-old who's tasted defeat more than once in his 65 amateur bouts, including a loss in the 2007 Olympic qualifiers that kept him away from Beijing.

"His losses mean nothing," said Steward. "He just needs time to develop because he started boxing such a short time ago."

"If I could take them back," world heavyweight champion Wladimir Klitschko said of his three career losses, "I wouldn't. Nothing teaches you more than those. They're necessary."

VETERAN IN THE CORNER

"God made a beautiful brother here," Kenny Crooms said of Michael Hunter. "He's the best I've ever been with. He's got real talent."

He should know, and for a couple reasons. First, Crooms has known Hunter from the start—before the start, actually. "I knew his mother and his father before they were married," he explained.

But Crooms also knows boxing about as well as anybody. After a detached retina ended his successful 17-2-2 (12) career in 1982, he turned to training at Los Angeles' Hoover Street Gym, except for his trips to The Rock (another L.A. gym), where he meets Michael for their daily punishing workouts.

Crooms learned his craft from trainer Thell Torrence, who worked under the renowned Eddie Futch. That meant Crooms constantly rubbed shoulders with folks like Joe Frazier, Larry Holmes, Mike McCallum, Ken Norton, and Riddick Bowe.

"They were all part of my life for years."

Remembering his own youth, the 56-year-old Crooms appreciates Hunter's depth and centered personality.

"When I was a kid, I was the baddest little boy in the neighborhood and could beat up everybody. It was boxing that gave me a place to go," he said. "Michael was already settled inside himself when he got here. He knew who he was and what he wanted, which was to give it 100 percent everyday."

COACH CROOMS
Crooms has know Hunter since he was a child

PHOTO BY JORGE RAMOS

Klitschko first invited Hunter to his training camp in late 2009 to help ready him for his March 2010 title defense against Eddie Chambers and invited him back this past June to help prepare him for David Haye.

"My opinion of Michael is best expressed this way: I wanted him back," Klitschko said. "He doesn't care who's in front of him. He's not afraid to try things out. He's got fire in his guts."

Boxing is in Michael's DNA. His grandfather, Norman Henry, was a matchmaker and advisor, working with folks such as George Foreman, Razor Ruddock, Larry Holmes, and Tex Cobb.

Henry's daughter, Gwen, took to boxing herself, becoming an official for a time. She also took to a handsome young boxer named Mike "The Bounty" Hunter.

"Hunter was a talented fighter with a flamboyant personality who never lived up to his full potential due to problems with drugs and the criminal justice system," said Nigel Collins, Editor-in-Chief of THE RING.

Make no mistake. Mike Sr. stayed a big part of his son's life. Since he was in L.A. and far from the Hunters' Las Vegas home, he never got to see young Michael's first bout, but he wasn't about to miss the second. Shortly before, he had spoken of Michael in a TV interview, where he shared a dream for his boxing future: "Bring us a gold medal," he said to his son via the camera.

Mike Senior's life was forever sealed as unfinished business when, on February 8, 2006, he was shot and killed by the LAPD.

In the darkness of that time, Gwen distinguished herself as the kind of single parent few could possibly be. "Anger leads nowhere," she said. "I have three sons and a daughter. I sat them down and said to them: 'I will not raise angry, young black children, hostile toward authority figures and law enforcement. Not in this house.'"

So there were no self-destructive, self-defeating behaviors in the Hunter home, no punching holes in walls, and no attitudes. Michael brought it all into the ring, putting on a mantle of purpose: He would fight for his father.

"It was as though he became a whole other person," said Cedric Rancher, Hunter's friend since middle school. "And not in a bad way. He just became more focused and serious about everything, especially boxing."

"It's a big part of why I'm doing this, I know," Hunter said. "It's like my father is behind me in the ring, always."

Doesn't that feel like pressure? "No," he answered with a youthful laugh. "I'm always competing, even with him while he's back there. I'm showing him how it's done." More laughter.

Kenny Crooms, Michael's trainer since the beginning, sees ring similarities between father and son. "He fights like his father and, to tell you the truth, I don't always like it. He'll put his hands down and that's not my way. I don't do a lot of gambling. But he has a gift—and it's a God-given one: reflexes like Ali. He's so talented he gets away with it."

One more thing: Hunter's life experience has made him much more than 201-pounds in the ring. He's deep, reflective, and has considered life outside boxing with a maturity and thoughtfulness beyond his years.

What would he do with wealth and fame, should all the boxing prognosticators prove correct? Gold medal winners and world champions have money and power. That could mean lots of bling and Porches, yes?

"Mustafa and I talk about this," he said referring to family friend and his advisor, Mustafa Ameen. "It would be great to someday get whole bunches of people who could never afford it in a million years and put them all on planes to Mecca," he said referring to the Muslim tradition of the Hajj, an Islamic pilgrimage.

Although not yet a Muslim, Hunter is "reading about it and thinking it over."

Michael Hunter wears a T-shirt before every fight that has a picture of his dad, with the words, "Making My Man Proud."

I'm sure you are, Michael. ■

Michael Rivest can be reached at mrivest2@gmail.com.

THE SWEETER SCIENCE

By Chris Richards

Shared Ambition, Different Paths

THE REAL DEAL
Serrano is undefeated

Amanda "The Real Deal" Serrano and TaTina "Lil' Tyson" Anderson have never met but have a lot in common. Serrano grew up in Brooklyn, Anderson in North Las Vegas, but both are dedicated to the Herculean task of building a life and career in the most difficult and demanding sport in the world.

Despite their shared ambition, Serrano and Anderson are at different stages of their careers and have different personalities. Serrano is intense, driven, and something of a loner, while Anderson is cheerful, upbeat, and outgoing. While their lives have had different influences and their aspirations spring from diverse origins, their families have shaped their lives and careers. Moreover, those same family loyalties and rivalries continue to motivate both young women.

The 22-year-old Serrano, 10-0-1 (6), is on the cusp of making the transition from prospect to contender. She is progressing rapidly, having already fought three times in 2011, including a TKO of rival Ela Nunez (who is responsible for the draw on Serrano's record) in April and a first-round blowout of outclassed Jennifer Scott on June 11 to win a minor featherweight title.

Serrano recently signed with New York promotional outfit Boxing 360, becoming its first female fighter.

Anderson, 4-1-1 (3), will have celebrated her 26th birthday by the time you read this but remains far from a finished product. The fact that the career of the younger Serrano is currently at a higher level is a natural outcome of their different paths to boxing.

Sibling rivalry is responsible for Serrano's involvement in the sport. Her older sister, Cindy, made her professional debut in 2003 and was a title contender at both 126 and 130 pounds. Cindy's fights were Amanda's first exposure to boxing. She was quickly hooked and became Cindy's biggest fan. Soon Amanda was asking to box.

"I think my sister has a tremendous boxing style. I love it. I want to be as good as her," said Amanda.

Cindy and her trainer-manager, Jordan Maldonado, made several attempts to dissuade her. Their master stroke was to let Amanda spar with her older sister. Instead of the expected discouragement, Amanda did so well that Maldonado and Cindy changed their minds. Soon, the 13-year-old Brooklyn southpaw embarked on an amateur career that was topped off by winning the 2008 New York Golden Gloves. She went pro the following year.

While Serrano never followed boxing before her sister started fighting, Anderson is a lifelong boxing fan who remembers watching Mike Tyson stop Pinklon Thomas when she was a little girl. At first, her family was a little more successful than Serrano's in keeping her out of the ring.

"My mom was paranoid when I was little; she was so afraid I would get hurt," said Anderson. Instead she chose track, going to the junior Olympics four times in a row. Motherhood cut Anderson's track career short, but she never forgot her dreams of boxing glory.

"When I grew up," she said with a hint of laughter in her voice, "I went ahead and did it anyway." Believing there were few amateur opportunities available, she jumped into a professional career feet first.

It has been an ongoing struggle. Besides raising her seven-year-old daughter, Nisia, Anderson majors in nutrition science at the College of Southern Nevada—and still finds time to box. She has just six fights since her debut in 2008, but her problems with inactivity are not completely of her making.

When research for this column began, Anderson was scheduled to face Victoria

LIL' TYSON
Anderson needs to stay busy

Cisneros in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on June 10, on a Holly Holm card.

Cisneros is a veteran opponent who has lost to the very best, and a win would have provided a much-needed boost for Anderson. Instead, Holm's opponent was injured, and Cisneros (who went the distance with Holm in December of 2009, replacing another fighter on that occasion as well) got the call to fight Holm. The switch left Anderson without an opponent.

Having rebounded from struggles in the ring, the 140-pound prospect is convinced she will knock out inactivity as well. Anderson trains every day whether she has a pending fight or not, trying to make up for lost time. "Not having amateur experience, I have to work twice as hard as everyone else," she said.

For her part, Serrano has not allowed her amateur success to make a slacker out of her in the gym. Instead, it has driven her to work even harder.

"I want to be the best in the sport," she said. "I don't have friends because they don't have the same interests as me. I don't have a boyfriend because I don't have the time and don't want anyone holding me back from my goals. I go to the movies or maybe shop a little, when I have the time. Mostly, I work and am focused on my goals."

Serrano's short-term goals include a fight with the better-known Melissa Hernandez. "She's Puerto Rican; I'm Puerto Rican. She's from the Bronx; I'm from Brooklyn. I think it would be a big fight."

Hernandez agrees, recently making denigrating remarks about the quality of Serrano's opposition in comments published on a women's boxing website. The fact that Hernandez, 14-2-3 (5), is calling out Serrano shows just how much potential the Brooklyn boxer brings to the table.

Anderson's immediate objective is simpler but far more urgent. She needs to fight and is not picky about who is put in front of her. With little to lose, she has no fear.

"I am a lot better than I was," Anderson said, "and I'm working to get better all the time. I need to make the most of every opportunity I am given."

Happily, Anderson's mother is now entirely supportive of her boxing career. "Without my mom being as dedicated as she was, I would not have gotten this far."

As for Serrano, her competition with her sister isn't finished. "One of these days," Maldonado said, "you'll see Serrano vs. Serrano!" ■

Chris Richards can be contacted at chris.m.richards@gmail.com.

FOILED AGAIN!

Injury thwarted Christy Martin's quest for win number 50 for the second time. Martin's rematch with Dakota Stone, 10-8-5 (2), was postponed when she injured a rib in training camp back in April. This time, Martin did enter the ring but was forced to settle for a disappointing TKO loss when the fight was stopped in the sixth round because of a broken right hand. What made it even more disappointed is that Martin had floored Stone in round four and was ahead on all three judges' cards at the time of the stoppage.

Injuries are not a new issue for the 42-year-old Martin, 49-6-3 (31). Even before she was shot and stabbed by her husband-manager-trainer Jim Martin in November of 2010, "The Coalminer's Daughter" had sustained a broken hand in the final round of her first fight with Stone, back in September of 2009. After 58 pro fights, it is possible that Martin's body can simply no longer cash the checks her heart wants to write.

BAD BREAK
Referee David Mendoza escorts Martin to her corner

PHOTO BY NAOKI FUKUDA

By William Dettloff

Middleweight
Peter Quillin

PHOTO BY TOM HOGAN/HOGAN PHOTOS/GBP

PRO RECORD

2005		
June 9	Anthony Hunter, New York, NY	KO 1
Aug. 4	Antwuan Hedgemond, New York	KO 1
2006		
March 16	Willie Cruz, New York	KO 2
April 20	Tomas Pardon, New York	W 4
June 10	Eddie O'Neal, New York	KO 1
July 26	Willie Prieto, New York	KO 1
Sept. 2	Brad Austin, New York	KO 2
Nov. 3	David Estrada, New York	KO 1
2007		
Feb. 22	Steve Walker, New York	KO 1
March 10	Nathan Martin, New York	KO 2
April 26	Alexander Quiroz	KO 1
May 18	Victor Paz, New York	KO 2
June 9	Jamal David, New York	W 8
Aug. 18	Jose Humberto Corral, Sandy, UT	KO 1
Sept. 5	Jesse Orta, New York	W 6
Dec. 13	Troy Lowry, New York	KO 2
2008		
Feb. 3	Thomas Brown, New York	KO 2
April 16	Antwun Echols, New York	W 10
June 11	Dionisio Miranda, New York	W 10
Sept. 17	Sam Hill, Manchester, NH	KO 10
2010		
Feb. 17	Fernando Zuniga, Newark, NJ	W 10
Dec. 18	Martin Desjardins, Quebec City, Canada	KO 1
2011		
Feb. 11	Dennis Sharpe, Fairfield, CA	KO 4
April 29	Jesse Brinkley, Reno, NV	KO 3

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DRAW	KOs
24	24	0	0	18

There is a long and mostly distasteful history of pilfering distinguished nicknames in this business where everything that isn't nailed to the floor—and occasionally even the things that are—is vulnerable to thievery. It's a stealing business, after all.

Some acts of larceny are worse than others. Only the very old heads object anymore to Ray Leonard or even Shane Mosley borrowing Walker Smith's old moniker, and no one who's seen Vic Darchinyan go about his business can have any serious argument with his assumption of Jake LaMotta's "Raging Bull." Who would begrudge Arnold Cream his "Jersey Joe?" But Ricky "The Hitman" Hatton? A sacrilege. There are others.

Still, if you've been paying attention, you know that if you're going to steal you should steal from the best, which brings us to Peter Quillin, the New York City-based middleweight who blew out veteran Jesse Brinkley in Reno, Nevada, in late April.

Quillin, a talkative, gregarious sort who, when he gets going, sounds not unlike one-time featherweight champ and all-time talker Kevin Kelley, goes by the sobriquet "Kid Chocolate," after the wonderful Cuban featherweight of the 1920s. Historians call it one of the greatest nicknames in sports history, and you'll get no quarrel here. Quillin swears it was not assigned him by a publicist with an affection for antiquities.

"A gym owner back in Michigan suggested I look like the original Kid Chocolate not even knowing that I have Cuban heritage," Quillin, whose father is Cuban, told THE RING in early June. "And when I told him I was Cuban, he said, 'That's a great name for you.' I ended up keeping the name, called myself 'Kid Cocoa' for a bit, but went back to Kid Chocolate when I researched the original and found out who he really was and what he was like."

In particular, Quillin liked how the original Chocolate (real name Eligio Sardinias Montalvo), traveled from Havana to New York to make his mark in the fight game. So too did Quillin, only his Havana was Grand Rapids, where he grew up with three brothers and was the neighborhood badass.

"We originally started boxing in the streets with gloves on our hands in different neighborhoods; the best fighter in their neighborhood boxed the best fighter in our neighborhood, which was me. So boxing has always been a part of my life," Quillin said.

When he was 15 years old, Quillin saw a list of local gyms in the area and stopped by one soon after. The sport gripped him the way it has gripped so many others. He found what any 15-year-old boy spends his time looking for whether or not he knows it: the thing at which he will excel. "I never had something in my life that made me want to do it so much," he said.

Following a nondescript 15-fight amateur career, Quillin turned pro at 18. He waited for a curiously unattended contract with Don King to expire, signed with manager John Seip and promoter Cedric Kushner, and relocated to Brooklyn under trainer Colin Morgan at Trinity Boxing Club in lower Manhattan. It was rough going. He slept on couches and worked a couple jobs at a time, all the things the young and uninitiated must do in the big city before bending it to their will—if they're strong enough. Quillin was strong enough.

Seip (pronounced "sheep") is a 53-year-old former stockbroker who managed Emanuel Clottey and no one else you've heard of. He has guided Quillin fairly meticulously, never deviating from his strategy to keep him busy, move him up a little with each fight, and, above all, take his time. That has included walking away from fights for which Quillin is not ready.

"They offered us Sergio Martinez, and I turned it down," Seip told THE RING. "I don't deviate from my game plan. It's more psychological with Peter than it is physical. He has the ability to fight with anyone; he's really innately talented. I don't see anyone competing with him athletically. He'll tell you he's ready to fight anybody, but he needs to ease into these big fights."

Seip took the fight with Brinkley in Brinkley's hometown and at 168 pounds (Quillin is a middleweight) because he knew the former *Contender* contestant would come straight at Quillin. Brinkley, who in his previous fight lasted into the ninth with Lucian Bute, did just that, walked headlong into Quillin's booming right hands on the way to getting stopped in the third round. It's never a bad thing when your step-up fight doubles as a career-best performance.

"I thought Brinkley was perfect for Peter," Seip said. "He comes right at you, he doesn't run, so it wouldn't be a sloppy fight. His style was very good for Peter. I liked that he came forward and didn't hide and was very conventional."

Quillin saw the same thing and was especially confident going in.

"The pressure on me was not *if* I was going to beat him but *how* I was going to beat him," Quillin said. "This was supposed to be the biggest fight of my career. It moved me one step closer to where I want to be, which is middleweight champion of the world."

It didn't hurt that, eight weeks before the fight, Quillin went out to Los Angeles to work with Freddie Roach at the Wild Card Gym, a practice he started before his prior fight, a knockout win over Dennis Sharpe in California. At the Wild Card, Quillin has sparred with Julio Cesar Chavez Jr., Vanes Martirosyan, Roman Karmazin, Matthew Macklin, and the gym's other stars. It's an education one cannot get anywhere else. Quillin also mixed it up with Carl Froch in New York before Froch's win over Glen Johnson.

Another change: Quillin ended his relationship with Kushner and signed on with Golden Boy Promotions, who he believes will get him opportunities other promoters could not. He makes it clear that he's willing to face whomever his new promoter wishes him to face.

"None of the middleweights out there are my friends. If Golden Boy wants to make a fight in my mom's bathroom with three people watchin' with my moms fightin' me, I'll fight my moms in her bathroom. It's all on Golden Boy and who they want to put me in with. I'm just gonna be the fighter."

Seip said finding the right fights for Quillin is getting more difficult, but he expects continued progress.

"I like to keep him busy, and Peter needs to stay busy. He's got a lot of energy and runs around like a maniac doing all kinds of things," Seip said. "He's at that point in his career where top-five guys don't want to fight him and guys below that are a lateral fight for him. He's sort of in limbo a little. So, to keep him busy, I'll take lateral fights. We're looking at two or three more fights before we go for a title."

A Young Turk who shows up calling himself Kid Chocolate brings certain expectations. The original was really something else. But Quillin can fight. That's a start. ■

FIGHT DOCTOR

by Margaret Goodman, M.D.

Does Size Count?

Mental preparedness, hydration, proper nutrition, and sufficient rest are all factors contributing to an athlete's success, but are there physical characteristics that give one fighter an edge over another?

Beginning his career in 1970, Emanuel Steward has trained countless greats, ranging from Thomas Hearns to Oscar De La Hoya to Lennox Lewis. Currently working with Wladimir Klitschko, Steward believes there is no one body type that makes a great champion.

"Hearns made his size to his advantage by boxing tall. I train my tall guys to fight tall," says Steward. "Pernell Whitaker is another example. As short as he was, Pernell was an effective boxer. He had big shoulders and a natural balance. If a guy is successful with his body size in the amateurs, he can carry that through to the professionals. [Roberto] Duran was also small and compact. But, if you look at how [Miguel] Cotto lost against Pacquiao—he was bending down too low."

Kenny Adams, a respected amateur and professional trainer, has his own preference. Adams notes, "I like a limber, thin-framed guy like Kennedy McKinney. Obviously, ability plays the greatest role, but Hearns' thin frame still let him be a power guy. When I look for an amateur I can carry through to the pros, that is my preference."

Strength and conditioning guru, Mackie Shilstone's boxing successes include Michael Spinks, Riddick Bowe, Roy Jones, and Bernard Hopkins. Boxing fans were astounded when Shilstone helped Spinks become the first light heavyweight champion to topple a heavyweight king when he upset Larry Holmes in 1985.

Shilstone, who has also worked with Serena Williams, used similar techniques with Jones, who beat John Ruiz for the WBA heavyweight belt in 2003. Shilstone believes it is not about adding muscle: It is about

BODY BEAUTIFUL
Bruno's muscular physique didn't help his stamina

PHOTO BY BOB THOMAS/GETTY IMAGES

increasing an athlete's oxygenation (oxygen-carrying capacity in the blood) and diminishing lactic acid production.

Lactic acid is what accumulates in our muscles when fatigued—it is the burn you feel. An athlete's performance success or limits are largely determined by lactic acid build-up. When a boxer huffs and puffs, he is accumulating lactic acid. The one-minute rest between rounds helps lower the levels. So, does this mean muscle building in boxers is a hindrance?

"Look at [Fernando] Vargas when he fought De La Hoya," said Steward. "When was the last time you saw a Latino boxer look like that?"

Steward worked as an HBO commentator that 2002 weekend and notes that in their fighter meeting all Vargas could comment upon was his new muscled physique.

"The first two rounds [Vargas] was beating Oscar, but he had no elasticity," Steward recalled. "That is the only body type I really don't like. It looks good to the crowd, but after five, six rounds, Vargas couldn't punch; his arms couldn't move."

Experts have always questioned Evander Holyfield's musculature as more of a deterrent than a positive attribute. Shilstone believes that Holyfield's muscular build slowed him down. He notes, "I know Holyfield's conditioning expert, Tim Hallmark, and he did lift weights."

Steward disagrees and believes Holyfield utilized his size to his advantage. "Evander didn't have big legs. I trained him for his second fight with Bowe. We used his foot work to meet Bowe's big size."

However, Steward contrasts Holyfield with retired heavyweight Frank Bruno. "Bruno developed his muscles from lifting. Even though he beat Oliver McCall in 1985, he couldn't stand up to McCall's punches. Those guys lose all their punching power after six rounds."

Former chief ring physician, Dr. Flip Homansky, officiatedph the Bowe-Holyfield trilogy, in addition to numerous Mike Tyson battles. He believes that musculature is less important than how a fighter utilizes his size.

"Tyson used his heavy thighs and pelvis to keep grounded and give extra power to his punches. This enabled him to catapult himself. He never danced. I don't believe Holyfield's muscles were a factor. He would tire in the middle rounds because he had no body fat and no source of energy. He would quickly use up his glycogen reserves." Glycogen is an energy reserve that can be quickly mobilized to meet an emergency need for glucose.

Homansky refers to Bowe as having the ideal size and stature for a heavyweight. "He had limber muscles—that old Joe Louis template with no individual muscle set being overdeveloped."

From a physiologic standpoint, some experts will argue it is the kind of muscles one has that makes us strong or fast. It is what can make some runners better sprinters versus distance athletes. Skeletal muscle fibers are broken down into two main types: slow twitch and fast twitch. On the average, we have 50 percent of each, but Olympic sprinters have been shown to have 80 percent fast twitch, while marathoners have 80 percent slow twitch. The jury is still out on whether certain training can alter fiber type and improve performance. Theoretically, a boxer needs faster twitch fibers, but endurance is also necessary to fight a full 36 minutes. It would be of interest to analyze the muscle type make-up of elite boxers in different weight classes.

Champions continue to come in all shapes and sizes—small stature, lean build, thin legs, or muscular torso. All of our experts agree it is how one uses what they were given to their advantage that results in superiority. ■

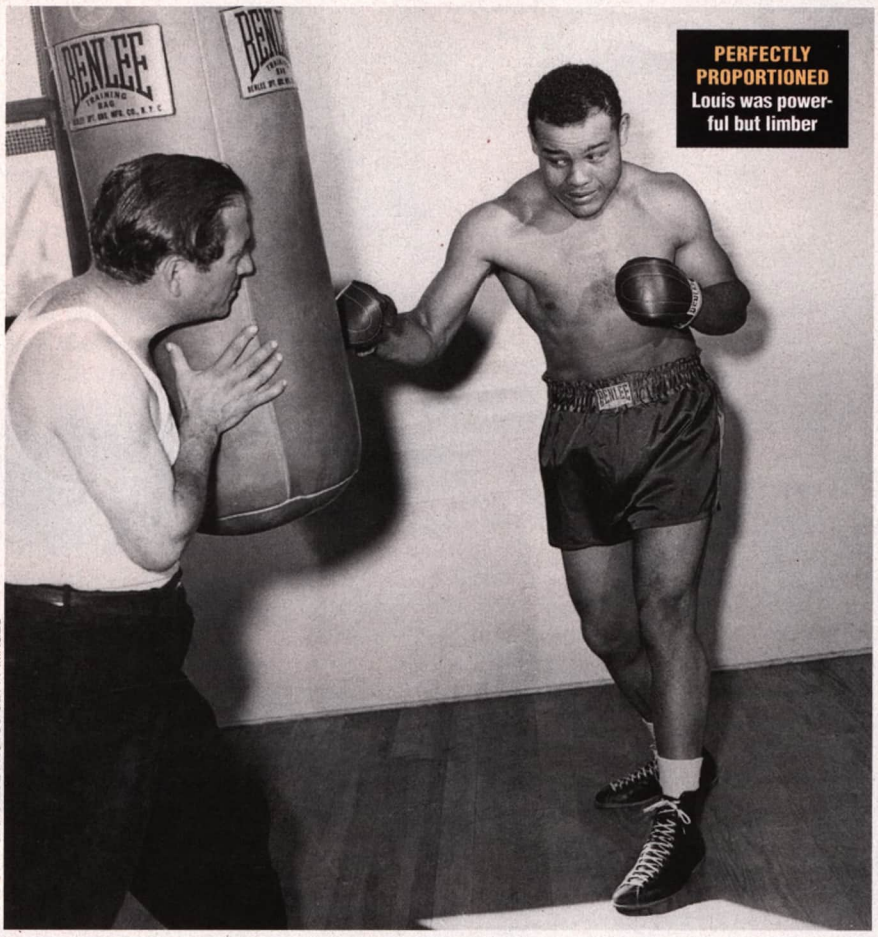
INSPECTING THE INSPECTOR

Showtime presented an episode of *Fight Camp 360: Pacquiao vs. Mosley* almost a month following the one-sided beat down. After round nine, footage showed Mosley on his stool, pleading with his trainer, Naazim Richardson, to stop the fight—while a Nevada State Athletic Commission inspector listened intently.

In an effort to improve safety a few years ago, the NSAC required an inspector be inside the ring between rounds. This was an excellent idea. Inspectors are meant to be the eyes and the ears of the commission. So, why didn't the Mosley corner inspector report the boxer's wishes to the referee, the ring physician, or both? Furthermore, if you look at Mosley's face in the corner and factor in how he looked in most of the preceding rounds, why wasn't the ring physician, Dr. William Berliner, in attendance?

Mosley went out and did his best for three more rounds that night. Yes, he finished on his feet, but did he need to absorb all Pacquiao could give to demonstrate his worth?

Come on Nevada! You have the best–of-the-best officials at your disposal, yet you refuse to use them. The fighters deserve more from you.



PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED Louis was powerful but limber

PHOTO BY FPG/ARCHIVE PHOTOS/GETTY IMAGES

HITTING ON THE BREAK

by Jim Bagg

PHOTO BY GABRIEL BOUYS/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

GENIUS AT WORK
"Money" flipped the script on Pac-Man

"Money" Mayweather, Master Manipulator

If you've paid close attention to this column over the last few years, you might have detected just the slightest hint of distaste for Floyd "Money" Mayweather. To say he's not the Baggmeister's cup of tea would be an understatement on par with "You don't need to be a perfect 10 to get Arnold Schwarzenegger's attention." (Seriously, have you seen that bovine Arnie knocked up? If you can't put lipstick on a pig, then that must mean the Governator went through a lot of paper bags instead.) But back to Mayweather: From his hip-hop persona to his safety-first matchmaking, he's rubbed the Baggarooney the wrong way unlike anyone since that tranny in '82 with the calloused hands. Is Mayweather an all-time great boxing talent? Absolutely. But beyond his ability, there wasn't much for an old-school grump like the Baggoblaster to respect about him.

Now, however, even the world's greatest fight writer must show a little more respect and admit this much: Floyd Mayweather is a damned genius.

Hate him all you want (the Baggnificence will certainly continue to), but give credit where it's due and admit that Mayweather is a crafty, clever son of a gun. He's signed for a fight with Victor Ortiz, and, in so doing, he's flipped the script and put the pressure on Manny Pacquiao to either make the superfight the world wants or spend the rest of his life as the public's scapegoat for it not happening.

As you'll recall, the Pacquiao-Mayweather fight was almost a done deal at the outset of 2010, but a failure to agree on drug-testing procedures blew it up. At the time, opinion was split on whom to blame. Do you blame Pacquiao for not just agreeing to take all the tests and prove wrong the Mayweather camp's reckless speculation that Pac-Man's power was the product of something other than Wheaties? Or do you blame Mayweather for asking Pacquiao to take tests no other boxer had ever been asked to take, arguably with the intent of sabotaging negotiations for a fight he didn't really want in the first place?

That debate raged for months, but, in the summer of 2010 and beyond, Pacquiao kept declaring his desire to make the fight and Runny Way—err, uh, Money May—didn't. The next round of negotiations remain a mysterious mishmosh of conflicting reports and assertions, but everyone in a neutral position agreed Pacquiao wasn't the reason the fight wasn't getting made. By the time those negotiations dissolved—and Leonard Ellerbe denied the existence of said negotiations—there was only one way of looking at it: Mayweather was the guilty party.

That's the way it continued … until Mayweather and Ortiz signed to fight. And, more to the point, until Ortiz agreed to all of the drug-testing demands that Mayweather and the United States Anti-Doping Agency lay out. When that happened, it marked the beginning of a potential 180-degree flip-flop in public opinion about who to blame for us all not getting to see Pacquiao and Mayweather touch gloves.

You see, when Floyd first suggested Manny submit to random blood testing—an invasive process that could be described as a TSA pat-down performed with needles—it was viewed as a personal attack, with Pacquiao the sole target just because Floyd Mayweather Sr. randomly spewed some blather about the Filipino superstar being on gin and juice, hold the gin. But Ortiz will mark the second Mayweather opponent in a row since the first round of failed Pacquiao negotiations who has been asked to take those same random tests. The first was Shane Mosley, who passed all the tests, thus proving he was off the Jin and the juice. (See what the Baggapalooza did there, with the name "Jin"? You think Hauser or Borges would be capable of a clever move like that? Get real.) Now it's Ortiz' turn, and the 24-year-old contender, who, like Mosley, isn't in the same position of power as Pacquiao, agreed to the USADA pat down without putting up a fight.

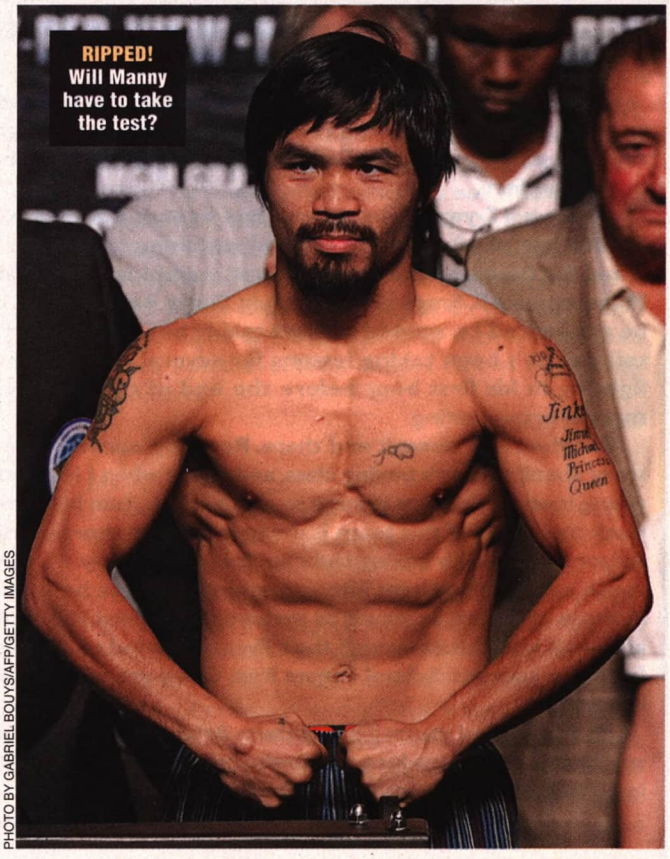


PHOTO BY GABRIEL BOUYS/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

As a result, the perspective on both Mayweather and Pacquiao, as they relate to each other, is shifting. Floyd is succeeding in making it look like his demands for Olympic-style drug testing weren't all about targeting Pacquiao (even though they were at the time). And Pacquiao is being shown up, in a sense. Mosley, who actually does have something of a PED past, took all the tests. Ortiz, who has faced some of the same unfounded accusations as Pacquiao, is taking all the tests. The burden has now fallen on Pacquiao. Initially, he was being singled out by Mayweather. But if he and Floyd return to the negotiating table at some point and Pacquiao doesn't agree to random tests right up to the day of the fight, he's singling himself out. He'd be saying, "I'm Manny Flippin' Pacquiao, I don't have to be held to the same standards as everyone else." And he'd be right, in many ways, but the public would mostly turn on him if he presented that attitude.

There's still a little ways to go before any of this matters. The Mayweather-Ortiz fight has to happen. (With Floyd's legal issues, this fight doesn't quite feel 100 percent "on" yet.) Mayweather needs to win it. Pacquiao needs to defeat Juan Manuel Marquez in November. Then the fighters need to actually enter negotiations again, two years after the first attempt to make this fight.

But if it gets to that point, Pacquiao's arm has been sufficiently twisted. The voicing of any opposition to any of Mayweather's dictatorial demands will make Pacquiao look like the bad guy. Can you believe that? Pacquiao as the bad guy?

If that once-unimaginable scenario comes to pass, you have to give credit to Mayweather. He's an annoying punk and might very well be ducking this fight, but he's also a genius. (And, yes, it takes one to know one. What makes the Baggasaurus special is that he's the kind of genius so brilliant that he even knows how to have a conversation with a security guard without getting sued.)

THE MONTHLY MAILBAGG

You get a larger-than-usual mailbagg this month. Don't ask why. Don't look a gift Bagg in the mouth. Just shut up and enjoy it:

Jim,

I just finished perusing the June 2011 edition of THE RING and stopped to read your messages from readers. In the first one, you good-naturedly ribbed a young man and called him "the youngest" fan of boxing. *Au contraire, mon frère.*

I have a 17-year-old son who has been a fan of boxing since the tender age of 10 when he started watching the sport. He would be glued for hours to the television set watching the classic bouts with Muhammad Ali, Smokin' Joe Frazier, Sugar Ray Leonard, et al. Last fall, he announced he wanted to start taking boxing lessons. I'm pleased to tell you he's been taking lessons for several months now and will be fighting in his first bout before the end of this year. Not MMA, not martial arts—boxing.

But the story doesn't end there. Recently, our local newspaper ran a story about my son's boxing class, and this is when I learned the boys and young men there were gaining so much more than just boxing skills. The work the coach of this team is doing is nothing short of miraculous, and Arizona is rife with boxing clubs such as this, mostly working with at-risk youth and turning them into something they can be proud of. The kids in these clubs are as young as seven or eight, and they put their hearts and souls into this as though their lives depended on it. Rule number one from the coaches: School comes first. Good grades means you can stay in the club.

If you ever find yourself in Southern Arizona, give me a call so I can take you to this gym, introduce you to the coach, and let you see what goes on in a small town in the middle of the Sonora Desert.

Nancy M. Dickinson
Palominas, AZ

Nancy,

Sorry, you lost the Baggster when you started using French. The Baggburger assumes the rest of your e-mail was delightful.

Baggaroni & Cheese,

How many more times am I going to hear every sportswriter and their second cousin deny Bernard Hopkins of any chance of winning when the result of every fight is the same? I can probably answer that one myself so here's one for you: Do you think Chad Dawson has any chance of beating Bernard with his style? He's a technical boxer as well as Hopkins but with half of the experience. I want to know what you think.

Marlon Gaskin
Philadelphia, PA

Marlonmeister,

Does everyone in Philly have the same chip on their shoulders that you and B-Hop do? Most writers gave Hopkins a good chance of beating Jean Pascal in May. After all the times that young whippersnapper Hopkins (sorry, but the Baggbominable Snowman is way too ancient to call Bernard an "old man" like everyone else does) has defied the odds, how could anyone ever count him out of a fight again? To answer your question, Dawson's style is going to cause some problems. At the same time, Hopkins' style isn't exactly easy like Sunday morning. (By the way, whoever says Sunday morning is easy must not spend his Saturday nights doing what the Baggalicious does.) This looks like a close fight on paper, one of those tough-to-score, whoever-loses-is-going-to-complain fights. In other words, it's a standard affair for your homeboy Hopkins.

And The Stingray Goes To ...

STILL STINGING
Estrada celebrates upset of Campbell

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE

Walter Estrada, who proved definitively against Tyrese "Head Honcho" Hendrix in June precisely what the Bagglehaze has always said about Hendrixes: great at playing guitar, not great at boxing (or turning their heads to the side when vomiting).

The Colombian-born, Miami-based Estrada has had a fascinating career, starting out 20-0 before slipping into a journeyman role, low-lighted by a stretch from 2008-2010 in which he lost eight of nine fights. But he's bounced back over the past year or so with several performances worthy of Stingray consideration. He held unbeaten prospect Logan Cotton McGuinness to a draw. He defeated the favored Verquan Kimbrough and Jose Reyes. He upset faded ex-titlist Nate

ALWAYS DIFFICULT
Hopkins-Dawson could be hard to score

PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

Baggs,

What do you make about all this talk of no good opponents other than Pacquiao for Sergio Martinez? Yeah, I don't buy it either. First of all, I don't see Pacquiao as a good opponent for Martinez. Would I love to see it out of morbid curiosity? Sure. But in all reality, Martinez is too big and, more importantly, too athletic for Pacquiao. I do however see lots of other great opponents for Martinez. How about any of the top junior middleweights out there? Cotto, Angulo, or Cintron would be good. Or, if Martinez is feeling a little brave, why not step up to super middleweight and take on any of the big names there? It seems to me that Martinez has three weight divisions that he could compete in with lots of good names out there. Why all this talk of no worthy opponents?

Jim from NoCal

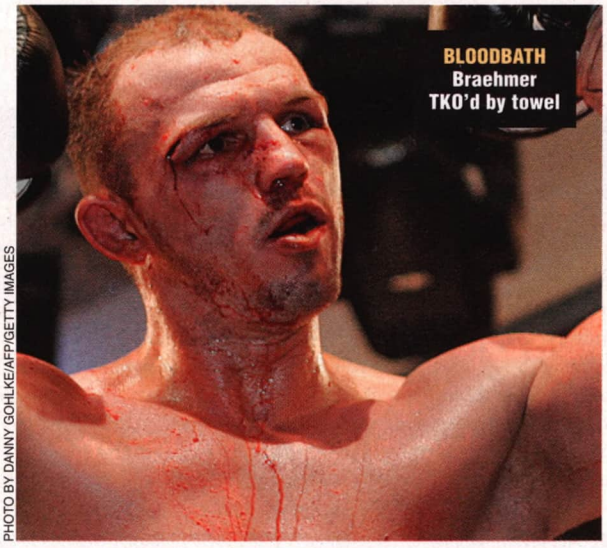
Jim,

You want to know why there's all this talk of no worthy opponents? Just read your own e-mail: You didn't list a single middleweight you want to see him fight. You listed three junior middleweights (none of whom have a chance at beating Martinez in the Baggstradamus' humble opinion), and then you mentioned the super middleweights, except the best fighters at 168—Andre Ward, Carl Froch, Lucian Bute—are all in the process of sorting things out against each other. Frankly, the Baggonwheel thinks Pacquiao would be a better opponent than any of the guys you mentioned (he did wipe out Cotto, let's not forget), but that ain't happening because Bob Arum isn't letting any of his guys within three counties of Martinez. Bottom line: There are no good opponents for Martinez. Your thesis is off base, so please stop putting words in the Baggapotamus' mouth. This mouth is intended for items such as fried onion rings, pork chops, cold beer, and hard liquor—not Jim from NoCal's misguided ramblings.

Cause And Effect

Campbell. Then he lost competitively to former Olympian Vicente Escobedo, bringing his record to 38-14-1 (25) entering his fight with the 20-2-1 (9) Hendrix. Oh, and Estrada is 35 years old. Despite his recent lukewarm streak, clearly he was brought in to lose to Hendrix.

But Estrada pressed the action, withstood a mid-rounds surge from Hendrix, and won a convincing eight-round unanimous decision. That's what Hendrix gets for calling himself "Head Honcho," a nickname only slightly less stupid than "Grand Poobah" or "Big Cheese." Sorry, Tyrese, but after being Stung by Estrada, you might want to go with "Middle Management" or something else of similarly realistic ambition.



BLOODBATH
Braehmer TKO'd by towel

PHOTO BY DANNY GOHLKE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

The Baggnanimity has heard some pretty pathetic excuses over the years for guys pulling out of fights, but there aren't many that top German light heavyweight Juergen Braehmer backing out of his fight with Nathan Cleverly because he opened up a cut toweling off after a shower.

And that, my friends, is why the Bagglestiltskin doesn't shower. ■

Jim Bagg can be reached at Baggmeister@yahoo.com.

By William Dettloff

Guerrero Moves Up To 140 To Face Maidana

TOUGH ASSIGNMENT Hard-hitting Maidana will test Guerrero's (pictured) mettle at junior welter

PHOTO BY GENE BLEVINS/HOGANPHOTOS/GBP

You can't accuse junior welterweight banger **Marcos Maidana** of taking easy fights. After a tough loss to British star **Amir Khan** and a similarly rough-and-tumble distance win over a surprisingly well preserved **Erik Morales**, Maidana, 30-2 (27), will meet highly rated former featherweight and junior lightweight titleholder **Robert "The Ghost" Guerrero**, 29-1-1 (18), on August 27 at The Shark Tank in San Jose, California. Guerrero, whose last four fights were contested at 135, is moving up to 140, presumably for good. He likes the idea.

"I'm super-excited about the move to 140. Just being at 140, I will be stronger, faster, and more well-rounded. I'm excited about it," Guerrero told ESPN.com. "Making 140 will be very easy for me. I'm just excited about this fight."

One imagines he won't be quite as giddy if things don't go as planned and that the jump in weight will be blamed should Maidana prove too strong. Nevertheless, Guerrero has proved himself capable against face-first bangers of Maidana's type.

In his last outing, Guerrero dominated human sponge **Mike Katsidis**, and one could argue he had an easier time of it even than did the great **Juan Manuel Marquez**. Although Marquez stopped Katsidis in the ninth, he also floored him, while Katsidis didn't accomplish a thing against Guerrero over a full 12 rounds, perhaps outside of giving him a start when he screamed at him after the referee's instructions. It was his sole highlight.

Whatever the case, Maidana was somewhat less enthusiastic than Guerrero—could be he's just not the "super-excitable" type—when he tweeted the news to his Twitter following: "I think everybody [will] like the fight versus Guerrero. I'll prepare myself 100 percent since it's a tough one. But I will win!"

As if Maidana and Guerrero needed any extra incentive, the winner will likely face the survivor of the July 23 meeting between Khan and the apparently inextinguishable **Zab Judah**, who will have met by the time you read this. The winner of the resultant fight will certainly have a strong case for recognition as the world's best junior welterweight prizefighter, particularly if the contractually troubled **Timothy Bradley** continues to sit on his talented and chronically underused hands.

It goes without saying that the winner of Maidana-Guerrero keeps himself in the running for an eventual shot at **Manny Pacquiao** and/or **Floyd Mayweather**, though you never know in this business—sometimes a loss is better than a win, provided it's the right kind of loss and happens at the right time against the right guy. See Maidana's loss to Khan for evidence.

Besides that, the junior welterweight class is so lousy right now with high-caliber fighters, including Guerrero, that one win can turn everything around. Just ask one-time Maidana victim **Victor Ortiz**, whose win over **Andre Berto** served as the launch pad for his fight with Mayweather, which is the equivalent of possessing a winning lottery ticket, win or lose. ■

LISTEN UP

The **Abner Mares-Joseph Agbeko** fight, which was postponed in April when Agbeko suffered what doctors called sudden onset sciatica, a back condition, has been finalized for August 13. The bout is the final in Showtime's well-received bantamweight tournament. Agbeko, 28-2 (22), received doctor's clearance to resume training in May and immediately returned to New York from his native Ghana. In the tournament's loser's bracket bout, **Vic Darchinyan**, who lost to Mares, overwhelmed **Yohnny Perez**, whom Agbeko also dominated to get to the finals.

"I'm excited to get the fight with Agbeko rescheduled so I can finish what I started and win the bantamweight tournament," Mares, 21-0-1 (13) was quoted by ESPN.com. "It was unfortunate that Agbeko was injured in April, but I'm happy he has recovered and we have a date set now. I want to fight the best, and I know I can beat the best. I will not rest until I become the best of the best in the bantamweight division." At this writing, THE RING ranks Agbeko and Mares three and four, respectively, at 118 pounds ... The ghoulish among you may be interested to learn that former heavyweight titleholder **Sergei Liakhovich** continues his comeback against **Robert Helenius** in Erfurt, Germany, on August 27. Liakhovich stopped **Evans Quinn** in Germany in May.

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